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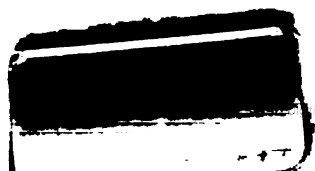
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A
COMPENDIUM
OF
AMERICAN LITERATURE,
CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED;
WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS,
AND
SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WORKS.

ON THE PLAN OF THE AUTHOR'S "COMPENDIUM OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,"
AND
"ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

BY
CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

STEREOTYPED EDITION.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

SOON after the publication of my "English Literature of the Nineteenth Century,"—seven years ago,—the publishers announced the present work; and in about a year after, nearly half of it was done. But I found that, with the arduous duties of my school, I was working too hard, and I therefore suspended my labors upon the book, and for four or five years (residing for a greater part of the time in the country) I wrote not a line for it. But as, in consequence of its early announcement, it was continually inquired for, I determined, a year ago, to complete the work as soon as I could, and as best I might be able. The result is now before the public. I have deemed it but simple justice to myself, as well as to my publishers, to state these facts, lest it might be supposed that I had been laboring upon my book for the whole seven years, thus raising expectations, as to the completeness and finish, which I fear the volume itself will not justify. Moreover, one who has an onerous scholastic charge might be supposed to have enough to employ his time, without engaging in such outside literary labors as seem more befitting the professed author. I say these things, not to deprecate criticism upon my work,—on the contrary, I cordially invite it,—but as a partial apology for its deficiencies.

In the preparation of all works of this character, there are difficulties which those only who have been engaged in such labors can appreciate. But in this work the difficulties are peculiar: First, from the two questions that must, at the very outset, be answered:—What is American Literature? and, When does it begin? Second, from the vast amount of material to select from, at times absolutely overwhelming. And, third, from the impossibility of giving entire satisfaction either to living authors, or to the friends and kindred of those who are deceased.

Respecting the question, what is American Literature, I would remark that, in my view, it would be absurd to apply this term to the occasional and transient literary effusions which appeared on this side of the Atlantic for a century after the settlement of the country. Colonies of Great Britain, speaking the same language, governed by the same laws, manufacturing but little for ourselves, but dependent on the mother country for a large portion of our

material comforts, it was natural for us to look to her also for our intellectual aliment. And we did so. Scarcely forty years ago, the "Edinburgh Review" thus wrote:¹—"Literature, the Americans have none; no native literature, we mean. * * * But why should the Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheads?" At this very plain language, which had a good deal of truth in it, we were much and very foolishly offended. We might have answered the reviewer, amply, thus:—"True, we have had as yet but little literature of our own. We have had a greater, a higher, a nobler work to do than to write books. We have had to found a great nation. A vast continent was before us to be subdued. The 'means whereby to live' were first to be provided. Dwellings were to be built; school-houses and church edifices were to be erected; literary, scientific, and religious educational institutions were to be founded; and then, in the natural course of things, would come forth and be embodied the creations of the intellect, the fancy, and the imagination. In short, instead of *writing* any great work, we were *acting* a still greater one. We were creating those very subjects upon which the future historian, traveller, essayist, poet, might employ his pen for the delight and instruction of other generations." Such might have been our answer; and who would not have acknowledged its conclusiveness?

But as soon as our "gristle was hardened into the bone of manhood," we began to think of setting up for ourselves; and then, indeed, we began to *think* for ourselves. And here we have an answer, as correct as I can give, to the question, what is American Literature; namely, that it is the product of those minds that have been nurtured, trained, developed, matured, on our own soil, by the manners, habits, scenery, circumstances, and institutions peculiar to ourselves. This answer, too, determines, with considerable precision, the date of American Literature,—that its native growth and development commenced with our Revolutionary period. Our first thoughts were, of course, directed to our own condition, to our relations to the mother country, to our forms of government, and to the great principles of political government, of public economy, and of civil liberty; and then came forth, Minerva-like, a literature of a political character, to which, for strength, clearness, and comprehensiveness of thought, for just and sound reasoning, and for effective and lofty eloquence, the world had never seen the parallel; showing that the high encomium passed by Edmund Burke upon our first colonial Congress was no less just than beautiful. This literature is em-

¹ Vol. xxxi. p. 144, December, 1818.

bodied in the speeches and letters of James Otis, the elder Adams, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jay, Madison, and other patriots of the Revolution. Thenceforward, by degrees, as our strength increased, as our views expanded, as our facilities for learning were multiplied, as our scholarship assumed a higher and a higher grade, we entered, successively, the various fields of literature, and reaped rich and still richer harvests from them all, so that our dear, good old mother is now proud to acknowledge us as her own, and to confess that in some of the walks of science we have, in our onward march, left even her behind.¹ In History, she acknowledges that Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Hildreth, and Motley, are equal to any on her side of the Atlantic. In Theology and Biblical Literature, Dwight and Barnes have, probably, as many readers in England as here; while no review in that department in Great Britain is superior, for varied and profound learning, to "The Bibliotheca Sacra." As a novelist, the English Reviews themselves being judges, Mrs. Stowe is without a rival in either hemisphere. As many copies, probably, of Bryant and Longfellow have been sold in England, as of Coleridge, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson; while many annotated and elucidated editions of classic authors by our own scholars are extensively studied in English schools. So that now "The Edinburgh Review" might ask with truth the reverse question—"Who does NOT read an American book?"

Having fixed the date of the origin of our native literature at the latter half of the last century, the question arose with what author I should begin. Here there seemed little difficulty in deciding. The great light of the last century was, undoubtedly, Jonathan Edwards, distinguished not more for his learning and piety, than for his originality of genius, and a mind unmistakably American in its habits of thought and action. But after him, the number that might, with some show of reason, put in their claim to come within the scope of such a work, increased more and more, until it has, within the past thirty years, become so great as to be really embarrassing. And here, doubtless, will be found the chief failing of my humble volume; here is a field ample enough for the most vituperative critic to exercise his skill in. Many will see that some favorite piece—or, it may be, some favorite author—has been left out; and may hastily ask why it is so. It is enough to reply that I could not put in every thing,—no, not a hundredth part of what

¹ "The London Quarterly Review," for December, 1841, (only twenty-three years after the extract from "The Edinburgh Review" just quoted was written,) in reviewing Dr. Robinson's *Palestine*, thus writes:—"We are not altogether pleased that for the best and most copious work on the geography and antiquities of the Holy Land, though written in English, we should be indebted to an American divine."

has been written. Even the TITLES of all the books written by American authors would fill a volume half as large as this. But, if it will be any gratification to these querists, I will candidly acknowledge that I myself see, after my book is now made up, many ways in which it might be improved, and that many authors are not noticed in it who should be. It will be a pleasure, however, to make amends for whatever sins of omission or of commission may be pointed out to me, should my book reach another edition and be put in the stereotyped, permanent form. In the mean time, I earnestly hope that any friend—or foe, if I have one—will candidly and freely communicate to me his views. Each one will look at the subject from a different stand-point; and I will sincerely thank all to do what they can to place me in their own position, that I may, as far as possible, see with their eyes.

But, whatever want of judgment may be laid to my charge, either in deciding upon the authors to be admitted into my book, or of taste in selecting from their works, I trust that no one will be able with justice to impugn my honesty. I have at least endeavored, uninfluenced by fear or favor, to represent my authors fairly, and to let them speak out whatever sentiments were dearest to their hearts. To have done otherwise, would have been as dishonorable as unjust. One, for instance, has made Freedom the chief burden of his writings; another has been most interested in the cause of Temperance,—both subjects peculiarly American; and the warmest feelings of my heart, and my own lifelong principles, have here fully harmonized with my sense of justice, to represent the humanity and philanthropy, as well as the cultivated intellect, of my accomplished countrymen.

In conclusion, I would only remark that I can desire no greater favor to be shown by the public to this, than has been extended to my two former volumes. My publishers—and no author could in this respect be more highly favored—have done their part, as before, in a style of great beauty; so that no series of books, I believe, have ever been offered to the public at so moderate a price, considering their amount of reading matter and their mechanical execution.

And now, having prepared this book, as my others, neither to please any clique or sect, nor to favor any particular latitude or special market, nor to defer to any false sentiments, but to promote the cause of sound learning and education, in harmony with pure Christian morals, the best interests of humanity, and the cause of universal truth, I submit it to the judgment of an intelligent public.

CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, *April 6*, 1858.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE hearty praise bestowed by the public upon the first edition of this book, the rapid sale which it met with, together with the numerous kind and commendatory letters that I received from authors and others, were, of course, very grateful to my feelings; and it was to me no less a duty than a pleasure to show myself not unmindful of such kindness, by doing all I could—and, I would hope, not without success—to make the second edition every way more deserving. No one could see or feel the deficiencies of my book so much as myself; but I had this consolation, that the most competent to decide upon its merits would be those best able to appreciate the difficulties in preparing it, and therefore most ready to make every allowance for its defects. And so it proved.

My book was, however, the subject of some ungracious strictures on two grounds,—sins of omission and sins of commission. In proof of the first, one critic set forth a list of thirty-one names not to be found in the work. To this accusation I could only plead guilty, and that, too, to an extent much greater than the charge; for in the preface to the first edition (written, of course, after the rest of the book was printed) I candidly acknowledged that I found I had omitted many names that deserved a place in the volume quite as much, at least, as some who were in it, and I declared my purpose to do my best to remedy the defect in the second edition. This I did, to as great an extent as was consistent with my plan, by introducing sixty additional authors, with extracts from their works. But even now I am aware that there are some writers, of much merit in their way, who will not be found in these pages, and that I may still be censured for omissions. So let it be. I well knew, when I began my work, that I had undertaken a task very difficult of accomplishment, and that, whatever might be my success, I should be exposed to the displeasure

of those who would feel themselves aggrieved, either because sufficient prominence had not been given to their favorite pieces and authors, or because they themselves were not noticed.¹

But, besides the difficulties and embarrassments in deciding upon the authors to be admitted and the selections to be made, I felt,—depressingly felt,—from first to last, how little the general character and style of many authors could be appreciated by the few extracts I could take from their writings; and more than once I thought that I might not inaptly be compared to the simpleton in Hierocles, who, when he had a house for sale, carried about a brick in his pocket as a specimen. But the idea also occurred to me that the Grecian was not so far wrong, after all; for if the brick gave no idea of the size or architecture of the building, it showed, at least, of what material it was composed. So I comforted myself with the reflection that very many who, in this age of business activity, would have no time to read the entire works of an author, and therefore could not have a full appreciation of his genius, would still get from my book some notion of his character, his turn of thought, his style, and his power,—and that this would be far better than to know nothing of him at all.

But my sins of commission were still more grievous,—the anti-slavery extracts introduced into my book. For these I have not one word of apology to offer. Every sentiment of my mind and every pulsation of my heart is, and always has been, on the side of liberty and the right of every human being to its fullest enjoyment, believing, with Cowper, that

“’Tis Liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.”

I candidly acknowledge that I am so simple-minded as really to believe (not “make-believe”) in the declaration of the Scriptures that “God hath made of one blood all nations of men;” and in the Declaration of Independence, that “every man has an in-

¹ A writer in the “North American Review,” some years ago, pleasantly remarked, “We have among us little companies of people, each of which ‘keeps its poet,’ and, not content with that, proclaims from its small corner, with a most conceited air, that its poet is the man of the age.”

alienable right to Liberty and the pursuit of happiness." I therefore believe it to be a great crime to deprive any innocent human being of an "inalienable right;" and a sin against God of no ordinary magnitude to turn the "temple of the Holy Ghost"¹ into an article of merchandise, or, in the nervous language of Whittier,

"To herd with lower natures the awful form of God."

I also acknowledge that, in these days, when a cowardly, short-sighted, unprincipled expediency too often usurps the place of truth and duty, I wished all, especially the youth of my country, to see that the founders of our Republic—Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and others—were always and earnestly on the side of Freedom as opposed to Slavery; and that most of our wisest and best men and ablest writers—poets, essayists, historians, divines—down to the present day, have taken the same high Christian ground. I acknowledge, too, that I love, as I humbly hope, truth and honesty, and hate all shams, whether in politics, morals, or religion; and that, in the preparation of my book, I felt it to be my duty to represent my authors fairly; to set forth what has chiefly characterized their writings; to let them speak out the deep feelings of their heart. To do this in many cases, I could not, *simply as an honest man*, but bring into view their anti-slavery opinions and principles as shown in their writings and actions. I say this not apologetically; for I trust that I shall never be given over to do a deed or say a word to conciliate the favor of the slaveholder, or of his more guilty Northern apologist. I know very well that there are some books that pretend to give a full and fair view of American authors, but from which are very scrupulously excluded every anti-slavery sentiment from the writings of those most known as anti-slavery men. But could I be so dishonest as well as mean as to act thus,—to keep out of view the most warmly-cherished sentiments of my authors as well as my own, in the hope of greater pecuniary gain, or to secure favor and commendation from the friends and champions, lay or clerical, of our "peculiar institution,"—no one could despise me half so much as I should despise myself.

¹ 1 Cor. vi. 19.

I was also blamed by some for not introducing more Southern authors into my book. But, in the preparation of the work, I never thought or cared what was the latitude of the writer's birth, but only what were his merits. In my second edition, having sixty new names, I introduced a few more Southern writers, numerically, but not more in proportion; for if seven-eighths of our most eminent poets, historians, essayists, and theologians *would* be born in the free States, I see not how I could help it; and, having had nothing to do with the arrangement, I do not see exactly how I am to be blamed for it.¹

In this third edition no additional matter, of course, has been introduced, as the work is stereotyped; but a few typographical errors have been corrected, and the Index has been carefully and thoroughly revised and reset.

In conclusion, I would make my most grateful acknowledgments to those—and they are many—who made various friendly suggestions for the improvement of my humble volume. They will see that in most cases their views were partially if not wholly adopted; and if I did not avail myself of their hints in all cases, it was simply because I could not do so consistently with my own taste and judgment. But I do not the less appreciate their true kindness, and the interest they manifested in my book; and I am sure that, knowing the many difficulties that beset one, on every side, engaged in such a work,—the diversities of taste, the differences of judgment, the mass of material to be selected from, the various considerations to be taken into account in admitting or rejecting both writers and selections,—they will look upon the result of my labor now completed, with kindness, if not with commendation.

CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, August 18, 1859.

¹ Of the one hundred and sixty-eight authors in my book, forty-eight were born in Massachusetts; twenty-five in New York; twenty-three in Connecticut; seventeen in Pennsylvania; eleven in Maine; six in New Hampshire; six in Virginia; five in Maryland; four in New Jersey; four in South Carolina; three in Vermont; three in Rhode Island; three in Scotland; two in Ohio; one in Delaware; one in Louisiana; one in Michigan; one in Africa; one in Bermuda; one in Ireland; one in South America; and one in the West Indies.

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COMPENDIUM

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, 1703—1758.

ON no foundation more enduring could the structure of a work upon American Literature be reared, than on the illustrious name of Jonathan Edwards,—an ornament and glory not to his country only, but to his race. Of a piety as deep, as pure, as fervent, and as constant as it has ever been allowed to mortals to possess; of a singleness of purpose, which never forsook him, to make the very best of life that life is capable of; and of an intellect which, by the rare union of clearness, acuteness, and strength, has never been surpassed if ever equalled, the elder Edwards has attained a renown in both hemispheres which can never die.

He was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, on the 5th of October, 1703. His parents were the Rev. Timothy Edwards, for sixty-four years the pastor of the Congregational Church at East Windsor, and Esther Stoddard, daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, who was for more than half a century pastor of the church of Northampton, Massachusetts. He commenced the study of Latin under his father's instruction at six years of age, and entered Yale College a few days before he was thirteen. As a signal proof of his early strength of mind, it may be mentioned that in his sophomore year he read Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* with such interest and delight as to declare that in the perusal of it he enjoyed a far higher pleasure "than the most greedy miser finds when gathering up handfuls of silver and gold from some newly-discovered treasure." That such a youth should acquit himself most honorably in his college course was to be expected, not in his studies only, but in his whole deportment and bearing. During his last year in college, very deep religious impressions took possession of his whole being. His own account of the event is in the following language, expressive of

HIS RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.

Not long after I first began to experience new apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse which we had together; and, when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone in a solitary place in my father's

pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God, as I knew not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together. It was a sweet, and gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this, my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of every thing was altered. There seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory in almost every thing. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in every thing; in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and sky; in the grass, flowers, and trees; in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time; and, in the day, spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the mean time, singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce any thing, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; although formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm, and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God.

Such were the decisive religious views and elevated affections with which he was blessed before he was seventeen years of age; and before he was nineteen he was licensed to preach the gospel, and was invited to supply, for a short time, the pulpit of a small Congregational church in New York. In the spring of 1723, he returned to East Windsor. Before this time he had formed for the government of his own heart and life his celebrated "Resolutions," seventy in number, which evince a firmness of religious principle, a depth of piety, a decision of character, an acquaintance with the human heart, and a comprehensiveness of views in regard to Christian duty, rare even in the most mature minds. The following are a few of these:—

HIS RESOLUTIONS.

1. *Resolved*, That I will do whatsoever I think to be most to the glory of God and my own good, profit, and pleasure, in the whole of my duration, without any consideration of the time, whether now, or never so many myriads of ages hence.

2. *Resolved*, To do whatever I think to be my duty, and most for the good of mankind in general.

3. *Resolved*, Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

4. *Resolved*, To live with all my might while I do live.

5. *Resolved*, Never to do any thing which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

6. *Resolved*, To be endeavoring to find out fit objects of charity and liberality.

7. *Resolved*, Never to do any thing out of revenge.

8. *Resolved*, Never to suffer the least motions of anger towards irrational beings.

9. *Resolved*, Never to speak evil of any one so that it shall tend to his dishonor, more or less, upon no account, except for some real good.

10. *Resolved*, That I will live so as I shall wish I had done when I come to die.

11. *Resolved*, To live so at all times as I think it best, in my most devout frames, and when I have the clearest notion of the things of the gospel and another world.

12. *Resolved*, To maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking.

13. *Resolved*, Never to do any thing which, if I should see in another, I should account a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him.

14. *Resolved*, To study the Scriptures so steadily, constantly, and frequently, as that I may find and plainly perceive myself to grow in the knowledge of the same.

15. *Resolved*, Never to count that a prayer, nor to let that pass as a prayer, nor that as a petition of a prayer, which is so made that I cannot hope that God will answer it; nor that as a confession, which I cannot hope God will accept.

16. *Resolved*, Never to say any thing at all against anybody, but when it is perfectly agreeable to the highest degree of Christian honor, and of love to mankind; agreeable to the lowest humility and sense of my own faults and failings, and agreeable to the Golden Rule; often when I have said any thing against any one, to bring it to, and try it strictly by, the test of this resolution.

17. *Resolved*, In narrations, never to speak any thing but the pure and simple verity.

18. *Resolved*, Never to speak evil of any, except I have some particular good call to it.

19. *Resolved*, To inquire every night, as I am going to bed, wherein I have been negligent; what sin I have committed; and wherein I have denied myself. Also at the end of every week, month, and year.

20. *Resolved*, Never to do any thing of which I so much question the lawfulness, as that I intend at the same time to consider and examine afterwards whether it be lawful or not, unless I as much question the lawfulness of the omission.

21. *Resolved*, To inquire every night, before I go to bed, whether I have acted in the best way I possibly could with respect to eating and drinking.

22. *Resolved*, Never to allow the least measure of fretting or uneasiness at my father or mother. *Resolved*, to suffer no effects of it, so much as in the least alteration of speech, or motion of my eye; and to be especially careful of it with respect to any of our family.

23. On the supposition that there never was to be but one individual in the world at any one time who was properly a complete Christian, in all respects of a right stamp, having Christianity always shining in its true lustre, and appearing excellent and lovely, from whatever part, and under whatever character viewed;—*Resolved*, to act just as I would do if I strove with all my might to be that one, who should live in my time.

In June, 1724, Mr. Edwards was elected tutor in Yale College, in which office he continued two years. He then accepted a call to settle in Northampton as a colleague to his grandfather, Rev. Solomon Stoddard. It is said that, when in ordinary health, he would spend thirteen hours every day in his study. This was too much for his constitution, which was naturally delicate, and doubtless shortened his life many years. In 1727 he was married to Miss Sarah Pierrepont, daughter of Rev. James Pierrepont, pastor of a church in New Haven. The union proved a most happy one in every respect. By her wisdom, energy, and economy she relieved her husband from the interruptions of domestic care, and thus he was left at liberty to pursue his studies without remission.

Soon after his ordination, Mr. Edwards was permitted to witness some gratifying fruit of his labors in the conversion of a number of his people. In 1729, the venerable Mr. Stoddard dying, the whole care of the congregation devolved on the youthful pastor; and so faithful and laborious were his ministrations that, in 1734 and 1735, the town was favored with a "revival so extensive and powerful as to constitute a memorable era in the history of that church." In the year 1739 he commenced a series of discourses in his own pulpit, which afterwards formed the basis of his celebrated work, *The History of the Work of Redemption*, which was not, however, published till after his decease. In the spring of 1740 a second extensive and powerful revival of religion commenced in Northampton, which was aided by the labors of the celebrated Rev. George Whitefield, and an account of which Mr. Edwards published in 1742, under the title of *Thoughts concerning the Present Revival in New England*. It was immediately republished in Scotland, and brought the author into correspondence with some of the most distinguished divines of that country.

In 1743 Mr. Edwards finished a series of sermons upon the distinguishing marks and evidences of true religion, which were published in 1746, under the

title of *A Treatise concerning Religious Affections*, and which called forth the warmest praises and thanks from the friends of true piety on both sides of the Atlantic. In the latter part of the year 1747, David Brainerd, the celebrated missionary, who had been laboring for many years among the Indians in different settlements in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, amidst many discouragements and with enfeebled health, with a zeal, diligence, self-denial, and perseverance which have seldom had any parallel in the history of missions, came, on invitation, to Mr. Edwards's house, and, gradually sinking under the power of a consumptive disease, closed his life in the bosom of his friend's family on the 9th of October of that year. In 1749 Mr. Edwards prepared and published a memoir of this remarkable man, entitled *An Account of the Life of the late Rev. David Brainerd, Missionary to the Indians, and Pastor of a Church of Christian Indians in New Jersey*.

Thus far, the life of this eminently great and pious man had not been attended by any marked or painful trials. But his path, henceforth, was to be any thing but a smooth one. He was to experience the fickleness of popular applause, and, what was still more trying, persecutions from his own Christian brethren. It having been credibly reported that a number of the younger members of his church had in their possession immoral and licentious books, he preached upon the subject; whereupon the church resolved unanimously that a committee should be appointed to investigate the matter. But they had not proceeded far in their duty before it was ascertained that nearly every leading family in town had some member implicated in the guilt. This disclosure produced an immediate reaction, and a majority of the church determined not to proceed in the inquiry; so true is it, as his learned biographer remarks, that "nothing is more apt to revolt and alienate, and even to produce intense hostility in the minds of parents, than any thing which threatens the character or the comfort of their children." The result was that great disaffection ensued, the discipline of the church was openly set at defiance, and great declension in zeal and morals naturally followed.

But there was a cause of still deeper disaffection. Mr. Stoddard, the predecessor of Edwards, had been accustomed to receive into the church such as applied for admission, whether they gave any evidence of a change of heart or not; and Mr. Edwards continued the same practice after his ordination. At length doubts as to its rightfulness began to arise in his mind, and continued to increase with such strength that, in 1749, he disclosed to his church his change of opinion, and publicly vindicated it by his *Humble Inquiry into the Rules of the Word of God concerning the Qualifications Requisite to a Complete Standing and Full Communion in the Visible Christian Church*, which was published in August of that year. This treatise at once produced great excitement in the congregation, and he became the object of bitter opposition, which continued so long that he concluded to accept a call from the church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, whither he removed in the spring of 1751. Here he enjoyed great quiet and happiness, and was enabled to complete what for many years he had been engaged in, his immortal treatise,—that on which his fame chiefly rests,—*The Freedom of the Will and Moral Agency*, which was published in the spring of 1754.

The fundamental doctrines which Edwards undertakes to establish in the *Freedom of the Will* are, that the only rational idea of human freedom is, the power of doing what we please; and that the acts of the will are rendered certain by

some other cause than the mere power of willing; or, in other words, that they are the result of the strongest motive presented, and not brought about by the mere "self-determining power of the will;" and he has sustained his position with a degree of novelty, acuteness, depth, precision, and force of reasoning which no one ever before had reached.

In 1755 he wrote two other treatises: one *A Dissertation on God's Last End in the Creation of the World*; and the other *A Dissertation on the Nature and End of Virtue*. But these, together with his treatise on *Original Sin*, were not published till after his death.

On the death of the Rev. Aaron Burr, President of Princeton College, the trustees invited Mr. Edwards to succeed to that most responsible post,—the presidency of the college,—and he removed thither in the month of January, 1758. All the friends of the college, as well as the students, were highly elated at the thought of having such a man at its head, and the manner in which he entered upon his duties more than answered their highest expectations. But, alas, how vain are all human calculations! In five weeks after his introduction into office, he was cut off by the smallpox, on the 22d of March, 1758, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Language can hardly express the sense of loss which all good men felt that religion and learning had sustained in the death of this great man, in whose praise the most distinguished scholars on both sides of the Atlantic have been emulous to speak and write. "On the arena of metaphysics," writes Dr. Chalmers, "he stood the highest of all his contemporaries, and we know not what most to admire in him, whether the deep philosophy that issued from his pen, or the humble and childlike piety that issued from his pulpit." The venerable and learned Dr. Erskine, of Scotland, thus wrote a friend:—"The loss sustained by his death, not only by the College of New Jersey, but by the church in general, is irreparable. I do not think our age has produced a divine of equal genius or judgment." Sir James Mackintosh, in his *Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, says of him, "In the power of subtle argument he was, perhaps, *unmatched*, certainly *unsurpassed*, among men." Dugald Stewart—and no one can speak on such a subject with more authority than he—remarks, "America may boast of one metaphysician, who, in logical acuteness and subtlety, does not yield to any disputant bred in the universities of Europe. I need not say that I allude to Jonathan Edwards." And Hazlitt, in his *Principles of Human Actions*, thus writes:—"Having produced him, the Americans need not despair of their metaphysicians. We do not scruple to say that he is one of the acutest, most powerful, and of all reasoners the most conscientious and sincere. His closeness and his candor are alike admirable."

In summing up his general character, his biographer, Dr. Miller, says, "Other men, no doubt, have excelled him in particular qualities or accomplishments. There have been far more learned men; far more eloquent men; far more active and enterprising men in the out-door work of the sacred office. But in the assemblage and happy union of those high qualities, intellectual and moral, which constitute finished excellence,—as a Man, a Christian, a Divine, and a Philosopher,—he was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest and best men that have adorned this or any other country since the apostolic age."¹

¹ Read Biography by Rev. Samuel Miller, D.D., in the 8th volume of Sparks's American Biography.

THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

If the Will, which we find governs the members of the body, and determines their motions, does not govern itself, and determine its own actions, it doubtless determines them the same way, even by antecedent volitions. The Will determines which way the hands and feet shall move, by an act of choice: and there is no other way of the Will's determining, directing or commanding anything at all. Whatsoever the Will commands, it commands by an act of the Will. And if it has itself under its command, and determines itself in its own actions, it doubtless does it in the same way that it determines other things which are under its command. So that if the freedom of the Will consists in this, that it has itself and its own actions under its command and direction, and its own volitions are determined by itself, it will follow, that every free volition arises from another antecedent volition, directing and commanding that: and if that *directing* volition be also free, in that also the Will is determined: that is to say, that directing volition is determined by another going before that; and so on, till we come to the first volition in the whole series; and if that first volition be free, and the Will self-determined in it, then that is determined by another volition preceding that. Which is a contradiction; because by the supposition it can have none before it, to direct or determine it, being the first in the train. But if that first volition is not determined by any preceding act of the Will, then that act is not determined by the Will, and so is not free in the *Arminian* notion of freedom, which consists in the Will's self-determination. And if that first act of the Will which determines and fixes the subsequent acts be not free, none of the following acts, which are determined by it, can be free. If we suppose there are five acts in the train, the fifth and last determined by the fourth, and the fourth by the third, the third by the second, and the second by the first; if the first is not determined by the Will, and so not free, then none of them are truly determined by the Will: that is, that each of them are as they are, and not otherwise, is not first owing to the Will, but to the determination of the first in the series, which is not dependent on the Will, and is that which the Will has no hand in determining. And this being that which decides what the rest shall be, and determines their existence; therefore the first determination of their existence is not from the Will. The case is just the same if, instead of a chain of five acts of the Will, we should suppose a succession of ten, or an hundred, or ten thousand. If the first act be not free, being determined by something out of the Will, and this determines the next to be agreeable to itself, and that the next, and so on; none of them are free, but all originally depend on, and are determined

by, some cause out of the Will: and so all freedom in the case is excluded, and no act of the Will can be free, according to this notion of freedom. Thus, this *Arminian* notion of Liberty of the Will, consisting in the Will's *Self-determination*, is repugnant to itself, and shuts itself wholly out of the world.

THE PERMISSION NOT THE PRODUCTION OF EVIL.

There is a great difference between God being concerned thus, by his *permission*, in an event and act which, in the inherent subject and agent of it, is sin, (though the event will certainly follow on his permission,) and his being concerned in it by *producing* it and exerting the act of sin; or between his being the *orderer* of its certain existence by *not hindering* it, under certain circumstances, and his being the proper *actor* or *author* of it, by a *positive agency* or *efficiency*. As there is a vast difference between the sun being the cause of the lightness and warmth of the atmosphere, and the brightness of gold and diamonds, by its presence and positive influence; and its being the occasion of darkness and frost, in the night, by its motion whereby it descends below the horizon. The motion of the sun is the occasion of the latter kind of events; but it is not the proper cause efficient or producer of them; though they are necessarily consequent on that motion, under such circumstances: no more is any action of the Divine Being the cause of the evil of men's wills. If the sun were the proper *cause* of cold and darkness, it would be the *fountain* of these things, as it is the fountain of light and heat: and then something might be argued from the nature of cold and darkness, to a likeness of nature in the sun; and it might be justly inferred that the sun itself is dark and cold, and that his beams are black and frosty. But from its being the cause no otherwise than by its departure, no such thing can be inferred, but the contrary; it may justly be argued that the sun is a bright and hot body, if cold and darkness are found to be the consequence of its withdrawal; and the more constantly and necessarily these effects are connected with, and confined to, its absence, the more strongly does it argue the sun to be the fountain of light and heat. So, inasmuch as sin is not the fruit of any positive agency or influence of the Most High, but, on the contrary, arises from the withholding of his action and energy, and, under certain circumstances, necessarily follows on the want of his influence; this is no argument that he is sinful, or his operation evil, or has any thing of the nature of evil; but, on the contrary, that he and his agency are altogether good and holy, and that he is the fountain of all holiness. It would be strange arguing, indeed, because men never commit sin, but only when God leaves them *to themselves*, and necessarily sin

when he does so, and therefore their sin is not *from themselves*, but from God ; and so, that God must be a sinful being : as strange as it would be to argue, because it is always dark when the sun is gone, and never dark when the sun is present, that therefore all darkness is from the sun, and that his disk and beams must needs be black.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1706—1790.

"His mind a maxim, plain, yet keenly shrewd,
A heart with large benevolence endued ;
Now scanning cause with philosophic aim,
And now arresting the ethereal flame ;
Great as a statesman, as a patriot true,
Courteous in manners, yet exalted too ;
A stern republican,—by kings caress'd,
Modest,—by nations is his memory bless'd."—WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

THIS distinguished philosopher and statesman was born in Boston, on the 17th of January, 1706. His father, who was a tallow-chandler, was too poor to give him the advantages of a collegiate education, and at ten years of age he was taken from the grammar school to aid in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the moulds, and attending the shop. When he was twelve, having a strong passion for reading, and thinking that a printer's business would give him the best opportunity to indulge it, he was bound to his brother, who had recently returned from England with a press and type. He soon made himself master of the business, while he employed all his leisure time and his evenings to the improvement of his English style, by reading the best books he could find, among which, happily, was Addison's *Spectator*, to which he labored to make his own style conform. In 1721 his brother started a weekly newspaper, called *The New England Courant*, for which Benjamin, though so young, wrote with great acceptance. Soon, however, from jealousy or other cause, the elder brother quarrelled with the younger, who thereupon, at the age of seventeen, started alone for Philadelphia. The following is his own account of his

FIRST ENTRANCE INTO PHILADELPHIA.

I have entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall, in like manner, describe my first entrance into this city, that you may be able to compare beginnings so little auspicious with the figure I have since made.

On my arrival at Philadelphia, I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt ; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings ; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling's worth of cop-

pers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little than when he has much money; probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty.

I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market Street, where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. Often had I made my dinner on dry bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop which he pointed out to me. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf. They made no loaves of that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices, as well as of the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny-worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much: I took them, however, and, having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating a third. In this manner I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

I then turned the corner, and went through Chestnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and, having made this round, I found myself again on Market Street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of the river water; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down with us in the boat, and was waiting to continue her journey. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quakers' meeting-house near the market-place. I sat down with the rest, and, after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep. In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered, or in which I slept, at Philadelphia.¹

¹ "It is Franklin's history as a boy of the middle class, successfully but laboriously working his way upward, that has made it at once the most attractive and most useful biography of modern times. All over Christendom it has met with the sympathy of the working classes, and it has done more than any volume within my knowledge to give courage and heart to the sons of labor, as it has shown that the paths of ambition are open to them as to others, provided they be followed with Franklin's virtues,—honesty, frugality, perseverance, and patriot-

In a day or two he engaged to work with a printer by the name of Keimer, and soon by his industry and frugality accumulated a little money. A letter which Franklin had written to a friend having fallen under the notice of Sir William Keith, the Governor of the Province, he invited the young printer to his house, and finally persuaded him to go to London to better his fortunes, promising to give him letters of recommendation. Franklin set sail from Philadelphia, the governor promising to send the letters to him when the ship should reach Newcastle; but he was faithless to his promise, and Franklin landed in London a perfect stranger. But a gentleman, a fellow-passenger by the name of Denham, was interested in him, and very soon he obtained a situation in a printing-house in Bartholomew Close, where he worked a year. He soon gained a high character for temperance and industry among his fellow-workmen, and began to be favorably noticed, when he was persuaded by his friend Denham, who was about to return home with a large quantity of goods which he had purchased, to accompany him and aid him in their sale. He landed at Philadelphia on the 11th of October; but soon after the shop had been opened, with every prospect of success, Denham died, and Franklin was left once more to the wide world. He therefore returned to his old business, and was soon so successful in it that, in conjunction with a Mr. Hugh Meredith, he bought out the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which had but recently been established,¹ and which in a few years proved very profitable to him. In connection with the paper, he soon opened a stationer's shop, and so prospered that, in September, 1730, he married Miss Read, with whom he had become acquainted before he went to London.

Feeling the want of good books, he started the plan of a subscription library,—obtained fifty subscribers, “mostly young tradesmen,” who paid forty shillings each,—imported the books, and thus laid the foundation of the present “Library Company of Philadelphia,” now one of the largest in the United States.

At this time, when about twenty-six years of age, he drew up a series of resolutions by which he might regulate his conduct, govern his temper, and improve his whole moral man; and it is but justice to say that in the main he conformed to them; that the result was a character which, for evenness of temper, solidity of judgment, honesty of purpose, and prudence in the regulation of all temporal affairs, has rarely been equalled. In 1732 he first published his celebrated *Almanac*, (commonly known as *Poor Richard's Almanac*,) under the assumed name of “Richard Saunders.” Besides the usual tables and calendar, it contained a fund of useful information, and “proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality.” It had great success, and was continued for about twenty-five years. In 1736 he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly, and the next year post-master at Philadelphia. He now interested himself in all public matters, founded the American Philosophical Society and the University of Penn

ism. What a contrast between the influence of such a biography as this, and that of a man whose life is only remarkable for success in bloodshed, or even in the more vulgar paths of vice, knavery, or crime! What a debt of gratitude does the world owe to Franklin!”—*Goodrich's Recollections*.

¹ Franklin and Meredith began the paper with No. 40, September 25, 1729; but in a year the partnership was dissolved, and Franklin had the sole management of it.

sylvania, and was foremost in all enterprises calculated to promote good morals, sound learning, and the public weal.

At the age of forty-three he was elected a member of the Assembly, and the next year was appointed a commissioner for making a treaty with the Indians. About this time he began to be interested in those philosophical experiments which have made his name so celebrated throughout the scientific world. But he was soon diverted from them by the demands made upon his time by the public, who seemed to think that no project for the public good deserved to be supported unless Franklin was interested in it. Accordingly, he felt it his duty to aid, by his influence, the plan of founding an hospital, which had been started by his friend Dr. Thomas Bond, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the subscriptions completed, and a grant of £2000 made by the Assembly for the establishment of the same.

In 1757 he was appointed postmaster-general for America, and the same year received from Harvard and Yale Colleges the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Previous to this, in 1755, at the breaking out of the French War, he had been of great service in procuring supplies for Braddock's army, and had warned him against the enemy he had to contend with; and, after his disastrous defeat, he had labored successfully in putting Pennsylvania in a good state of defence. About this time he published his letters on electricity, of which, says Priestley, "nothing was ever written on the subject more justly applauded: all the world was full of admiration." The Royal Society of London elected him a "Fellow," and when he was in that city the most distinguished men in the metropolis, and from the continent, hastened to pay their respects to him.

After his return from England, he travelled, in 1763, throughout the northern colonies, to inspect and regulate the post-offices, performing a tour of about sixteen hundred miles. But the controversy between the "Proprietors" and the people of Pennsylvania was not yet ended, and, it being deemed necessary to take at once from the foreign landholders the chief appointing power, Franklin, in 1764, was sent a second time to England, with a petition for a change in the charter. But now all local differences were to be forgotten in the general contest that was approaching. The famous "Stamp Act" had been passed by the British ministry, and loud remonstrances from the colonies were at once echoed back to the fatherland. In order to obtain fuller and more accurate information respecting America, the party in opposition to the ministry proposed that Franklin should be interrogated publicly before the House of Commons. Accordingly, on the 3d of February, 1766, he was summoned to the bar of the House for that purpose, and he cheerfully obeyed the call. Independent of the weight of his pre-established reputation, he possessed, in a very eminent degree, all those natural endowments and attainments which would make his examination most honorable to himself and serviceable to his country. The dignity of his personal appearance, and the calmness of his demeanor, equally unmoved by the illusions, and undismayed by the insolence of power, added not a little to make the whole scene highly imposing, and indeed morally sublime;—to see a solitary representative from the then infant colonies, standing alone amid the concentrated pomp and pageantry, the nobility and the learning, of the mightiest kingdom of the earth, with the eyes of all gazing upon him, and acquitting himself so nobly as to call down the plaudits even of his

enemies. The result might have been anticipated; for such was the impression he made upon Parliament, that the Stamp Act was repealed.

Immediately after his return, he was elected a member of Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, and was one of its most efficient members. After signing the Declaration of Independence, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to France, and he sailed for Paris near the close of the year 1776, where he was received most cordially by all classes. As we had not been successful in the campaign of 1776-77, the French were loath to enter into an alliance with us; but when they heard of the surrender of Burgoyne's army in October, 1777, and other successes on our part, seeing that we could "help ourselves," they concluded to help us, and entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with us. They rendered us some assistance; but, happily, the great work of independence was mainly our own.

In 1785 Franklin returned to Philadelphia, and his arrival was signalized by every demonstration of public joy. He was soon made Governor of Pennsylvania, and then elected delegate to the Federal Convention of 1787, for framing the Constitution of the United States; and in the discussions upon it he bore a distinguished part. After the dissolution of the convention, he did but little, as the infirmities incident to his age, and the disorder with which he had long been afflicted, seldom allowed him freedom from acute bodily pain. He drew up, however, and published, *A Plan for Improving the Condition of the Free Blacks*; and his last public act was to sign, as President of the society, a "Memorial from the Abolition Society of Pennsylvania to Congress;" while the last paper that he wrote was on the same subject,—thus beautifully closing a long life of distinguished usefulness, as a citizen, a philosopher, and a statesman, in the cause of philanthropy. Although his malady and his sufferings continued, yet no material change in his health was observed till the first part of April, 1790, when he was attacked with a fever and a pain in the breast. The organs of respiration became gradually oppressed; a calm lethargic state succeeded; and on the 17th, (April, 1790,) at eleven at night, he quietly expired.

The strong and distinguishing features of Dr. Franklin's mind were, sagacity, quickness of perception, and soundness of judgment. His imagination was lively, without being extravagant. He possessed a perfect mastery over the faculties of his understanding and over his passions. Having this power always at command, and never being turned aside either by vanity or selfishness, he was enabled to pursue his objects with a directness and constancy that rarely failed to insure success. It seemed to be his single aim to promote the happiness of his fellow-men, by enlarging their knowledge, improving their condition, teaching them practical lessons of wisdom and prudence, and inculcating the principles of rectitude and the habits of a virtuous life.¹

¹ "Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word in the right place."—BANCROFT.

Read *Life and Works*, by Sparks, 10 vols.; *Life in Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*; North Am. Rev., vii. 289; xvi. 346; xxxvii. 249; lix. 446; and lxxxiii. 402; Edinburgh Review, viii. 327; and xxviii. 275.

The following is Dr. Franklin's admirable letter to Sir Joseph Banks, dated July, 1783:—

ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

DEAR SIR:—I join with you most cordially in rejoicing at the return of Peace. I hope it will be lasting, and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for, in my opinion, *there never was a good war, or a bad peace.* What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility! What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains; what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices, and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing misery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working people, who might have performed the useful labor!

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

Courteous reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks;—"Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:—

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement.

However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most precious, *wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality*; since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough*. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs, with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, *Three removes are as bad as a fire*; and again, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee*; and again, *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send*.

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will*.

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families.

"And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children*. You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle*. Beware of little expenses: *A small leak will sink a great ship*, as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove*; and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them*.

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods*; but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember

what Poor Richard says : *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.* And again, *At a great penny-worth pause awhile.* He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real ; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good penny-worths.* Again, *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance ;* and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,* as Poor Richard says.

“ But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities ! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months’ credit ; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah ! think what you do when you run in debt ; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor ; you will be in fear when you speak to him ; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses ; and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying ; for *The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,* as Poor Richard says ; and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt’s back ;* whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.*

“ What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude ? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical ? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress ! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment ; but, as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors ; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it ; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thrivi

circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,

*For age and want save while you may ;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.*

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and *It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel*, as Poor Richard says; so, *Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.*

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. I resolved to be the better for it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

THE WHISTLE.

When I was a child, at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my little pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop, where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation: and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *don't give too much for the whistle*; and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the whistle*.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favor,—sacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue,

and perhaps his friends, to attain it,—I have said to myself, *this man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *he pays, indeed, says I, too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living,—all the pleasure of doing good to others,—all the esteem of his fellow-citizens,—and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; *poor man, says I, you do, indeed, pay too much for your whistle.*

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind or of his fortune to mere corporeal sensations,—*Mistaken man, says I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure,—you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison,—*Alas, says I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband,—*What a pity it is, says I, that she has paid so much for a whistle.*

In short, I conceived that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

A PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION.¹

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold, a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."

4. But the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

¹ The substance of this beautiful Parable was not original with Franklin, for Jeremy Taylor gives it as taken from the "Jew's Book;" and it is traced back centuries further. The true author is not known; but it never attracted general attention until in the hands of Franklin it assumed the scriptural style. Franklin was in the habit of amusing himself by reading it to divines and others well versed in the Scriptures, and obtaining their opinions upon it, which were sometimes very diverting.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth alway in mine house, and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

12. And Abraham said, "Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned; lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee."

13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, "For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land;

15. "But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance."

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh yes, sir," I answered: "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettleful. "How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply: "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen: will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant: scud to the school, or you'll buy it!" "Alas!" thought I, "it is hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day; but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sank deep in my mind; and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers,—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter,—thinks I, That man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful,—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS ON SLAVERY.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

From a persuasion that equal liberty was originally the portion and is still the birthright of all men, and influenced by the strong ties of humanity and the principles of their institution, your memorialists conceive themselves bound to use all justifiable endeavors to loosen the bands of slavery, and promote a general enjoyment of the blessings of freedom. Under these impressions, they earnestly entreat your serious attention to the subject of slavery; that you will be pleased to countenance the restoration of liberty to those unhappy men who alone in this land of freedom are degraded into perpetual bondage, and who, amidst the general joy of surrounding freemen, are groaning in servile subjection; that you will devise means for removing this inconsistency from the character of the American people; that you will promote mercy and justice toward this distressed race; and that you will step to the very verge of the power vested in you for discouraging every species of traffic in the persons of our fellow-men.¹

¹ This may be found in the "Federal Gazette," February, 1790, only two months before the death of the illustrious sage.

JOHN WITHERSPOON, 1722—1794.

Of the statesmen and scholars of our Revolutionary period, few did more good, or exerted a wider influence in their generation, than John Witherspoon.¹ He was born in the parish of Yester, near Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 5th of February, 1722. His father was a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, much respected for his piety and learning; and the son, after going through the usual courses of study in the University of Edinburgh in literature, science, and theology, was licensed to preach at the age of twenty-one. He was first settled in the parish of Beith, in the west of Scotland, whence, in a few years, he removed to the flourishing manufacturing town of Paisley. Here he continued till the year 1768, when he was elected by the trustees of Princeton College the president of that institution. The fame of his talents and learning had preceded him, and consequently he brought to the college a large accession of students, and was the means of greatly increasing its funds, and placing it on a foundation of permanent usefulness. Indeed, few men could combine more important qualifications for the presidency of a literary institution,—talents, extensive attainments, commanding personal appearance, and an admirable faculty for governing young men, and exciting in them a noble emulation to excel in their studies.

But he was soon to enter upon a new sphere of duty. Becoming an American the moment he landed upon our shores, he was selected by the citizens of New Jersey, in 1776, as a delegate to the immortal Congress that promulgated the Declaration of Independence, to which instrument he affixed his name. He continued to represent the State of New Jersey in the general Congress, from 1776 to 1782, and in practical business-talent and devotion to public affairs he was second to none in that body. It would be impossible, in this brief sketch, to specify the numerous services which he rendered to his country in the dark hours of her Revolutionary history; but one thing cannot be omitted,—the ability which he displayed as a member of the committee to consider the state of the currency and the finances of the country. Little did men dream that a theologian, bred in academic halls, could prepare such papers on money and finance as were presented by Dr. Witherspoon; for it is doubtful whether that most difficult subject was ever treated in a more masterly manner.

When he retired from the national councils in 1791, he married his second wife, which excited some attention, as he was in his seventieth year, and the lady, distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments, but twenty-three. He then went to his country-place, about one mile from Princeton, having two years before partially given up his duties as president of the college to the vice-president, his son-in-law, Dr. Samuel Smith. At length bodily infirmities began to fall heavily upon him; still he would not desist from the duties of his ministry, nor from attending at the college, as far as his health and strength would permit. But his

¹ "No man thinks of Witherspoon as a Briton, but as an American of the Americans: as the counsellor of Morris, the correspondent of Washington, the rival of Franklin in his sagacity, and of Reed in his resolution; one of the boldest in that Declaration of Independence, and one of the most revered in the debates of the Congress."—*Rev. J. W. Alexander's Princeton Address.*

useful life was now drawing to a close, and on the 15th of November, 1794, in the seventy-third year of his age, he entered into his rest.

Dr. Witherspoon's works were published after his death, in four volumes, with a memoir by the Rev. Dr. John Rodgers. They consist of *Sermons*; an *Inquiry into the Nature and Effects of the Stage*; *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*; *Lectures on Eloquence*; *Lectures on Divinity*; *Letters on Education*; *Letters on Marriage*; *An Essay on Money as a Medium of Commerce*; his *Speeches in Congress*; and a variety of essays on moral and political subjects. All these give abundant evidence of the learning, piety, sound judgment, and eloquence of their author. But none of them show one of the most prominent traits in his character,—a remarkably ready and keen wit.¹ Indeed, his fund of refined humor and delicate satire seemed inexhaustible, and it burst out on almost all occasions.² This made him a most pleasing and entertaining companion in private life, and the charm of every social circle.

THE PERNICIOUS EXAMPLE OF THE STAGE.

It is a known truth, established by the experience of all ages, that bad example has a powerful and unhappy influence upon human characters. Sin is of a contagious and spreading nature, and the human heart is but too susceptible of the infection. This may be ascribed to several causes, and to one in particular which is applicable to the present case,—that the seeing of sin frequently committed must gradually abate that horror which we ought to have of it upon our minds, and which serves to keep us from yielding to its solicitations. Frequently seeing the most terrible objects renders them familiar to our view, and makes us behold them with less emotion. And from seeing sin without reluctance, the transition is easy to a compliance with its repeated opportunity, especially as there are latent remaining dispositions to sinning in every heart that is but imperfectly sanctified. It will be difficult to assign any other reason why wickedness is always carried to a far greater height in large and populous cities than in

¹ In this he was excelled by none of his contemporaries, except the learned Charles Nisbet, D.D., the first President of Dickinson College; and many a keen encounter is said to have taken place between the two rival wits and divines. One particularly occurs to me. At a casual meeting in the streets of Philadelphia, Dr. Nisbet replied to the question put by his companion about his health, that he did not feel very well,—that he had a kind of "*ringing in his head*." "Well, and don't you know what that's the sign of?" said Dr. Witherspoon. "No, sir: what is it?" "It's a sign that it's *hollow*." "Why, sir, does yours never ring?" said Dr. Nisbet. "No, never," replied his friend. "And don't you know what that's the sign of?" "No: what is it?" "It's a sign that it's *cracked*."

² For instance; when Burgoyne's army was captured, General Gates despatched one of his aids to Congress to carry the intelligence. But he suffered himself to be delayed on the way, so that when he reached Philadelphia he found the news had got there some days before. When, therefore, Congress was about to vote the messenger a sword, Dr. Witherspoon rose and begged leave to move that instead of a sword they should present him with a *pair of golden spurs*.

the country. Do not multitudes, in places of great resort, come to perpetrate, calmly and sedately, without any remorse, such crimes as would surprise a less knowing sinner so much as to hear of? Can it then be safe to be present at the exhibition of so many vicious characters as always must appear upon the stage? Must it not, like other examples, have a strong though insensible influence, and indeed the more strong because unperceived?

CHARACTER OF THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS.

Where can the plays be found, at least comedies, that are free from impurity, either directly or by allusion and double-meaning? It is amazing to think that women who pretend to decency and reputation, whose brightest ornament ought to be modesty, should continue to abet, by their presence, so much unchastity as is to be found in the theatre. How few plays are acted which a modest woman can see consistently with decency in every part! And even when the plays are more reserved themselves, they are sure to be seasoned with something of this kind in the prologue or epilogue, the music between the acts, or in some scandalous farce with which the diversion is concluded. The power of custom and fashion is very great in making people blind to the most manifest qualities and tendencies of things. There are ladies who frequently attend the stage, who, if they were but once entertained with the same images in a private family with which they are often presented there, would rise with indignation, and reckon their reputation ruined if ever they should return. With what consistency they gravely return to the same schools of lewdness, they themselves best know.

CHARACTER OF ACTORS.

The life of players is not only idle and vain, and therefore inconsistent with the character of a Christian, but it is still more directly and grossly criminal. Not only from the taste of the audience must the prevailing tendency of all successful plays be bad, but, in the very nature of the thing, the greatest part of the characters represented must be vicious. What, then, is the life of a player? It is wholly spent in endeavoring to express the language, and exhibit a perfect picture, of the passions of vicious men. For this purpose they must strive to enter into the spirit and feel the sentiments proper to such characters.

Thus, their character has been infamous in all ages,—just a living copy of that vanity, obscenity, and impiety which is to be found in the pieces which they represent. As the world has been polluted by the stage, so they have always been more eminently

so, as it is natural to suppose, being the very cisterns in which this pollution is collected and from which it is distributed to others.

Can it be lawful, then, in any one to contribute in the least degree to support men in this unhallowed employment? Is not the theatre truly and essentially what it has been often called rhetorically,—the school of impiety, where it is their very business to learn wickedness? And will a Christian, upon any pretended advantage to himself, join in this confederacy against God, and assist in endowing and upholding the dreadful seminary?

PRINCIPLES REGULATING MONEY.¹

I will now sum up, in single propositions, the substance of what has been asserted, and I hope sufficiently proved, in the preceding discourse.

1. It ought not to be imputed to accident or caprice that gold, silver, and copper formerly were, and the two first continue to be, the medium of commerce; but to their inherent value, joined with other properties, that fit them for circulation. Therefore, all the speculations formed upon a contrary supposition are inconclusive and absurd.

2. Gold and silver are far from being in too small quantity at present for the purpose of a circulating medium in the commercial nations. The last of them—silver—seems rather to be in too great quantity, so as to become inconvenient for transportation.

3. The people of every nation will get the quantity of these precious metals that they are entitled to by their industry, and no more. If by any accident, as plunder in war, or borrowing from other nations, or even finding it in mines, they get more, they will not be able to keep it. It will in a short time find its level. Laws against exporting the coin will not prevent this. Laws of this kind, though they are still in force in some nations supposed to be wise, yet are in themselves ridiculous. If you import more than you export, you must pay the balance, or give up the trade.

4. The quantity of gold and silver at any time in a nation is no evidence of national wealth, unless you take into consideration the way in which it came there, and the probability of its continuing.

5. No paper of any kind is, properly speaking, money. It ought never to be made a legal tender. It *ought* not to be forced upon *anybody*, because it *cannot* be forced upon *everybody*.

6. Gold and silver, fairly acquired and likely to continue, are

¹ This is at the close of his very able and learned "Essay on Money as a Medium of Commerce; with Remarks on the Advantages and Disadvantages of Paper admitted into General Circulation."

real national as well as personal wealth. If twice as much paper circulates with them, though in full credit, particular persons may be rich by possessing it, but the nation in general is not.

7. The cry of the scarcity of money is generally putting the effect for the cause. No business can be done, say some, because money is scarce. It may be said with more truth, money is scarce because little business is done. Yet their influence, like that of many other causes and effects, is reciprocal.

8. The quantity of current money, of whatever kind, will have an effect in raising the price of industry and bringing goods dearer to market; therefore the increase of the currency in any nation by paper which will not pass among other nations, makes the first cost of every thing they do greater, and, of consequence, the profit less.

9. It is, however, possible that paper obligations may so far facilitate commerce and extend credit, as, by the additional industry that they excite, to overbalance the injury which they do in other respects. Yet even the good itself may be overdone. Too much money may be emitted even upon loan; but to emit money any other way than upon loan is to do all evil and no good.

10. Those who refuse doubtful paper, and thereby disgrace it, or prevent its circulation, are not enemies, but friends to their country.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1732—1799.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the fourth son of Augustine Washington, and the first President of the United States, was born at Bridge's Creek, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732, and died at Mount Vernon on the 14th of December, 1799. The following are the chief incidents of his public life:¹—

YEARS.	HIS AGE.	EVENTS.
1732	...	Feb. 22. His birth, in Westmoreland county, Virginia.
1743	11	Apr. 12. Death of his father, at the age of forty-nine years.
1746	14	... His brother Lawrence obtained for him a midshipman's warrant in the British Navy.
1748	16	Mar. ... Surveyor of Lord Fairfax's lands on the Potomac River.
1781	19	... Military Inspector, with the rank of Major, to protect the frontiers of Virginia against the French and Indians.

¹ I give not an extended biography of General Washington, because to do any justice to the subject it would occupy more room than I could spare; while the lives of him are so numerous as to be accessible to any one. Read lives by Marshall, Ramsey, Weems, Edmunds, Guizot, (translated by Reeve,) Headley, Irving, Bancroft, Sparks; also an admirable book entitled "Maxims of Washington, Political, Moral, Social, and Religious; collected and arranged by J. F. Schroeder, D.D.," 1 vol. 12mo. Consult also "North American Review," li. 69, xlvii. 318, xixix. 467; "American Quarterly," xv. 275, xvii. 74; "Methodist Quarterly," ii. 38; also read Eulogies by Hamilton, Jay, Ames, Mason, &c.

YEARS.	HIS AGE.	EVENTS.	
1751	19	<i>Sept.</i>	He sailed for Barbadoes with his brother Lawrence.
1752	20	...	Adjutant-General.
1753	21	<i>Oct. 31.</i>	Commissioner to the French on the Ohio.
1754	22	...	Lieutenant-Colonel for the defence of the colony of Virginia.
1755	23	<i>July 9.</i>	Aid-de-camp to General Braddock at the battle of Monongahela.
1755	24	<i>Aug. 14.</i>	Commander-in-chief of the Virginian forces.
1756	25	<i>Dec. ...</i>	He resigned his commission.
1759	28	<i>Jan. 6.</i>	His marriage. Member of the Virginia House of Burgesses.
1765	33	...	Commissioner for settling the military accounts of the colony.
1770	38	...	His tour to the Ohio and Great Kenawa Rivers.
1774	42	...	Member of the Virginia Conventions on the points at issue between Great Britain and the Colonies.
1774	42	<i>Sept. ...</i>	Member of the first Continental Congress.
1775	43	<i>May 10.</i>	Member of the second Continental Congress.
1775	43	<i>June 16.</i>	Commander-in-chief.
1775	43	<i>July 3.</i>	Commander of the army at Cambridge.
1776	44	<i>Mar. 17.</i>	Boston evacuated by the British army.
1776	44	<i>July 4.</i>	Declaration of American Independence.
1776	44	<i>Aug. 27.</i>	Battle of Long Island.
1776	44	<i>Dec. 28.</i>	Battle of Trenton.
1776	44	<i>Dec. 27.</i>	Congress invested him with dictatorial powers.
1777	44	<i>Jun. 3.</i>	Battle of Princeton.
1777	45	<i>Sept. 11.</i>	Battle of the Brandywine.
1777	45	<i>Oct. 4.</i>	Battle of Germantown.
1778	46	<i>June 28.</i>	Battle of Monmouth.
1779	47	<i>July 16.</i>	Stony Point taken.
1780	48	—	Arnold's treason.
1781	48	<i>Jan. 1.</i>	Mutiny of the Pennsylvania troops.
1781	49	<i>Oct. 19.</i>	Surrender of Yorktown and Gloucester.
1783	51	<i>Apr. 19.</i>	Peace proclaimed to the army.
1783	51	<i>Nov. 2.</i>	His farewell to the army.
1783	51	<i>Nov. 23.</i>	New York evacuated by the British army.
1783	51	<i>Dec. 23.</i>	He resigned his commission.
1784	52	...	His tour to the Western country.
1787	55	<i>May 14.</i>	Delegate to the General Convention at Philadelphia to form a Constitution. President of the Convention.
1789	57	<i>Mar. 4.</i>	President of the United States.
1789	57	<i>Apr. 30.</i>	His inauguration at New York.
1789	57	<i>Aug. 25.</i>	Death of his mother at the age of eighty-two years.
		...	His tour through the Eastern States.
1791	59	...	His tour through the Southern States.
1793	61	<i>Mar. 4.</i>	President for a second term.
1793	61	...	M. Genet, Minister from France to the United States.
1796	64	<i>Sept. 15.</i>	His Farewell Address to the People of the United States.
1797	65	—	He retired to private life. Difficulties with France. Preparations for war.
1798	66	<i>July 3.</i>	Commander-in-chief of the Armies of the United States.
1799	67	<i>Dec. 14.</i>	His death at Mount Vernon.

VALEDICTORY COUNSELS OF WASHINGTON.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party; but in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose; and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands

a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the destinies of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It would be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment at least is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices? * * *

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded, and that, in place of them, just and amiable feelings towards all, should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave.

It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. * * *

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am, nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert and mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

As the member of an infant empire, as a philanthropist by character, and, if I may be allowed the expression, as a citizen of the Great Republic of Humanity at large, I cannot help turning my attention sometimes to this subject,—HOW MANKIND MAY BE CONNECTED, LIKE ONE GREAT FAMILY, IN FRATERNAL TIES. I indulge a fond, perhaps an enthusiastic idea, that as the world is evidently much less barbarous than it has been, its melioration must still be progressive; that nations are becoming more humanized in their policy; that the subjects of ambition and causes for hostility are daily diminishing; and, in fine, that the period is not very remote when the benefits of a liberal and free commerce will pretty generally succeed to the devastations and horrors of war.

PROVIDENCE RULING THE AFFAIRS OF NATIONS.

It would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first¹ official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate, to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in the administration to execute with success the functions allotted to its charge. In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it

¹ Inaugural Address, April 30, 1789.

expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow-citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency; and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seem to presage.

PLEASURES OF PRIVATE LIFE.

Under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which *the Soldier*, who is ever in pursuit of fame, *the Statesman*, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if the globe was insufficient for us all,—and *the Courtier*, who is always watching the countenance of his Prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile,—can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and, this being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers.

SLAVERY.

The scheme which you¹ propose, as a precedent to encourage the emancipation of the black people in this country from the state of bondage in which they are held, is a striking evidence of the benevolence of your heart, and I shall be happy to join you in so laudable a work.

Your² purchase of an estate in the colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country! But I despair of seeing it.

¹ Lafayette.

² Lafayette.

There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it. But there is *only one proper and effectual mode* by which it can be accomplished, and that is, by *legislative authority*; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting.

I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery, in this country, may be *abolished by law*.

VIRTUE AND HAPPINESS.

There is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists, in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity.

The consideration that human happiness and moral duty are inseparably connected will always continue to prompt me to promote the progress of the former by inculcating the practice of the latter.

Without virtue, and without integrity, the finest talents and the most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect, and conciliate the esteem, of the truly valuable part of mankind.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."

The private virtues of economy, prudence, and industry are not less amiable, in civil life, than the more splendid qualities of valor, perseverance, and enterprise, in public life.

AGRICULTURE.

It will not be doubted that, with reference either to individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance. In proportion as nations advance in population and other circumstances of maturity, this truth becomes more apparent, and renders the cultivation of the soil more and more an object of public patronage.

The life of the husbandman, of all others, is the most delightful. It is honorable, it is amusing, and, with judicious management, it is profitable.

An extensive speculation, a spirit of gambling, or the introduction of any thing which will divert our attention from agriculture, must be extremely prejudicial, if not ruinous, to us.

WAR.

My first wish is, to see this plague of mankind banished from the earth, and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing implements, and exercising them, for the destruction of mankind.

For the sake of humanity, it is devoutly to be wished that the manly employment of agriculture, and the humanizing benefit of commerce, would supersede the waste of war and the rage of conquest; that the swords might be turned into ploughshares, the spears into pruning-hooks, and, as the Scriptures express it, "the nations learn war no more."

JOHN ADAMS, 1735—1826.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, October 19, 1735. After the usual preparatory studies, he entered Harvard College, and was distinguished in his class for diligence in his studies and for originality and boldness of thought,—qualities which shone most conspicuously in his after-life. He graduated in 1755, and began the study of law with James Putnam, at Worcester. In 1764, he married Abigail Smith, daughter of Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth,—a lady of an excellent education and of uncommon natural endowments. In 1765, he removed to Boston: his legal practice soon became extensive; and it was soon seen that he was one to whom his fellow-citizens might confidently look as a champion of their rights against the encroachments and assumptions of the Crown. In 1769, he was chairman of the committee appointed by the town of Boston to draw up instructions to their representatives to resist the British encroachments. The next year he was chosen a member of the Legislature from Boston.

In June, 1774, Mr. Adams was elected by the Assembly, together with Thomas Cushing, James Bowdoin, Samuel Adams, and Robert T. Paine, to the first Continental Congress. To his friend Sewall, who endeavored to dissuade him from accepting the appointment, he replied, in his characteristic energy of language, "The die is cast: I have passed the Rubicon: sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination." He took his seat in Congress, September 5, 1774, and was on the committee which drew up the statement of the rights of the Colonies, and on that which prepared the address to the king. He also attended the next Congress in 1775, and was among the foremost of those who were in favor of independence. On May 6, 1776, he moved to recommend to the Colonies "to adopt such a government as would, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents and of America." This passed, after an earnest debate, on the 15th. On the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee made the motion, which was seconded by Mr. Adams, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to

be, free and independent States." The debate continued to the 10th, and was then postponed to the 1st of July. A committee of five, consisting of Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, was appointed to draw up a declaration of independence. At the request of Mr. Adams, the instrument was written by Jefferson, and was adopted, as is known, on the 4th, but not without some strong opposition. The opposing arguments were met by Mr. Adams, in a speech of unrivalled power. Of him Mr. Jefferson said, "The great pillar of support to the declaration of independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the House, was John Adams. He was the colossus of that Congress: not graceful, not eloquent, not always fluent in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and expression, which moved his hearers from their seats."

In 1779, he was appointed minister-plenipotentiary to negotiate a peace with Great Britain, and had authority to form a commercial treaty with that nation. He was associated with Franklin, Jay, and Laurens, and the mission was successful in forming a definite treaty of peace, which was ratified January 14, 1784. He returned to Boston in 1788, after an absence of nine years. Congress had before passed a resolution of thanks for his able and faithful discharge of various important commissions. He was elected the first Vice-President of the United States in 1789, and was re-elected the second term; consequently, he was President of the Senate during the whole of the administration of Washington, whose confidence he enjoyed in the highest degree. Having been elected President to succeed Washington, he entered upon his duties March 4, 1797;¹ and in 1801 he was succeeded by Mr. Jefferson.

After March, 1801, Mr. Adams lived in retirement at Quincy, occupied in agricultural pursuits, though occasionally addressing various communications to the public. In 1820, at the age of 85, he was chosen president of the convention for revising the constitution of Massachusetts, though he did not serve in that capacity. In 1825, he enjoyed the singular happiness of seeing his son, John Quincy Adams, elevated to the office of President of the United States.

¹ The following admirable letter was addressed by Mrs. Adams to her husband on his being elected President of the United States:—

QUINCY, February 8, 1797.

"The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
To give thy honors to the day."

And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season! You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. "And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown nor the robes of royalty.

My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are that "the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes." My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts and numerous duties, connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your

A. A.

But he was now drawing near his end. On the morning of the 4th of July, 1826, he was roused by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon; and when asked if he knew what day it was, he replied, "Oh, yes! it is the glorious Fourth, —God bless it! God bless you all!" In the course of the day he said, "It is a great and glorious day;" and, just before he expired, exclaimed, "Jefferson survives!"—showing that his thoughts were dwelling on the scenes of 1776. But Jefferson was then dead, having expired at one o'clock; while Mr. Adams lingered till twenty minutes past six P.M.

For purity of character, dauntless courage, and true patriotism, Mr. Adams had no superior among his contemporaries; and his name will be held in veneration by all coming generations.¹

MEDITATES THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.²

The other night the choice of Hercules came into my mind, and left impressions there which I hope will never be effaced, nor long unheeded. I thought of writing a fable on the same plan, but accommodated, by omitting some circumstances and inserting others, to my own case.

Let Virtue address me: "Which, dear youth, will you prefer, a life of effeminacy, indolence, and obscurity, or a life of industry, temperance, and honor? Take my advice; rise and mount your horse by the morning's dawn, and shake away, amidst the great and beautiful scenes of nature that appear at that time of the day, all the crudities that are left in your stomach, and all the obstructions that are left in your brains. Then return to your studies, and bend your whole soul to the institutes of the law and the reports of cases that have been adjudged by the rules in the institutes; let no trifling diversion, or amusement, or company, decoy you from your book; that is, let no girl, no gun, no cards, no flutes, no violins, no dress, no tobacco, no laziness, decoy you from your books. But keep your law book or some point of law in your mind at least six hours in a day. Labor to get distinct ideas of law, right, wrong, justice, equity; search for them in your own mind, in Roman, Grecian, French, English treatises of natural, civil, common, statute law; aim at an exact knowledge of the nature, end, and means of government; compare the different forms of it with each other, and each of them with their effects on public and private happiness. Study Seneca, Cicero, and all other good moral writers; study Montesquieu, Bolingbroke, Vinnius, &c., and all other good civil writers."

Here are two nights and one day and a half spent in softening, enervating, dissipating series of hustling, prattling, poetry, love,

¹ Read "The Works of John Adams; with a Life of the Author; Notes and Illustrations by his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams," 10 volumes.

² From his Diary, dated Braintree, January 3, 1759.

courtship, marriage; during all this time I was seduced into the course of unmanly pleasures that Vice describes to Hercules, forgetful of the glorious promises of fame, immortality, and a good conscience, which Virtue makes to the same hero as rewards of a hardy, toilsome, watchful life in the service of mankind. I could reflect with more satisfaction on an equal space of time spent in a painful research of the principles of law, or a resolute attempt of the powers of eloquence. But where is my attention? Is it fixed from sunrise to midnight on Grecian, Roman, Gallic, British law, history, virtue, eloquence? I don't see clearly the objects that I am after; they are often out of sight; motes, atoms, feathers, are blown into my eyes and blind me. Who can see distinctly the course he is to take and the objects that he pursues, when in the midst of a whirlwind of dust, straws, atoms, and feathers?

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

FROM A LETTER DATED THE THIRD OF JULY.

Yesterday¹ the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting colony, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, and as such they have, and of right ought to have, full power to make war, conclude peace, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which other States may rightfully do." You will see, in a few days, a Declaration setting forth the causes which have impelled us to this mighty revolution, and the reasons which will justify it in the sight of God and man. A plan of confederation will be taken up in a few days.

When I look back to the year 1761, and recollect the argument concerning writs of assistance in the superior court, which I have hitherto considered as the commencement of this controversy between Great Britain and America, and run through the whole period, from that time to this, and recollect the series of political events, the chain of causes and effects, I am surprised at the suddenness as well as greatness of this revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom; at least, this is my judgment. Time must determine. It is the will of Heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever. It may be the will of Heaven that America should suffer calamities still more wasting,

¹ The practice has been to celebrate the 4th of July, the day upon which the form of the Declaration of Independence was agreed to, rather than the 2d, the day upon which the resolution, making that declaration, was determined upon by the Congress.

and distresses yet more dreadful. If this is to be the case, it will have this good effect at least. It will inspire us with many virtues which we have not, and correct many errors, follies, and vices which threaten to disturb, dishonor, and destroy us. The furnace of affliction produces refinement in states as well as individuals. And the new governments we are assuming in every part will require a purification from our vices, and an augmentation of our virtues, or they will be no blessings. The people will have unbounded power, and the people are extremely addicted to corruption and venality, as well as the great. But I must submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as the faith may be, I firmly believe.

FROM ANOTHER LETTER OF THE SAME DATE.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

You will think me transported with enthusiasm; but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON, 1737—1791.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON, the son of Thomas Hopkinson, an English gentleman who emigrated to the colonies in the early part of the eighteenth century, was born in Philadelphia in 1737. His father dying when he was quite young, his education devolved upon his mother, who is said to have been a woman of more than common powers of mind, and who took every pains to foster the genius and to cultivate the talents which she saw her son possessed, as well as to instruct him in the pure principles of Christian morals. From school he was sent to the College of Philadelphia, afterwards the "University of Pennsylvania," and then commenced the study of law, and, after the usual period, entered upon its practice. In 1766, he went to England, where he remained two years. On his return he

married Miss Ann Borden, of Bordentown, N.J., in which place he established himself in his profession. His legal attainments, general knowledge, and ardent patriotism soon acquired for him a high reputation, and in 1776 he was chosen by the State of New Jersey as one of her representatives in Congress, and in this capacity he signed the Declaration of Independence. In 1779, he succeeded George Ross as Judge of the Admiralty of the State of Pennsylvania, and held the position for ten years, until the organization of the Federal Government, when he received from General Washington a commission as Judge of the United States. In this office he continued till his death, which took place on the 9th of May, 1791.

Great as Judge Hopkinson's reputation was as an advocate while at the bar, and distinguished as he was for learning, judgment, and integrity when upon the bench, he was, perhaps, more celebrated as a man of letters, of general knowledge, of fine taste, but, above all, for his then unrivalled powers of wit and satire. Dr. Rush, after speaking of his varied attainments, says:—"But his forte was humor and satire, in both of which he was not surpassed by Lucian; Swift, or Rabelais. These extraordinary powers were consecrated to the advancement of the interests of patriotism, virtue, and science." This praise may be too strong; and yet we hardly know where to find papers of more exquisite humor than among the writings of Francis Hopkinson. His paper on the *Ambiguity of the English Language*, to show the ridiculous mistakes that often occur from words of similar sounds, used the one for the other; on *White-Washing*; on *A Typographical Method of Conducting a Quarrel*, which made friends of two fierce newspaper combatants; *The New Roof*, an allegory in favor of the Federal Constitution; the *Specimen of a Collegiate Examination*, to turn certain branches, and the modes of studying them, into ridicule; and *The Battle of the Keys*, are all pieces which, while they are fully equal to any of Swift's writings for wit, have nothing at all in them of Swift's vulgarity.

SPECIMEN OF A COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION.

METAPHYSICS.

PROFESSOR. What is a SALT-BOX?

STUDENT. It is a box made to contain salt.

PROF. How is it divided?

STU. Into a salt-box and a box of salt.

PROF. Very well! show the distinction.

STU. A salt-box may be where there is no salt; but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

PROF. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

STU. Yes; by a partition.

PROF. What is the use of this partition?

STU. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

PROF. How? think a little.

STU. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

PROF. To be sure; it is to separate the fine from the coarse; but are not salt-boxes yet otherwise distinguished?

STU. Yes; into *possible*, *probable*, and *positive*.

PROF. Define these several kinds of salt-boxes.

STU. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the hands of the joiner.

PROF. Why so?

STU. Because it hath never yet become a salt-box *in fact*, having never had any salt in it; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

PROF. Very true; for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have, any salt in it, can only be termed a *possible* salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box?

STU. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath sixpence in his pocket to pay the grocer; and a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

PROF. Very good:—but is there no instance of a *positive* salt-box, which hath no salt in it?

STU. I know of none.

PROF. Yes: there is one mentioned by some authors: it is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that, although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may yet be called a salt-box, with the same propriety that we say a salt-herring, salt beef, &c. And in this sense, any box that may have accidentally, or otherwise, been long steeped in brine, may be termed *positively* a salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other division of salt-boxes do you recollect?

STU. They are further divided into *substantive* and *pendant*: a *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a *pendant* is that which hangs upon a nail against the wall.

PROF. What is the idea of a salt-box?

STU. It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box when no salt-box is present.

PROF. What is the abstract idea of a salt-box?

STU. It is the idea of a salt-box abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

PROF. Very right; and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt-box; but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

STU. Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

PROF. True; and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short; for a true abstract idea must be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this shows the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or an *accidental* property of a salt-box?

STU. It is *essential*; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an *accidental* property of that salt-box.

PROF. Very well! very well indeed!—What is the salt called with respect to the box?

STU. It is called its contents.

PROF. And why so?

STU. Because the cook is content *quo ad hoc* to find plenty of salt in the box.

PROF. You are very right—I see you have not misspent your time: but let us now proceed to

LOGIC.

PROF. How many parts are there in a salt-box?

STU. Three. *Bottom, top, and sides.*

PROF. How many modes are there in salt-boxes?

STU. Four. The *formal*, the *substantial*, the *accidental*, and the *topsy-turvy*.

PROF. Define these several modes.

STU. The *formal* respects the figure or shape of the box, such as round, square, oblong, and so forth; the *substantial* respects the work of the joiner; and the *accidental* depends upon the string by which the box is hung against the wall.

PROF. Very well; and what are the consequences of the *accidental* mode?

STU. If the string should break the box would fall, the salt be spilt, the salt-box broken, and the cook in a bitter passion; and this is the accidental mode with its consequences.

PROF. How do you distinguish between the top and bottom of a salt-box?

STU. The top of a box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom that part which is lowest in all positions.

PROF. You should rather say the lowest part is the bottom and the uppermost part is the top. How is it, then, if the bottom should be the uppermost?

STU. The top would then be the lowermost; and so the bottom would become the top, and the top would become the bottom; and this is called the *topsy-turvy* mode, which is nearly allied to the *accidental*, and frequently arises from it.

PROF. Very good; but are not salt-boxes sometimes single, and sometimes double?

STU. Yes.

PROF. Well, then, mention the several combinations of salt-boxes with respect to their having salt or not.

STU. They are divided into single salt-boxes having salt; single salt-boxes having no salt; double salt-boxes having salt; double

salt-boxes having no salt; and single double salt-boxes having salt and no salt.

PROF. Hold! hold! you are going too far.

ON WHITE-WASHING.¹

DEAR SIR :—The peculiar customs of every country appear to strangers awkward and absurd; but the inhabitants consider them as very proper and even necessary. Long habit imposes on the understanding, and reconciles it to any thing that is not manifestly pernicious or immediately destructive.

I have read somewhere of a nation (in Africa, I think,) which is governed by twelve counsellors. When these counsellors are to meet on public business, twelve large earthen jars are set in two rows, and filled with water. The counsellors enter the apartment one after another, stark naked, and each leaps into a jar, where he sits up to the chin in water. When the jars are all filled with counsellors, they proceed to deliberate on the great concerns of the nation. This, to be sure, forms a very grotesque scene; but the object is to transact the public business: they have been accustomed to do it in this way, and therefore it appears to them the most rational and convenient way. Indeed, if we consider it impartially, there seems to be no reason why a counsellor may not be as wise in an earthen jar as in an elbow-chair; or why the good of the people may not be as maturely considered in the one as in the other.

The established manners of every country are the standards of propriety with the people who have adopted them; and every nation assumes the right of considering all deviations therefrom as barbarisms and absurdities.

I have discovered but few national singularities amongst the people of these new States. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. I have, however, observed one custom which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country. An account of it will serve to fill up the remainder of this sheet, and may afford you some amusement.

When a young couple are about to enter on the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of WHITE-WASHING, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. You will wonder what this privilege of *white-washing* is. I will endeavor to give you an idea of the ceremony as I have seen it performed.

¹ A letter from a gentleman in America to his friend in Europe.

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not, if she pleases, claim her privilege; but the latter end of May is generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge, by certain prognostics, when the storm is nigh at hand. If the lady grows uncommonly fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the nastiness of every thing about her; these are symptoms which ought not to be neglected, yet they sometimes go off without any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets filled with a solution of lime in water, there is no time for hesitation. He immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers and private property are kept, and, putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight. A husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage. His authority is superseded, his commission suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more importance than he. He has nothing for it but to abdicate for a time, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are stripped of their furniture; paintings, prints, and looking-glasses lie in huddled heaps about the floors; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard; and the garden-fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, under-petticoats, and ragged breeches. *Here* may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass for the foreground of the picture; gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, joint-stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. *There*, a closet has disgorged its bowels,—riveted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wineglasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, tops of teapots, and stoppers of departed decanters; from the rag-hole in the garret to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrunmaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment.

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings with brushes, dipped in a solution of lime, called WHITE-WASH; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with hard brushes, charged with soft soap and stone-cutter's sand.

The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her neck,

and, with a mug in her hand and a bucket within reach, dashes innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water-nymphs by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation : but, after long argument, it was determined that no damages could be awarded, inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences. And so the poor gentleman was doubly non-suited ; for he lost both his suit of clothes and his suit at law.

I know a gentleman here who is fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considers this, which I call a *custom*, as a real, periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is whimsical and ingenious ; but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable ; but, after much study, he thought he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables, and a few prints of the cheapest sort. His hope was that, when the white-washing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub, and scour, and smear to their hearts' content, and so spend the violence of the disease in this outpost, whilst he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should, since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once in every year ; to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

MISTAKE VERSUS BLUNDER.¹

This was an action on the statute of *Patrick* 4, chap. 16, called THE STATUTE OF NAILS, which prohibits all subjects within the realm from cutting or paring their nails on a *Friday*, under the penalty of twenty shillings for every offence, to be recovered by the overseers of the poor, for the use of the poor of the county in which the offence should be committed. *Mistake* and others were overseers of the poor for the county of *Antrim*, and brought their action under the statute against the defendant. And it was in proof that the defendant had pared his thumb-nails and his great toe-nails on *Friday*, to wit, on *Friday*, the ——— day of ———, at twelve o'clock in the night of the same day.

¹ This is a case cited in the most humorous paper, entitled "Specimen of a Modern Lawsuit."

Counsel for the defendant demurred to the facts, observing that, as this was a penal law, it ought to be strictly construed. And thereupon took three points of defence, viz.: *First*, it was urged that *night* is not *day*, and the statute expressly says *Fri-day*, and not *Fri-night*; and the proof is that the cutting was at night. *Secondly*, it was contended that twelve o'clock on Friday night is, in fact, the beginning of Saturday morning, and therefore not within the statute. And, *thirdly*, that the words of the statute are *UNGUES DIGITORUM*—*Anglicè—the nails of the FINGERS*, and the testimony only respects *thumbs and great toes*.

The jury gave in a special verdict; whereupon, after long advisement, the judges were unanimously of opinion, on the first point, that, in construction of law, day is night and night is day; because a day consists of twenty-four hours, and the law will not allow of fractions of a day; *de minimis non curat lex*; in English, the law don't stand upon trifles. On the second point, that twelve o'clock at night, being the precise line of division between Friday night and Saturday morning, is a portion or point of time which may be considered as belonging to both, or to either, or to neither, at the discretion of the court. And, *thirdly*, that, in construction of law, fingers are thumbs and thumbs are fingers, and thumbs and fingers are great toes and little toes, and great toes and little toes are thumbs and fingers; and so judgment for the plaintiff.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.¹

Gallants, attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty;
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First rubb'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said some mischief 's brewing.

¹ This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at every thing they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold
Pack'd up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.*

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

From sleep Sir William starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what's the matter?

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat are all afloat,
And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All rang'd in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant wood, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
 Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
 Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay
 'Mongst' folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made
 Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
 Could not oppose their powerful foes,
 The conq'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
 Display'd amazing courage;
 And when the sun was fairly down,
 Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men with each a pen,
 Or more, upon my word, sir,
 It is most true would be too few
 Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
 Against these wicked kegs, sir,
 That years to come, if they get home,
 They'll make their boast and brags, sir.

JAMES WILSON, 1742—1798.

JAMES WILSON was born in the lowlands of Scotland about the year 1742. After leaving the grammar-school, he studied at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and, without determining upon any profession, he resolved to emigrate to this country. In the beginning of 1766, he reached Philadelphia. Soon after, he entered, as a student of law, the office of John Dickinson, and in two years was admitted to the bar. He first settled in Reading, but soon removed to Carlisle, where he became quite eminent as a counsellor, and had much practice previous to the Revolutionary struggle. In 1775, by the unanimous voice of the General Assembly, he was elected, with Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Willing, to the second Continental Congress, and was re-elected in the next year, when he affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence. In 1778, he removed to Philadelphia, where he continued to reside for the remainder of his life.

From his distinguished talents and unremitting industry, Mr. Wilson rose higher every year in public estimation, and was soon considered at the head of his profession. In 1782, he was again elected to Congress, and in 1787 was one of the delegates to the convention that met in Philadelphia to form our present Constitution. He took an active part in the debates, and by some was considered the ablest member of that distinguished body. In the latter part of the same year, he was elected to the State Convention of Pennsylvania that met to ratify the Constitution. As he was the only member of the State Convention who had a seat in the General Convention, he was, of course, the most prominent member in it, and with consummate ability defended the Constitution from the attacks of its enemies.

On the 4th of July, 1788, Mr. Wilson was selected to deliver the oration on the occasion of the famous procession formed at Philadelphia to celebrate the adoption of the Constitution of the United States; and in October of the next year was appointed by Washington one of the Judges of the Supreme Court as first organized under the present Constitution;¹ in which office he continued till his death. In 1790, the Law professorship of the College of Philadelphia was established, and Mr. Wilson was appointed the first professor. The course of lectures which he delivered in this and the two succeeding years may be found in his works, published in 1804 in three octavo volumes. He was now the acknowledged head of the Philadelphia bar,—learned as a man, profound as a lawyer, and distinguished for his attainments in political science. In private life he was warmly esteemed for his social and domestic virtues, as well as for his incorruptible integrity. He continued to exercise the duties of his office till the year of his death, which took place on the 28th of August, 1798, at Edenton, North Carolina, while on a circuit in his judicial character.

THE EXCELLENCE OF OUR CONSTITUTION.

I confess that I am not a blind admirer of this plan of government, and that there are some parts of it which, if my wish had prevailed, would certainly have been altered. But, when I reflect how widely men differ in their opinions, and that every man (and the observation applies likewise to every State) has an equal pretension to assert his own, I am satisfied that any thing nearer to perfection could not have been accomplished. If there are errors, it should be remembered that the seeds of reformation are sown in the work itself, and the concurrence of two-thirds of the Congress may, at any time, introduce alterations and amendments. Regarding it, then, in every point of view, with a candid and disinterested mind, I am bold to assert that it is the **BEST FORM OF GOVERNMENT WHICH HAS EVER BEEN OFFERED TO THE WORLD.**

THE PEOPLE THE SOURCE OF ALL POWER.

Oft have I viewed, with silent pleasure and admiration, with what force and prevalence, through the United States, the supreme power resides in the people; and that they never part with it. It may be called the *Panacea* in politics. There can be no disorder

¹ Washington, in his letter on the occasion, thus wrote:—"Regarding the due administration of justice as the strongest cement of good government, I have considered the first organization of the judicial department as essential to the happiness of the people and to the stability of the political system. Under this impression, it has been with me an invariable object of anxious solicitude to select the fittest characters to expound the laws and to dispense justice." At the head of this department, deemed by himself so important, he placed that learned jurist, incorruptible patriot, and Christian statesman, JOHN JAY, of N. Y., and nominated as his associates JAMES WILSON, of Penn., JOHN RUTLEDGE, of S. C., WILLIAM CUSHING, of Mass., ROBERT HARPISON, of Md., and JOHN BLAIR, of Va.

in the community but may here receive a radical cure. If the error be in the legislature, it may be corrected by the constitution; if in the constitution, it may be corrected by the people. There is a remedy, therefore, for every distemper in government, if the people are not wanting to themselves; but for a people wanting to themselves, there is no remedy. From their power, as we have seen, there is no appeal; to their error, there is no superior principle of correction.

There are three simple species of government: Monarchy, where the supreme power is in a single person: Aristocracy, where the supreme power is in a select assembly, the members of which either fill up, by election, the vacancies in their own body, or succeed to their places in it by inheritance, property, or in respect of some *personal* right or qualification: a Republic or Democracy, where the people at large *retain* the supreme power, and act either collectively or by representation.

Each of these species of government has its advantages and disadvantages.

The advantages of a Monarchy are strength, dispatch, secrecy, unity of counsel. Its disadvantages are tyranny, expense, ignorance of the situation and wants of the people, insecurity, unnecessary wars, evils attending elections or successions.

The advantages of Aristocracy are wisdom, arising from experience and education. Its disadvantages are dissensions among themselves, oppression to the lower orders.

The advantages of Democracy are liberty; equal, cautious, and salutary laws, public spirit, frugality, peace, opportunities of exciting and producing the abilities of the best citizens. Its disadvantages are dissensions, the delay and disclosure of public counsels, the imbecility of public measures, retarded by the necessity of a numerous consent.

A government may be composed of two or more of the simple forms above mentioned. Such is the British government. It would be an improper government for the United States, because it is inadequate to such an extent of territory, and because it is suited to an establishment of different orders of men.

What is the nature and kind of that government which has been proposed for the United States by the late convention? In its principle it is purely democratical; but that principle is applied in different forms, in order to obtain the advantages, and exclude the inconveniences, of the simple modes of government.

If we take an extended and accurate view of it, we shall find the streams of power running in different directions, in different dimensions, and at different heights; watering, adorning, and fertilizing the fields and meadows through which their courses are

led; but if we trace them, we shall discover that they all originally flow from one abundant fountain.

IN THIS CONSTITUTION *all authority is derived from the PEOPLE.*

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CHARACTER OF THE CONSTITUTION.

With respect to the clause¹ restricting Congress from prohibiting the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, prior to the year 1808, the honorable gentleman says, that this clause is not only dark, but intended to grant to Congress, for that time, the power to admit the importation of slaves. No such thing was intended; but I will tell you what was done, and it gives me high pleasure that so much was done. Under the present confederation, the States may admit the importation of slaves as long as they please; but by this article, after the year 1808 the Congress will have power to prohibit such importation, notwithstanding the disposition of any State to the contrary. I consider this as *laying the foundation for banishing slavery out of this country*; and though the period is more distant than I could wish, yet it will produce the same kind, gradual change, which was pursued in Pennsylvania. It is with much satisfaction I view this power in the general government whereby they may lay an interdiction on this reproachful trade: but an immediate advantage is also obtained; for a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person; and this, sir, operates as a partial prohibition: it was all that could be obtained. I am sorry it was no more; but from this I think there is reason to hope that yet a few years, and it will be prohibited altogether; and, in the mean time, *the new States which are to be formed, will be under the control of Congress in this particular, and slaves will never be introduced amongst them.*

So far, therefore, as this clause operates, it presents us with the pleasing prospect that the rights of mankind will be acknowledged and established throughout the Union.

If there was no other lovely feature in the constitution but this one, it would diffuse a beauty over its whole countenance. Yet the lapse of a few years, *and Congress will have power to exterminate slavery from within our borders.*

¹ Article I., Section IX. The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight; but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation not exceeding ten dollars for each person.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1743—1826.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, descended from a family which had been long settled in his native State, was born at Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia, on the 2d of April, 1743. After finishing his collegiate course of education at William's and Mary's College, he commenced the study of the law with the celebrated George Wythe, afterwards Chancellor of the State. He was called to the bar in 1766; and in 1769 was a member of the Legislature of Virginia. On the 12th of March, 1773, he was appointed a member of the first committee of correspondence established by the Colonial Legislatures; and the next year he wrote and published his *Summary View of the Rights of British America*. It was a bold and manly document, ably setting forth our own rights, and pointing out clearly the various ways in which they had been violated by the British Government. On the 27th of March, 1775, he was elected one of the members to represent Virginia in the General Congress of the Confederate Colonies, already assembled at Philadelphia, and took his seat in this assembly on the 21st of June. So early did he become known for his ability, that, in a few days after his arrival, he was made a member of a committee appointed to draw up a declaration setting forth the causes and necessity of resorting to arms.

With the year 1776, the affairs of the colonies began to assume an aspect of more energy, with aims more definite. When, therefore, the subject of our independence was brought before Congress in June, it met with a hearty response in that body, and a committee was appointed to prepare a declaration "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." This committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston; and to Mr. Jefferson, the chairman, was assigned the important duty of preparing the draft of the document. On the 28th of June, the Declaration of Independence (the report of the committee) was presented to Congress and read; on the first, second, and third of July, it was fully discussed in committee of the whole; and on the fourth it was adopted in its present form, many alterations having been made in the draft as it was first presented by the committee.

During the summer of this year, (1776,) Mr. Jefferson took an active part in the deliberations and business of Congress; but in the fall, owing to his ill health, the situation of his family, and the embarrassed condition of things in Virginia, he felt it his duty to return to his own State, and devote himself to her service. Though his public duties were arduous, he found time to write, in 1781, his *Notes on Virginia*,—the work by which, next to the Declaration of Independence, he is most favorably known. In June, 1783, Mr. Jefferson was again elected a delegate to Congress from Virginia, and of course took a prominent part in the deliberations of that body. An opportunity soon offered itself of expressing again, as he had already so frequently done, his detestation of slavery, and his earnest desire for the entire abolition of it in the United States. Being appointed, in April, 1784, chairman of a committee to which was assigned the task of forming a plan for the temporary government of the Western Territory, he introduced into it the

flowing clause:—"That, after the year 1800, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said States, otherwise than in punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been convicted to have been personally guilty." When the report of the committee was presented to Congress, these words were stricken out.¹

Having been chosen by Congress commissioner to negotiate treaties with the states of Europe, in conjunction with John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, he sailed in July, 1784, and joined his colleagues at Paris. They were not, however, very successful, treaties having been formed with but two governments, Morocco and Prussia. On the 10th of March, 1785, Mr. Jefferson was unanimously appointed by Congress to succeed Dr. Franklin as minister-plenipotentiary at the court of Versailles. He remained in France until the latter part of 1789, when he returned, and was, upon the formation of the new government, nominated by President Washington as Secretary of State. Finding, however, the views of Washington and the greater portion of his cabinet essentially different from his own, he resigned this position, and retired into private life, devoting himself to the education of his family, the cultivation of his estate, and the pursuit of his philosophical studies. In September, 1796, when General Washington announced his determination to renounce public life, the two parties into which the nation was divided—the Federalists and Democrats,² or "Republicans," as then called—brought forward their favorite candidates. John Adams was supported by the former, and Thomas Jefferson by the latter. Mr. Adams was elected, and entered upon the duties of his office the 4th of March, 1797. Such, however, were the changes in public sentiment, that, after four years, Mr. Jefferson was elected President.

The leading events of Mr. Jefferson's administration were the purchase of Louisiana³ from France; the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, west of the Rocky

¹ I may say that it is a good thing that this clause was stricken out; because three years after, when the subject of the government of the Territories was under discussion, and when Mr. Jefferson was in France, the celebrated "Ordinance of 1787" was presented by Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, in which a similar proviso was introduced and carried, TO TAKE EFFECT IMMEDIATELY, AND NOT TO BE PUT OFF TO THE YEAR 1800. While, therefore, great credit is due to Mr. Jefferson for being the first to assert the noble principle of freedom, it is an undoubted historical fact that Nathan Dane has the honor of being the author of the "Ordinance of 1787," and that to Rufus King, of New York, and indirectly to Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts, belongs the suggestion of the provisos contained in that "Ordinance" against slavery, and for aids to religion and knowledge. For a full account of this interesting subject, read "Life and Correspondence of Rufus King, by his Son, Charles King, LL.D."

² Of the Democratic party Jefferson was the efficient promoter at the beginning, and may be considered its founder. Washington, as the head of the Federalists, became the object of hatred to the Democrats, and upon him all the vials of their wrath were poured. Jefferson, as is now known, gave too much encouragement to some of these defamers, the most prominent of whom were Genet, the impudent French minister, Freneau, the poet and editor, and Thomas Paine, whose name is synonymous with infamy.

³ From this territory, bought for fifteen millions of dollars, three new slave States have been formed. Had the principles of the Ordinance of 1787 been applied to this region, what untold blessings would have accrued to our country! The further extension of slavery would have been arrested, and that anomaly in our system would probably have died out before the death of Jefferson.

Mountains, to the mouth of Columbia River; and the "Embargo" But comment upon these measures would here be out of place. At the close of his second term, 1809, Mr. Jefferson withdrew from public affairs, and resided at Monticello, his country-seat in Virginia. He did not, however, lead an idle life; he took a deep interest in the cause of education in his native State, and was the means of establishing its celebrated university. It is painful to add that, in the latter years of his life, he suffered from pecuniary embarrassments. In 1815 he sold his library, of about 7000 volumes, to Congress, for twenty thousand dollars. His last days were passed in rural enjoyments, and with powers unimpaired for the enjoyment of mental pleasures; and he passed away calmly on the 4th of July, 1826, just fifty years from the date of his signing the Declaration of Independence.

In person Mr. Jefferson was six feet two inches high, erect and well formed, though thin; his eyes were light, and full of intelligence; his complexion fair, and his countenance remarkably expressive. In conversation, he was cheerful and enthusiastic, and his language was remarkable for vivacity and correctness. His manners were simple and unaffected, combined, however, with much native but unobtrusive dignity.

The chief glory of Mr. Jefferson's character was his ardent love of liberty for all men, irrespective of color. This is clearly evinced in the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, which he wrote; in the principles of the Ordinance of 1787, which he originated; and in several passages in his *Notes on Virginia*, wherein he pictures, in his own nervous language, the demoralising influences of slavery.¹

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.²

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government,

¹ Read articles on Jefferson in *N. Am. Rev.*, xxx. 511, xxxix. 238, xl. 170; *Am. Quarterly*, vi. 494, vii. 123: also Biographies by Lee, Tucker, and Randolph. A new life, by Henry S. Randall, in three volumes, has lately been published; but it is of a character so thoroughly partisan, that it never can be regarded by unprejudiced minds as of authority. It quietly assumes that the "Democratic" party of modern times is identical with the old "Republican" party led by Jefferson; than which nothing could be more erroneous. For whatever may have been the errors of Jefferson, and some other leaders of the "Republican" party of that day, they were thoroughly and avowedly anti-slavery. The young men of our country who desire to have a full view of Mr. Jefferson's character should read what is said of him in such works as Fisher Ames's *Life and Letters*; Goodrich's *Recollections*; Griswold's *Republican Court*; Hildreth's *United States*; Sullivan's *Works*, &c. &c.

² From the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence.

laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.

The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disruption and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which Nature has given to the picture is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a

voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY.

The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive, either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to his worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who, permitting one-half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part, and the *amor patriæ* of the other! For if the slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry also is destroyed. For in a warm climate no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis,—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God?—that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The

Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest.

What an incomprehensible machine is man, who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict upon his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose! But we must wait with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, doubtless a God of justice will-awaken to their distress, and by diffusing a light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of blind fatality.

Notes on Virginia.

A DECALOGUE OF CANONS FOR PRACTICAL LIFE.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap: it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

HIS DYING COUNCIL.¹

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run; and I too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be

¹ Letter to Thomas Jefferson Smith.

true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And, if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

MONTICELLO, *February 21, 1826.*

BENJAMIN RUSH, 1745—1813.

BENJAMIN RUSH, M.D., one of the most eminent physicians of our country, was born at Byberry, near Philadelphia, on the 24th of December, 1745. He was early destined by his parents for professional life, and he graduated at Princeton College in 1760. After spending six years in Philadelphia in the study of medicine, he went to Edinburgh for the further prosecution of his studies, and remained there till the spring of 1768, and then went to France. In the fall of that year he returned to Philadelphia, and the next year was elected Professor of Chemistry in the college of that city. In 1791, the college was merged in a university, and Dr. Rush was appointed "Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine and of Clinical Practice" in the University of Pennsylvania.

During the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, in 1793, the labors of Dr. Rush were as unremitting as they were successful in endeavoring to mitigate the horrors of this scourge. But these labors both of mind and body, by night and day, nearly cost him his life. At the close of the season, he himself was attacked by the disease, and for some days he lingered between life and death. Happily his valuable life was saved, to be devoted yet many more years to the cause of science and philanthropy.

It is astonishing how, with such a large private practice, Dr. Rush was enabled to do so much outside of his profession. He was a member of the Congress which, in 1776, published the Declaration of Independence, and of course affixed his name to that memorable instrument. In 1777, he was appointed Physician-General for the Middle Department of the Military Hospitals, and in 1787 was a member of the Convention of Pennsylvania for ratifying the Federal Constitution, which he advocated with great ability. After the establishment of the federal government, he withdrew himself altogether from public life, and devoted his time to his profession, and to the claims of humanity. The only office he accepted as a reward for his many services, and which he held for fourteen years, was that of Treasurer of the United States Mint.

But it is as a philanthropist, and as the friend of every thing that tends to the improvement of man, that his memory will ever be most warmly cherished. He was President of the Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery, and as early as 1774 wrote two essays upon the guilt and danger of our national sin, to which he remained inflexibly opposed until the day of his death. He was also Vice-President and one of the founders of the Philadelphia Bible Society, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Philosophical Society. He took a warm interest in the establishment of the Philadelphia Dispensary, in 1786, and served

for many years as one of its physicians. He was the principal agent in founding Dickinson College, at Carlisle, and in bringing from Scotland that eminent scholar and divine, the Rev. Charles Nisbet, D.D., to preside over that institution. He was one of the first to advocate the establishment of free schools, and wrote several able essays to show their importance. He also took early ground against the multiplicity of capital punishments, and lived to see the effect of his labors when, in 1794, the Legislature of Pennsylvania abolished death as a punishment for all crimes except for that of murder in the first degree.

Dr. Rush was also one of the earliest friends of the temperance reform. His *Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Body and Mind* was published in pamphlet form, had an extensive circulation, and was productive of great good. He also published an essay against tobacco, and exhibited a frightful catalogue of ills to health and morals arising from the use of that filthy and disgusting weed. His last work, published a year before his death, entitled *Medical Inquiries and Observations upon the Diseases of the Mind*, has been pronounced, by very respectable authority, "at once a metaphysical treatise on the human understanding; a physiological theory of organic and thinking life; a code of pure morals and religion; a book of the best maxims to promote wisdom and happiness; in fine, a collection of classical, polite, poetical, and sound literature."

Dr. Rush terminated his long and useful life, after a few days' illness of typhus fever, on the 19th of April, 1813, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. As a gentleman, distinguished for ease and affability of manners; as a scholar, versed in ancient and modern learning; as a physician, adorning by his character and genius the profession to which he gave the best energies of his life; as a philanthropist, interested in all that tends to elevate and bless man; and as a Christian, "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly before God," the name of Dr. Rush will ever be cherished as one of the brightest and best in our country's history.

The following extracts will give some idea of Dr. Rush's style and manner, and of the subjects in which he was particularly interested:—

FEMALE EDUCATION.

It is agreeable to observe how differently modern writers, and the inspired author of the Proverbs, describe a fine woman. The former confine their praises chiefly to personal charms and ornamental accomplishments, while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family and a useful member of society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe; the other "opens her mouth with wisdom," and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff, and the loom. The business of the one is pleasure; the pleasure of the other is business. The one is admired abroad; the other is honored and beloved at home. "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." There is no fame in the world equal to this; nor is there a note in music half so delightful as the respectful language with which

a grateful son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

A philosopher once said: "Let me make all the ballads of a country, and I care not who makes its laws." He might with more propriety have said, Let the ladies of a country be educated properly, and they will not only make and administer its laws, but form its manners and character. It would require a lively imagination to describe, or even to comprehend, the happiness of a country where knowledge and virtue were generally diffused among the female sex. Our young men would then be restrained from vice by the terror of being banished from their company. The loud laugh and the malignant smile, at the expense of innocence or of personal infirmities,—the feats of successful mimicry,—and the low-priced wit which is borrowed from a misapplication of Scripture phrases, would no more be considered as recommendations to the society of the ladies. A double entendre, in their presence, would then exclude a gentleman forever from the company of both sexes, and probably oblige him to seek an asylum from contempt in a foreign country. The influence of female education would be still more extensive and useful in domestic life. The obligations of gentlemen to qualify themselves by knowledge and industry to discharge the duties of benevolence would be increased by marriage; and the patriot, the hero, and the legislator would find the sweetest reward of their toils in the approbation and applause of their wives. Children would discover the marks of maternal prudence and wisdom in every station of life; for it has been remarked that there have been few great or good men who have not been blessed with wise and prudent mothers. Cyrus was taught to revere the gods by his mother, Mandané; Samuel was devoted to his prophetic office, before he was born, by his mother, Hannah; Constantine was rescued from paganism by his mother, Constantia; and Edward the Sixth inherited those great and excellent qualities which made him the delight of the age in which he lived from his mother, Lady Jane Seymour. Many other instances might be mentioned, if necessary, from ancient and modern history, to establish the truth of this proposition.

I am not enthusiastical upon the subject of education. In the ordinary course of human affairs, we shall probably too soon follow the footsteps of the nations of Europe, in manners and vices. The first marks we shall perceive of our declension will appear among our women. Their idleness, ignorance, and profligacy will be the harbingers of our ruin. Then will the character and performance of a buffoon on the theatre be the subject of more conversation and praise than the patriot or the minister of the gospel; then will our language and pronunciation be enfeebled and corrupted

by a flood of French and Italian words; then will the history of romantic amours be preferred to the immortal writings of Addison, Hawkesworth, and Johnson; then will our churches be neglected, and the name of the Supreme Being never be called upon but in profane exclamations; then will our Sundays be appropriated only to feasts and concerts; and then will begin all that train of domestic and political calamities. But I forbear. The prospect is so painful that I cannot help silently imploring the great Arbiter of human affairs to interpose his almighty goodness, and to deliver us from these evils, that at least one spot of the earth may be reserved as a monument of the effects of good education, in order to show in some degree what our species was before the fall, and what it shall be after its restoration.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Were it possible for a being who had resided upon our globe to visit the inhabitants of a planet where reason governed, and to tell them that a vile weed was in general use among the inhabitants of the globe it had left, which afforded no nourishment; that this weed was cultivated with immense care; that it was an important article of commerce; that the want of it produced real misery; that its taste was extremely nauseous; that it was unfriendly to health and morals; and that its use was attended with a considerable loss of time and property; the account would be thought incredible, and the author of it would probably be excluded from society for relating a story of so improbable a nature. In no one view is it possible to contemplate the creature man in a more absurd and ridiculous light than in his attachment to TOBACCO.

The progress of habit in the use of Tobacco is exactly the same as in the use of spirituous liquors. The slaves of it begin by using it only after dinner; then, during the whole afternoon and evening; afterwards before dinner, then before breakfast, and finally, during the whole night. I knew a lady who had passed through all these stages, who used to wake regularly two or three times every night to compose her system with fresh doses of snuff.

The appetite for Tobacco is wholly artificial. No person was ever born with a relish for it; even in those persons who are much attached to it, nature frequently recovers her disrelish to it. It ceases to be agreeable in every febrile indisposition. This is so invariably true, that a disrelish to it is often a sign of an approaching, and a return of the appetite for it, a sign of a departing fever. I proceed now to mention some of the influences of the habitual use of Tobacco upon morals.

1. One of the usual effects of smoking and chewing, is thirst.

This thirst cannot be allayed by water; for no sedative or even insipid liquor will be relished after the mouth and throat have been exposed to the stimulus of the smoke or juice of Tobacco. A desire, of course, is excited for strong drinks, and these, when taken between meals, soon lead to intemperance and drunkenness.

2. The use of Tobacco, more especially in smoking, disposes to idleness, and idleness has been considered as the root of all evil. "An idle man's brain," says the celebrated and original Mr. Bunyan, "is the devil's workshop."

3. The use of Tobacco is necessarily connected with the neglect of cleanliness.

4. Tobacco, more especially when used in smoking, is generally *offensive* to those people who do not use it. To smoke in company, under such circumstances, is a breach of good manners; now, manners have an influence upon morals. They may be considered as the outposts of virtue. A habit of offending the senses of friends or strangers by the use of Tobacco cannot therefore be indulged with innocence. It produces a want of respect for our fellow-creatures, and this always disposes to unkind and unjust behavior towards them. Who ever knew a rude man completely or uniformly moral? * * *

I shall conclude these observations by relating an anecdote of the late Dr. Franklin. A few months before his death, he declared to one of his friends that he had never used Tobacco in any way in the course of his long life, and that he was disposed to believe there was not much advantage to be derived from it, for that he had never met with a man who used it who advised him to follow his example.

THE BIBLE AS A SCHOOL-BOOK.

Before I state my arguments in favor of teaching children to read by means of the Bible, I shall assume the five following propositions:—

I. That Christianity is the only true and perfect religion, and that in proportion as mankind adopt its principles and obey its precepts, they will be wise and happy.

II. That a better knowledge of this religion is to be acquired by reading the Bible than in any other way.

III. That the Bible contains more knowledge necessary to man in his present state than any other book in the world.

IV. That knowledge is most durable, and religious instruction most useful, when imparted in early life.

V. That the Bible, when not read in schools, is seldom read in any subsequent period of life.

My arguments in favor of the use of the Bible as a school-book are founded, first, in the constitution of the human mind. The

memory is the first faculty which opens in the minds of children. Of how much consequence, then, must it be, to impress it with the great truths of Christianity before it is preoccupied with less interesting subjects! There is also a peculiar aptitude in the minds of children for religious knowledge. I have constantly found them, in the first six or seven years of their lives, more inquisitive upon religious subjects than upon any others; and an ingenious instructor of youth has informed me that he has found young children more capable of receiving just ideas upon the most difficult tenets of religion than upon the most simple branches of human knowledge.

There is a wonderful property in the *memory* which enables it, in old age, to *recover* the knowledge it had acquired in early life, after it had been apparently forgotten for forty or fifty years. Of how much consequence, then, must it be, to fill the mind with that species of knowledge, in childhood and youth, which, when *recalled* in the decline of life, will support the soul under the infirmities of age, and smooth the avenues of approaching death! The Bible is the only book which is capable of affording this support to old age; and it is for this reason that we find it resorted to with so much diligence and pleasure by such old people as have read it in early life. I can recollect many instances of this kind, in persons who discovered no attachment to the Bible in the meridian of their lives, who have, notwithstanding, spent the evening of them in reading no other book.

My second argument in favor of the use of the Bible in schools, is founded upon an implied command of God, and upon the practice of several of the wisest nations of the world. In the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, we find the following words, which are directly to my purpose:—"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." * * *

I have heard it proposed that a portion of the Bible should be read every day by the master, as a means of instructing children in it. But this is a poor substitute for obliging children to read it as a school-book; for, by this means, we insensibly *engrave*, as it were, its contents upon their minds; and it has been remarked that children, instructed in this way in the Scriptures, seldom forget any part of them. They have the same advantage over those persons who have only heard the Scriptures read by a master, that a man who has worked with the tools of a mechanical employment for several years, has over the man who has only

stood a few hours in the workshop, and seen the same business carried on by other people.

I think I am not too sanguine in believing that education, conducted in this manner, would, in the course of two generations, eradicate infidelity from among us, and render civil government scarcely necessary in our country.

In contemplating the political institutions of the United States, I lament that we waste so much time and money in punishing crimes, and take so little pains to prevent them. We profess to be republicans, and yet we neglect the only means of establishing and perpetuating our republican forms of government,—that is, the universal education of our youth in the principles of Christianity by means of the Bible; for this divine Book, above all others, favors that equality among mankind, that respect for just laws, and all those sober and frugal virtues which constitute the soul of republicanism.

LINDLEY MURRAY, 1745—1826.

No work which treats of American literature should fail to notice him whose works on English philology have been the standard educational books on both sides of the Atlantic for half a century. Lindley Murray was born at Swatara, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1745. He was quite young when his father, an enterprising trader and miller, removed to New York, and there established himself as a merchant. Lindley had, very early, a great ardor in the pursuit of knowledge; and, after being a few years in his father's counting-room, he determined to enter the legal profession, for which he had long felt an inclination; and his father gave him permission to prepare himself for it. He entered the office of his father's counsellor, Benjamin Kissam, Esq., and was for some time a fellow-student of the illustrious John Jay.

After remaining four years in Mr. Kissam's office, Mr. Murray was admitted to the bar, and entered upon the practice of his profession; and the next year he formed a happy matrimonial connection; but soon his father, whose health was feeble, went to England on business, and in a year sent for his son to join him. He did so, and the united families remained some time in that country. In 1771, however, our author returned to New York, and resumed the profession of law, which he practised on the principles of the strictest Christian benevolence, always urging a peaceable settlement of difficulties in every case where it was at all practicable. At the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, being in poor health, he removed to Long Island; and, after residing there four years, having much improved, he returned to New York, and entered into mercantile pursuits. He was very successful, and had acquired sufficient to make him independent of business, when he was attacked by a disease that completely debilitated his whole muscular system. His physicians believed that the climate of England would be more favorable to his health, and accordingly he and his wife

embarked for that country in 1784. He selected as his residence the village of Heldgate, within a mile of York. His health seemed to improve for a short time, and he was enabled to walk a little in his garden; but finally he had to give that up and take exercise in his carriage. At length he was compelled to relinquish this also, and from 1809 till his decease—sixteen years—he was wholly confined to the house. But his bodily sufferings were the means of chastening his spirit and strengthening those feelings of piety and devotion which he had long cherished. An American¹ who visited him in 1819 remarks, “Though so weak as scarcely able to bear his own weight, he has been enabled, by the power of a strong and well-balanced mind, and by the exercise of the Christian virtues, to gain a complete ascendancy over himself, and to exhibit an instance of meekness, patience, and humility which affords, I may truly say, one of the most edifying examples I have ever beheld.” On the 16th of February, 1826, this eminently good man closed his earthly career.

Few authors have so wide-spread a fame as Lindley Murray, and few have had so many readers. His first publication was *The Power of Religion on the Mind*,—a treatise of great excellence, which was very favorably received, and passed through numerous editions. His next work was his *English Grammar*, which was soon followed by his *English Reader*; and it is doubtless the fact that no other school-books have ever enjoyed so wide a circulation. He afterwards published an *Introduction* and a *Sequel* to the *Reader*, an octavo edition of his *Grammar*, and several other minor works on the English language.

The following prose extracts are from a series of letters of an autobiographical character.

MODERATION IN ONE'S DESIRES.

My views and wishes, with regard to property, were, in every period of life, contained within a very moderate compass. I was early persuaded that, though “a competence is vital to content,” I ought not to annex to that term the idea of much property. And I determined that when I should acquire enough to enable me to maintain and provide for my family, in a respectable and moderate manner, and this according to real and rational, not imaginary and fantastic wants, and a little to spare for the necessities of others, I would decline the pursuits of property, and devote a great part of my time, in some way or other, to the benefit of my fellow-creatures, within the sphere of my abilities to serve them. I perceived that the desire of great possessions generally expands with the gradual acquisition and the full attainment of them; and I imagined that charity and a generous application do not sufficiently correspond with the increase of property. I thought, too, that procuring great wealth has a tendency to produce an elated independence of mind, little connected with that humility which is the ground of all our virtues; that a busy and anxious pursuit of it often excludes views and reflections of infinite importance,

¹ Prof. Griscom.

and leaves but little time to acquire that treasure which would make us rich indeed. I was inclined to think that a wish for personal distinction, a desire of providing too abundantly for their children, and a powerful habit of accumulation, are the motives which commonly actuate men in the acquisition of great wealth. The strenuous endeavors of many persons to vindicate this pursuit, on the ground that the idea of a competency is indefinite, and that the more we gain, the more good we may do with it, did not make much impression upon me. I fancied that, in general, experience did not correspond with this plausible reasoning; and I was persuaded that a truly sincere mind could be at no loss to discern the just limits between a safe and competent portion and a dangerous profusion of the good things of life. These views of the subject I reduced to practice; and terminated my mercantile concerns when I had acquired a moderate competency.

EMPLOYMENT ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH.

In the course of my literary labors, I found that the mental exercise which accompanied them was not a little beneficial to my health. The motives which excited me to write, and the objects which I hoped to accomplish, were of a nature calculated to cheer the mind, and to give the animal spirits a salutary impulse. I am persuaded that, if I had suffered my time to pass away, with little or no employment, my health would have been still more impaired, my spirits depressed, and, perhaps, my life considerably shortened. I have, therefore, reason to deem it a happiness, and a source of gratitude to Divine Providence, that I was enabled, under my bodily weakness and confinement, to turn my attention to the subjects which have for so many years afforded me abundant occupation. I think it is incumbent upon us, whatever may be our privations, to cast our eyes around, and endeavor to discover whether there are not some means yet left us of doing good to ourselves and to others; that our lights may, in some degree, shine in every situation, and, if possible, be extinguished only with our lives. The quantum of good which, under such circumstances, we do, ought not to disturb or affect us. If we perform what we are able to perform, how little soever it may be, it is enough; it will be acceptable in the sight of Him who knows how to estimate exactly all our actions, by comparing them with our disposition and ability.

THE BLESSINGS OF AFFLICTION.

I consider myself as under deep obligations to God for the trials and afflictions with which he has been pleased to visit me,

as well as for the prosperous events of my life. They have been the corrections and restraints of a wise and merciful Father; and may justly be ranked among the number of my choicest blessings. I am firmly persuaded that cross occurrences and adverse situations may be improved by us to the happiest purposes. The spirit of resignation to the will of Heaven, which they inculcate, and the virtuous exertions to which they prompt us, in order to make the best of our condition, not only often greatly amend it, but confer on the mind a strength and elevation which dispose it to survey with less attachment the transient things of time, and to desire more earnestly the eternal happiness of another world.

DAVID RAMSEY, 1749—1815.

DAVID RAMSEY, the historian of the Revolution, was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, on the 2d of April, 1749. His father, James Ramsey, was a respectable farmer, who had emigrated from Ireland, and by the diligent cultivation of his farm was enabled to educate a numerous family. A Protestant Christian, he early sowed the seeds of religion in the minds of his children, and lived to see the happy fruits of his care and labor. Our author when a youth showed great quickness of intellect, and, after going through the usual preparatory studies, entered Princeton College, where he graduated in 1765, being only sixteen years of age. After teaching for two years, he commenced the study of medicine in Philadelphia, under Dr. Rush, and in 1772 entered upon its practice in Maryland. The next year he removed to Charleston, S. C., and rose rapidly to eminence in his profession and in the respect of the community.¹ His talents, business habits, and industry eminently qualified him for an active part in public affairs, and from the time of the Declaration of Independence to the close of the war he was a member of the Legislature of South Carolina. In February, 1782, he was elected a member of the Continental Congress, and again in 1785. The next year he returned to Charleston, and again entered the walks of private life.

From the beginning to the close of the war, Dr. Ramsey had been carefully collecting materials for its history, and in 1785 published his *History of the Revolution in South Carolina*. Five years after, in 1790, when he had studied the subject more thoroughly, and had gained much valuable information from many distinguished actors in its scenes, he published his *History of the American Revolution*, which was received with universal approbation. In 1801, he published his

¹ On his going to Charleston, Dr. Rush wrote a commendatory letter, to aid him in his profession, in which he says, "It is saying but little of him to tell you that he is far superior to any person we ever graduated at our college; his abilities are not only good, but great; his talents and knowledge universal. * * * Joined to all these, he is sound in his principles, strict, nay more, severe in his morals. He writes, talks, and—what is more—lives well."

Life of Washington, which still maintains a high reputation. In 1808, he gave to the world a *History of South Carolina*, in two volumes octavo. Besides these historical works, he published a number of essays connected with his profession; a *Biographical Chart*, to facilitate the study of history; and a *Eulogium on Dr. Rush*. He had made preparations for publishing a larger historical work upon our country, when he was suddenly deprived of life, being shot by a lunatic, in the streets of Charleston, on the 8th of May, 1815.

WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION.

The hour now approached in which it became necessary for the American chief to take leave of his officers, who had been endeared to him by a long series of common sufferings and dangers. This was done in a solemn manner. The officers having previously assembled for the purpose, General Washington joined them, and, calling for a glass of wine, thus addressed them:—"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." Having drank, he added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand." General Knox, being next, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively, and he took an affectionate leave of each of them. Not a word was articulated on either side. A majestic silence prevailed. The tear of sensibility glistened in every eye. The tenderness of the scene exceeded all description. When the last of the officers had taken his leave, Washington left the room, and passed through the corps of light infantry to the place of embarkation. The officers followed in a solemn, mute procession, with dejected countenances. On his entering the barge to cross the North River, he turned towards the companions of his glory, and, by waving his hat, bid them a silent adieu. Some of them answered this last signal of respect and affection with tears; and all of them gazed upon the barge which conveyed him from their sight till they could no longer distinguish in it the person of their beloved commander-in-chief.

The army being disbanded, Washington proceeded to Annapolis, then the seat of Congress, to resign his commission. On his way thither, he, of his own accord, delivered to the comptroller of accounts in Philadelphia an account of the expenditure of all the public money he had ever received. This was in his own handwriting, and every entry was made in a very particular manner. Vouchers were produced for every item, except for secret intelligence and services, which amounted to no more than 1982 pounds, 10 shillings sterling. The whole which, in the course of eight

years of war, had passed through his hands, amounted only to 14,479 pounds, 18 shillings, 9 pence sterling. Nothing was charged or retained for personal services; and actual disbursements had been managed with such economy and fidelity, that they were all covered by the above moderate sum.

After accounting for all his expenditures of public money, (secret-service money, for obvious reasons, excepted,) with all the exactness which established forms required from the inferior officers of his army, he hastened to resign into the hands of the fathers of his country the powers with which they had invested him. This was done in a public audience. Congress received him as the founder and guardian of the republic. While he appeared before them, they silently retraced the scenes of danger and distress through which they had passed together. They recalled to mind the blessings of freedom and peace purchased by his arm. They gazed with wonder on their fellow-citizen, who appeared more great and worthy of esteem in resigning his power than he had done in gloriously using it. Every heart was big with emotion. Tears of admiration and gratitude burst from every eye. The general sympathy was felt by the resigning hero, and wet his cheek with a manly tear. * * *

His own sensations, after retiring from public business, are thus expressed in his letters:—"I am just beginning to experience the ease and freedom from public cares, which, however desirable, it takes some time to realize; for, strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that it was not until lately I could get the better of my usual custom of ruminating, as soon as I awoke in the morning, on the business of the ensuing day; and of my surprise on finding, after revolving many things in my mind, that I was no longer a public man, or had any thing to do with public transactions. I feel as I conceive a wearied traveller must do, who, after treading many a painful step with a heavy burden on his shoulders, is eased of the latter, having reached the haven to which all the former were directed, and, from his housetop, is looking back, and tracing with an eager eye the meanders by which he escaped the quicksands and mires which lay in his way, and into which none but the all-powerful Guide and Dispenser of human events could have prevented his falling."

JOHN TRUMBULL, 1750—1831.

JOHN TRUMBULL, the author of the celebrated poem *McFingal*, was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, on the 24th of April, 1750. His father was a Congregational clergyman, of a family distinguished in the literary and political annals of

Connecticut, and fitted his son for Yale College, where he graduated in 1767, the first in his class for genius and attainments, though but seventeen years of age. He then remained three years at college as a resident graduate, devoting himself principally to the study of polite letters, and forming many valuable acquaintances, among whom was Timothy Dwight, afterwards President of the college. In 1771, Trumbull and Dwight were elected tutors of the college, and exerted all their energies to introduce an improved system of study and discipline in the institution.

In 1772, Trumbull published the first part of *The Progress of Dulness*,—a satirical poem in Hudibrastic verse, exposing to ridicule the absurd methods of education that then prevailed. Tom Brainless, a dunce, is sent to college, and, with a little smattering of Latin and Greek, is transferred to a country minister to study theology, and in due time is “ground out” a preacher. In the second part a blow is aimed at the coxcombry of fashionable life in the person of Dick Hair-brain, a conceited and idle fop. The third part describes the life and fortunes of Miss Harriet Simper, who in ignorance and folly, if not in hooped rotundity, is the counterpart of the said Hairbrain, by whose charms she is captivated. But, failing in her efforts, she consoles herself in later years with the love of the profound Brainless, and their marriage concludes the poem.

THE FOP'S DECLINE.

How pale the palsied fop appears,
 Low shivering in the vale of years;
 The ghost of all his former days,
 When folly lent the ear of praise,
 And beaux with pleased attention hung
 On accents of his chatt'ring tongue.
 Now all those days of pleasure o'er,
 That chatt'ring tongue must prate no more.
 From every place that bless'd his hopes,
 He's elbow'd out by younger fops.
 Each pleasing thought unknown, that cheers
 The sadness of declining years,
 In lonely age he sinks forlorn,
 Of all, and even himself, the scorn.

The coxcomb's course were gay and clever,
 Would health and money last forever,
 Did conscience never break the charm,
 Nor fear of future worlds alarm.
 But oh, since youth and years decay,
 And life's vain follies fleet away,
 Since age has no respect for beaux,
 And death the gaudy scene must close,—
 Happy the man, whose early bloom
 Provides for endless years to come;
 That learning seeks, whose useful gain
 Repays the course of studious pain;
 Whose fame the thankful age shall raise,
 And future times repeat its praise;
 Attains that heartfelt peace of mind,
 To all the will of Heaven resign'd,

Which calms in youth, the blast of rage,
 Adds sweetest hope to sinking age,
 With valued use prolongs the breath,
 And gives a placid smile to death.

THE BELLE.

Thus Harriet, rising on the stage,
 Learns all the arts that please the age;
 And studies well, as fits her station,
 The trade of politics and fashion:
 A judge of modes in silks and satins,
 From tassels down to clogs and pattens;
 A genius, that can calculate
 When modes of dress are out of date;
 Cast the nativity with ease
 Of gowns, and sacks, and negligees;
 And tell, exact to half a minute,
 What's out of fashion and what's in it.
 On Sunday, see the haughty maid
 In all the glare of dress array'd,
 Deck'd in her most fantastic gown,
 Because a stranger's come to town
 Heedless at church she spends the day,
 For homelier folks may serve to pray,
 And for devotion those may go,
 Who can have nothing else to do.
 Beauties at church may spend their care in
 Far other work than pious hearing;
 They've beaux to conquer, belles to rival;
 To make them serious were uncivil.
 For, like the preacher, they each Sunday
 Must do their whole week's work in one day.
 As though they meant to take by blows
 Th' opposing galleries of beaux,¹
 To church the female squadron move,
 All arm'd with weapons used in love.
 Like color'd ensigns gay and fair,
 High caps rise floating in the air;
 Bright silk its varied radiance flings,
 And streamers wave in kissing-strings;
 Each bears th' artill'ry of her charms,
 Like training bands at viewing arms.

While acting as tutor, Trumbull gave all his leisure time to the study of law, and in 1773 was admitted to the bar of Connecticut; and soon his professional prospects were very flattering. But his heart was always more in literature than in law. In 1775, he published the first part of *McFingal*, and when he removed with his family² to Hartford, in 1781, he completed it. This poem, in four cantos,

¹ Young people of different sexes used then to sit in the opposite galleries.

² In 1776, he was married to Miss Sarah Hubbard, daughter of Leverett Hubbard.

which had such great celebrity in its day, is in the Hudibrastic vein, and an admirable imitation of the great satire of Butler. Its hero is a Scottish justice of the peace, a high Tory, residing near Boston; and the first two cantos are chiefly occupied with a discussion at a "Town Meeting" between him and one Honorious, a staunch Whig, who takes the American side in politics. The meeting ends in a riot. In the third canto, McFingal is seized by the mob, tried at the foot of the "Liberty Pole," convicted of Toryism, and sentenced to "tar and feathers." In the fourth and last canto, McFingal assembles his Tory friends in a cellar, harangues them upon their disastrous prospects, and, by virtue of his second-sight, foretells the calamities that would befall the British arms, and the sure success of the cause of freedom. His speech is suddenly interrupted by an invasion of his old enemies, the company is dispersed, the hero escapes to Boston, and the poem closes.

CHARACTER OF MCFINGAL.

When Yankees,¹ skill'd in martial rule
First put the British troops to school,
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade,
The true war-dance of Yankee reels,
And *manual exerciss* of heels;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,
And work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out, by fear and trembling;
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-Chases:²
From Boston, in his best array,
Great Squire McFingal took his way,
And graced with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high descent our heralds trace
From Ossian's³ famed Fingalian race:
For though their name some part may lack,
Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac;
Which great McPherson, with submission,
We hope will add the next edition.

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands
Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands;
Whence gain'd our 'squire two gifts by right,
Rebellion, and the second-sight.
Of these, the first, in ancient days,
Had gain'd the noblest palm of praise,

¹ *Yankees*,—a term formerly of derision, but now merely of distinction, given to the people of the four Eastern States.—*Lon. Edit.*

² Lord Percy commanded the party that was first opposed to the Americans at Lexington. This allusion to the family renown of Chevy-Chase arose from the precipitate manner of his lordship's quitting the field of battle and returning to Boston.—*Lon. Edit.*

³ See Fingal, an ancient epic poem, published as the work of Ossian, a Caledonian bard of the third century, by James McPherson. The complete name of Ossian, according to the Scottish nomenclature, will be Ossian McFingal.

'Gainst kings stood forth, and many a crown'd head
With terror of its might confounded. * * *

Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,
And Scottish gift of second-sight.¹
No ancient sibyl, famed in rhyme,
Saw deeper in the womb of time;
No block in old Dodona's grove
Could ever more orac'lar prove.
Nor only saw he all that could be,
But much that never was, nor would be;
Whereby all prophets far outwent he,
Though former days produced a plenty:
For any man with half an eye
What stands before him can espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

MCFINGAL'S VISION OF AMERICAN GREATNESS.

And see, (sight hateful and tormenting!)
This rebel Empire, proud and vaunting,
From anarchy shall change her crasis,
And fix her power on firmer basis;
To glory, wealth, and fame ascend,
Her commerce wake, her realms extend;
Where now the panther guards his den,
Her desert forests swarm with men;
Gay cities, towers, and columns rise,
And dazzling temples meet the skies:
Her pines, descending to the main,
In triumph spread the wat'ry plain,
Ride inland seas with fav'ring gales,
And crowd her port with whitening sails:
Till to the skirts of western day,
The peopled regions own her sway.

These specimens will give the reader some idea of the merits of two poems that, in their day, had a wide celebrity, but which are now very little read.

After filling many honorable offices, in 1801 Trumbull was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court. In 1820, a collection of his poems was made, in two volumes octavo, to which he prefixed a memoir. In 1825, he removed to Detroit, to reside with his daughter, the wife of Hon. William Woodbridge, with whom he remained till the time of his death, which took place in May, 1831.

Judge Trumbull maintained through life an honorable and upright character. As a scholar, a wit, a gentleman, he was greatly admired by all who knew him, and he has left a name which must always sustain a conspicuous place in the early history of American letters.²

¹ They who wish to understand the nature and *modus operandi* of the Highland vision by second-sight, may consult the profound Johnson, in his "Tour to the Hebrides," *Lon. Edit.*

² President Dwight thus writes of Trumbull's poem:—"It may be observed, without any partiality, that McFingal is not inferior in wit and humor to Hud-

JOHN LEDYARD, 1751—1788.

JOHN LEDYARD, the celebrated traveller, was born at Groton, Connecticut, in the year 1751. His father died when he was quite young, leaving his mother with four children, in very straitened circumstances. She is described as a woman of many excellencies of mind and character, well informed, resolute, generous, amiable, and, above all, eminent for piety. Such a mother is a priceless treasure; and Ledyard preserved to the end of his life a warm and most devoted affection for her. After a few years, he was taken to Hartford by his grandfather, and placed in a grammar-school. At the age of twenty-one, he went to Dartmouth College, with a view of qualifying himself to become a missionary among the Indians. But this project was soon abandoned, and Ledyard, after remaining at college about a year, returned to his father's house, sailing down the Connecticut to Hartford in a canoe which he made from the trunk of a tree. So early did his roving spirit manifest itself.

Soon after this adventure, he resolved to go to sea, and accordingly entered, as a common sailor, a vessel at New London, bound for Gibraltar. He returned home again after a year, but, having no means of support, concluded to go to England in search of some rich relations of his own name in London. He sailed from New York for Plymouth, and thence, without a penny in his pocket, walked to London, begging enough for subsistence on the road. When he arrived at the metropolis, he found one of the persons of whom he was in quest; but so coldly and distrustfully was he received, that the spirit of Ledyard would not allow him to sue for any favors.

Just at this time, Captain Cook was making preparations for his third and last voyage around the world. Ledyard offered his services to the renowned navigator, who was so much pleased with his manner and appearance, and with his enthusiasm for travel, that he immediately took him into his service, and appointed him corporal of marines. The expedition left England on the 12th of July, 1776, and returned after an absence of four years and three months. Ledyard kept a journal of the voyage; and his account of the scene at the Sandwich Islands, which resulted in the death of Captain Cook, is particularly valuable, as he was near his person at the time of the skirmish with the natives. For two years after his return to England he continued in the British navy, though in what capacity it is not known; and in December, 1782, he came home to visit his mother and friends. His restless spirit, however, could not long be tranquil, and he projected a voyage to the Northwest coast for furs; but, after trying in vain a whole year to persuade some merchants in New York and Boston to embark in the enterprise, he sailed

bras, and in every other respect is superior. It has a regular plan, in which all the parts are well proportioned and connected. The subject is fairly proposed, and the story conducted correctly through a series of advancements and retardations to a catastrophe which is natural and complete. The versification is far better, the poetry is in several instances in a good degree elegant, and in some even sublime."

"Trumbull was undoubtedly the most conspicuous literary character of his day in this country. His society was much sought, and he was the nucleus of a band of brilliant geniuses, including Dwight, Hopkins, Alsop, Humphreys, &c."—*Goodrich's Recollections.*

for France. There he met with such continued disappointments as would have broken down any one who had not his persevering, adventurous spirit; but we find him the next year projecting a journey across Russia and Siberia to Okhotak, which was warmly approved of by Sir Joseph Banks and other gentlemen of science in London.

In December, 1786, Ledyard left London for Hamburg, to set out on his hyperborean tour. He arrived in Copenhagen in January, thence sailed to Stockholm, and reached St. Petersburg by the 20th of March. Here he suffered many vexatious delays before he could get his passport from the Empress to travel through her dominions. He at length left the imperial city on the 1st of June, in company with Mr. William Brown, a Scotch physician, who was going to the province of Kolyvan, in the employment of the Empress. In six days the party arrived at Moscow, where they stayed but one day. They hired a person to go with them to Kasan, a distance of 550 miles, and drive their *KIBITKA* with three horses. "*Kibitka* travelling," says Ledyard, in his journal, "is the remains of caravan travelling; it is your only home; it is like a ship at sea." They stayed a week at Kasan, and then commenced their journey to Tobolsk, where they arrived on the 11th of July. They remained here but three days, and then continued their journey to Barnaul, the capital of the province of Kolyvan.

At this place Ledyard was to leave Dr. Brown and proceed alone. He, therefore, was prevailed upon to remain here a week, and enjoy the hospitalities of the society. In his journal he writes thus of

THE TARTARS AND RUSSIANS.

The nice gradation by which I pass from civilization to incivilization appears in every thing,—in manners, dress, language; and particularly in that remarkable and important circumstance, *color*, which, I am now fully convinced, originates from natural causes, and is the effect of external and local circumstances. I think the same of *feature*. I see here among the Tartars the large mouth, the thick lip, the broad, flat nose, as well as in Africa. I see also in the same village as great a difference of complexion, from the fair hair, fair skin, and white eyes, to the olive, the black jetty hair and eyes; and these all of the same language, same dress, and, I suppose, same tribe. I have frequently observed in Russian villages, obscure and dirty, mean and poor, that the women of the peasantry paint their faces, both red and white. I have had occasion, from this and other circumstances, to suppose that the Russians are a people who have been early attached to luxury. The contour of their manners is Asiatic, and not European. The Tartars are universally neater than the Russians, particularly in their houses. The Tartar, however situated, is a voluptuary; and it is an original and striking trait in their character, from the Grand Seignior, to him who pitches his tent on the wild frontiers of Russia and China, that

they are more addicted to real sensual pleasure than any other people.

After spending a week very agreeably at Barnaul, Ledyard made preparations for resuming his journey, and reached Yakutsk, on the Lena, on the 18th of September. Here he was told by the authorities that the journey to Okhotsk at that season was impracticable,—a mild manner of telling him that he must not go. He therefore resolved to make the best use of his time, and lost no opportunity of gaining all the knowledge he could of the country and the people. The following are two extracts from his journal at this place:—

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE TARTARS.

The Tartar face, in the first impression it gives, approaches nearer to the African than the European; and this impression is strengthened on a more deliberate examination of the individual features and whole compages of the countenance; yet it is very different from an African face. The nose forms a strong feature in the human face. I have seen instances among the Kalmuks where the nose, between the eyes, has been much flatter and broader than I have ever witnessed in Negroes, and some few instances where it has been as broad over the nostrils quite to the end; but the nostrils in any case are much smaller than in Negroes. Where I have seen those noses, they were accompanied with a large mouth and thick lips; and these people were genuine Kalmuk Tartars. The nose protuberates but little from the face, and is shorter than that of the European. The eyes universally are at a great distance from each other, and very small; at each corner of the eye the skin projects over the ball; the part appears swelled; the eyelids go in nearly a straight line from corner to corner. When open, the eye appears as in a square frame. The mouth generally, however, is of a middling size, and the lips thin. The next remarkable features are the cheek bones. These, like the eyes, are very remote from each other, high, broad, and withal project a little forward. The face is flat. When I look at a Tartar *en profile*, I can hardly see the nose between the eyes, and if he blow a coal of fire, I cannot see the nose at all. The face is then like an inflated bladder. The forehead is narrow and low. The face has a fresh color, and on the cheek bones there is commonly a good ruddy hue.

The Tartars, from time immemorial, (I mean the Asiatic Tartars,) have been a people of a wandering disposition. Their converse has been more among the beasts of the forest than among men; and when among men, it has only been those of their own nation. They have ever been savages, averse to civilization, and have never, until very lately, mingled with other nations, and now

rarely. Whatever cause may have originated their peculiarities of features, the reason why they still continue, is their secluded way of life, which has preserved them from mixing with other people. I am ignorant how far a constant society with beasts may operate in changing the features; but I am persuaded that this circumstance, together with an uncultivated state of mind,—if we consider a long and uninterrupted succession of ages,—must account, in some degree, for this remarkable singularity.

WOMAN.

I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar,—if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.

On the 29th of December Ledyard left Yakutsk to return to Irkutsk, which he reached in seventeen days. Here, by an order from the Empress, he was arrested, under the pretence of his being a spy, and was conducted by two guards, with all the speed with which horses and sledges could convey him, to Moscow, exposed to the extreme rigors of a Siberian winter, and thence to Poland. Here he was set at liberty, and told that if he ever entered Russia again it would be at the cost of his life. While on the journey, he thus writes on the

BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY.

Though born in the freest of the civilized countries, yet, in the present state of privation, I have a more exquisite sense of the amiable, the immortal nature of liberty than I ever had before.

It would be excellently qualifying if every man who is called to preside over the liberties of a people should once—it would be enough—actually be deprived of his liberty unjustly. He would be avaricious of it more than of any other earthly possession. I could love a country and its inhabitants if it were a country of freedom. There are two kinds of people I could anathematize with a better weapon than St. Peter's,—those who dare deprive others of their liberty, and those who suffer others to do it.

From Poland he went to London, where he was received with great cordiality by that munificent patron of letters and science, Sir Joseph Banks. He had not been in London a day, before a plan was proposed to him to explore Central Africa; and being asked when he would be ready to set out, "To-morrow morning," was the prompt answer; and, the preparations for his journey having been made, he left London on the 30th of June, under the patronage of the "African Association." He went first to Paris, thence to Marseilles, thence sailed to Alexandria, and arrived at Cairo on the 19th of August. Here, after having spent three months in making every inquiry and preparation for his hazardous journey, just as he was about starting, he was attacked by a bilious fever. The best medical skill of Cairo was called to his aid, but without effect, and in November, 1788, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, he closed his life of vicissitude and toil at the moment when he imagined his severest cares were over, and when the prospects before him were more flattering than they had been at any former period.

Such was the end of one of the most remarkable of men, in whom the spirit of romantic adventure was ever conspicuous. That he accomplished little compared with the magnitude of his designs seems to have been his misfortune, not his fault. The acts of his life demand notice less on account of their results than of the spirit with which they were performed, and the uncommon traits of character which prompted to their execution. Such instances of decision, energy, perseverance, fortitude, and enterprise have rarely been witnessed in the same individual; and, in the exercise of these high attributes of mind, his example cannot be too much admired or imitated.¹

JAMES MADISON, 1751—1836.

JAMES MADISON, the fourth President of the United States, was born in Orange County, Virginia, on the 5th of March, (O.S.) 1751. After the usual preparatory studies, he entered Princeton College in 1767, and graduated in 1771. While at college, he studied so intensely as to impair his health, which it took some years to recover after his return home; during which he devoted a portion of his time to reading law and miscellaneous literature. In 1776, he was elected a member of the General Assembly of his native State. The next year he was appointed by the

¹ Read Sparks's *Life of Ledyard*: *Quarterly Review*, xxxviii. 85; *North Amer. Rev.*, xxvii. 360; *Amer. Quar.*, iii. 88.

Assembly a member of the Council of State, which position he held till 1779, when he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, of which he continued a member till 1784. In 1787, he was elected a member of Congress, and in the same year a delegate to the Convention at Philadelphia which formed the present Constitution of the United States. Of the debates of this remarkable body, he is the only one who preserved the records, which were published after his death, and are among the most valuable materials of our country's history.¹ In the interval between the close of the Convention and the meeting of the State Conventions to sanction the Federal Constitution, Mr. Madison, in conjunction with Alexander Hamilton and John Jay, wrote a series of articles in the public prints in favor of the Constitution, which were afterwards collected in a volume, entitled *The Federalist*,² and which, for half a century, was a text-book in our best colleges. On the adoption of the Constitution, he was elected a representative to Congress, and continued a member till 1797, the end of Washington's administration.

On the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency, in 1801, Mr. Madison was appointed Secretary of State, which office he held during the eight years of Mr. Jefferson's administration; and in 1809 he succeeded his friend and coadjutor as President of the United States. After having filled the office for two terms, he retired to his seat, Montpelier, where he passed his remaining years, chiefly as a private citizen, declining political office, except that he acted as visitor and rector of the University of Virginia, and as a member of the State Convention to amend the Constitution of Virginia. He died on the 28th of June, 1836, distinguished for his talents and acquirements, for the important offices which he had filled, and for his virtues in private life.

OUR COUNTRY'S RESPONSIBILITIES TO THE WORLD.

Let it be remembered, that it has ever been the pride and boast of America that the rights for which she contended were the rights of human nature. By the blessing of the Author of these rights on the means exerted for their defence, they have prevailed over all opposition. * * * No instance has heretofore occurred, nor can any instance be expected hereafter to occur, in which the unadulterated forms of republican government can pretend to so fair an opportunity of justifying themselves by their fruits. In this view, the citizens of the United States are responsible for the greatest trust ever confided to a political society. If justice, good faith, honor, gratitude, and all the other qualities which ennoble the character of a nation and fulfil the ends of govern-

¹ Many of the views advocated by Mr. Madison in the Convention for framing the Constitution will ever be an honor to his character. He thought the clause allowing the "importation of such persons as any State might think proper," till 1808, "dishonorable to the American character." And again, "Mr. Madison thought it wrong to admit in the Constitution the idea that there could be property in men."

² Of the eighty-five numbers of the "*Federalist*," five were written by Jay, fourteen by Madison, three by Hamilton and Madison, and sixty-three by Hamilton. See the *Life of Hamilton* for a more particular account.

ment, be the fruits of our establishments, the cause of liberty will acquire a dignity and lustre which it has never yet enjoyed; and an example will be set which cannot but have the most favorable influence on the rights of mankind. If, on the other side, our governments should be unfortunately blotted with the reverse of these cardinal and essential virtues, the great cause which we have engaged to vindicate will be dishonored and betrayed; the last and fairest experiment in favor of the rights of human nature will be turned against them; and their patrons and friends exposed to be insulted and silenced by the votaries of tyranny and usurpation.

AN APPEAL FOR THE UNION.

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen, shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys; the kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America that, whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own

experience? To this manly spirit posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered; had no government been established, of which an exact model did not present itself, the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided counsels; must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, happily, we trust, for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared fabrics of government which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the Union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new-modelled by the act of your Convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and decide.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER, 1752—1827.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER was a native of Bermuda; but, emigrating to Virginia in his youth, he completed his education at William and Mary College. He entered the judiciary of the State as a Judge of the General Court, and was afterwards promoted to the Court of Appeals, of which he became President. Resigning this post in 1811, he was soon after brought into the Federal Judiciary as a judge of the United States District Court in Eastern Virginia, which appointment he held till his death, which occurred in November, 1827, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

He was distinguished for his scholastic acquirements, his taste and wit, and was greatly endeared to the society of his friends by a warm-hearted, impulsive nature, which gave a peculiar strength to his attachments. Of his numerous minor poetical pieces, all distinguished by ease and grace, the most pleasing is that entitled

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away :
 Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray :
 Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more :
 Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrow'd all o'er :
 Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone :
 Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall :
 Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall :
 Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen :
 Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been :
 Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray :
 Strength of my youth, why lament your decay ?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past :
 Pains of my age, yet a while you can last :
 Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight :
 Eyes of my age, be religion your light :
 Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod :
 Hopes of my age, be ye fix'd on your God.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752—1817.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, the son of Timothy and Mary Dwight, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 14th of May, 1752. His father was a man of sound and vigorous intellect; and his mother, the daughter of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, inherited no small share of her father's intellectual powers. At a very early age he showed uncommon powers of mind, being able to read in the Bible fluently at the age of four, and at six commencing the study of Latin. In 1765, he entered Yale-College, being familiar not only with the requirements for entering, —though these were low then compared with what they now are,—but with most of the classical authors that were read during the first half of his collegiate course. He was not, therefore, very studious for the first two years; but for this comparative indolence he atoned in his junior and senior years, studying with an intensity that left no time unemployed. In consequence of his excessive application, his eyes became seriously affected, and a permanent weakness of sight was induced, so that to the close of life he could read but little, and that only occasionally.

After leaving college, he taught a grammar-school in New Haven, and in 1771 was chosen tutor in Yale College, in which office he continued with high reputation for six years. While here, in 1774, he finished his poem, *The Conquest of Canaan*, though it was not published till eleven years after. In March, 1777, he married the daughter of Benjamin Woolsey, of Long Island. By her he had eight sons, six of whom survived him. In June he was licensed as a preacher, and in September was appointed chaplain to a brigade in General Putnam's division, in which capacity he continued about a year. In 1778, his father dying, he removed to Northampton, to console his mother and provide for her numerous family, to whose support he contributed for five years, from a scanty income obtained by preaching and teaching, and occasionally laboring on a farm. In 1783, he was ordained over a parish in Greenfield, where he continued for twelve years. In 1785, he published his *Conquest of Canaan*, and, in 1794, his poem called *Greenfield Hill*, in seven parts. After the death of Dr. Stiles, he was chosen President of Yale College, and was inaugurated in September, 1795, which office, together with the professorship of theology, he continued to fill for the remainder of his

life. While discharging the duties of these offices, he prepared his sermons on systematic theology, on which his fame chiefly rests, entitled *Theology Explained and Defended in a Series of Sermons*, in five volumes. This admirable and comprehensive system of divinity has passed through many editions in England, as well as in our own country. In his college vacations, he was in the habit of journeying; and to this we owe his *Travels in New England and New York*, published after his death, in four volumes.¹ He died January 11th, 1817, aged sixty-four, having been President of the College twenty-one years.

Pleasing as Dr. Dwight is as a poet, and learned and eloquent as he was as a divine, it is as President of Yale College that he was most valued, and honored, and loved while living, and as such is embalmed in the hearts of the large number of scholars, divines, and statesmen still living, who were instructed by him in their collegiate course. He had the remarkable faculty of winning the affections and commanding the most profound respect of the young men who came under his influence, while he poured forth his instructions in a most impressive eloquence, from a mind stored with the treasures of ancient and modern learning. And knowing, as we do, that for the last twenty years of his life he could scarcely use his eyes at all, our wonder increases that he accomplished so much. But what cannot singleness of aim, determined purpose, and unremitting industry effect?²

DUELLING.

Life, to man, is his all. On it every thing is suspended which man can call his own,—his enjoyments, his hopes, his usefulness, and his salvation. Our own life is to us, therefore, invaluable. As we are most reasonably required to *love our neighbor as ourselves*, his life ought, in our estimation, to possess the same value. In conformity to these views, mankind have universally regarded those who have violently deprived others of life with supreme

¹ Another of Dr. Dwight's writings should be noticed,—his *Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters published in the Quarterly Review*. The facts that gave rise to this work are these. In 1809 appeared a work called *Inchiquin's Letters*, purporting to be letters sent from Washington by Inchiquin, a Jesuit, to his friends in Europe, giving an account of the state of things in this country, partly serious, partly ludicrous, and partly satirical. The "Quarterly Review" for January, 1814, reviewed these letters, and was very severe on our manners, habits, and institutions, bringing forward every thing that would make us appear in an unfavorable light. To this Dr. Dwight replied the same year, in his "Remarks," a book of one hundred and seventy-six pages. It was very severe upon England, contrasting every defect urged against America with a corresponding failing in our fatherland, and exonerating us from many of the charges, as utterly unfounded.

Of Dr. Dwight's other works, the chief are *The Triumph of Infidelity, a Poem*; *The History, Eloquence, and Poetry of the Bible*; *America, a Poem in the style of Pope's Windsor Forest*; *A Discourse on Duelling*; another on *Some Events of the Last Century*; and another on *The Character of Washington*.

² "In person he was about six feet high, and of a full, round, manly form. He had a noble aspect,—a full forehead, and piercing black eyes. His presence was singularly commanding, enforced by a manner somewhat authoritative and emphatic. His voice was one of the finest I ever heard from the pulpit,—clear, hearty, sympathetic, and entering into the soul like the middle notes of an organ." —*Goodrich's Recollections*.

abhorrence, and branded their names with singular infamy. Murderers have been punished, in every age and country, with the most awful expressions of detestation, with the most formidable array of terror, and with the most excruciating means of agony. On the heads of murderers, at the same time, mankind have heaped curses without bounds. The City of Refuge, nay, the Altar itself, a strong tower of defence to every other criminal, has lost its hallowed character at the approach of a murderer, and emptied him out of its sacred recesses into the hands of the *Avenger of blood*. God hath said, *A man that doeth violence to the blood of any person, he shall flee to the pit: let no man stay him*. In solemn response, the world has cried, *Amen*.

But all these sentiments, all these rights, all the obligations of this law, the Duellist has violated. Nay, he has violated them in cold blood; with the deliberation of system; in the season of serenity; in the tranquillity of the closet. This violation he has made a part of his creed, and settled purpose of his life; a governing rule of his conduct. All this he has done amid the various advantages of birth and education; under the light of Science, with the Bible in his hand; and before the altar of his God. He has done it all, also, in the face of arguments which have commanded the conviction of all mankind, except himself; and which would have convinced *him*, had his mind been honestly open to the force of argument. His opinions have been a thousand times exposed: his arguments have been a thousand times refuted. Against him have been arrayed, in every Christian country, the common sense of mankind, the feelings of humanity, the solemn voice of Law, and the infinitely awful command of the Eternal God. With a moral hardihood, not often exemplified even in this world, he encounters them all, overcomes them all, and goes coolly onward to the work of destruction.

THE NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The Notch of the White Mountains is a phrase appropriated to a very narrow defile, extending two miles in length between two huge cliffs apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion of nature. This convulsion was, in my own view, that of the deluge. There are here, and throughout New England, no eminent proofs of volcanic violence, nor any strong exhibitions of the power of earthquakes. Nor has history recorded any earthquake or volcano in other countries of sufficient efficacy to produce the phenomena of this place. The objects rent asunder are too great, the ruin is too vast and too complete, to have been accomplished by these agents. The change appears to have been effected when the surface of the earth extensively subsided; when countries and

continents assumed a new face; and a general commotion of the elements produced a disruption of some mountains, and merged others beneath the common level of desolation. Nothing less than this will account for the sundering of a long range of great rocks, or rather of vast mountains; or for the existing evidences of the immense force by which the rupture was effected.

The entrance of the chasm is formed by two rocks, standing perpendicularly, at the distance of twenty-two feet from each other; one about twenty feet in height, the other about twelve. Half of the space is occupied by the brook mentioned as the head-stream of the Saco; the other half by the road. The stream is lost and invisible beneath a mass of fragments, partly blown out of the road, and partly thrown down by some great convulsion.

When we entered the Notch, we were struck with the wild and solemn appearance of every thing before us. The scale on which all the objects in view were formed was the scale of grandeur only. The rocks, rude and ragged in a manner rarely paralleled, were fashioned and piled by a hand operating only in the boldest and most irregular manner. As we advanced, these appearances increased rapidly. Huge masses of granite, of every abrupt form, and hoary with a moss which seemed the product of ages, recalling to the mind the *saxum vetustum* of Virgil, speedily rose to a mountainous height. Before us the view widened fast to the southeast. Behind us it closed almost instantaneously, and presented nothing to the eye but an impassable barrier of mountains.

About half a mile from the entrance of the chasm, we saw, in full view, the most beautiful cascade, perhaps, in the world. It issued from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, and at the distance from us of about two miles. The stream ran over a series of rocks almost perpendicular, with a course so little broken as to preserve the appearance of a uniform current; and yet so far disturbed as to be perfectly white. The sun shone with the clearest splendor, from a station in the heavens the most advantageous to our prospect; and the cascade glittered down the vast steep like a stream of burnished silver.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD AS MANIFESTED IN CREATION.

Were all the interesting diversities of color and form to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome would be the aspect of the world! The pleasures conveyed to us by the endless varieties with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye, are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they constitute in the whole

mass of our enjoyment. But, were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery to the midst of an *Arabian* desert, a boundless expanse of sand, a waste, spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered by the beauty of no verdure; although he might live in a palace and riot in splendor and luxury, he would, I think, find life a dull, wearisome, melancholy round of existence; and, amid all his gratifications, would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooks and rivers, the living lustre of the spring, and the rich glories of the autumn. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind than we, perhaps, even think or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. This beauty and splendor of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is, therefore, to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and, in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness, peculiarly affecting.

GOFFE, THE REGICIDE.

In the course of Philip's war, which involved almost all the Indian tribes in New England, and among others those in the neighborhood of Hadley, the inhabitants thought it proper to observe the 1st of September, 1675, as a day of fasting and prayer. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms,—which, according to the custom of the times, they had carried with them to the church,—and, rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders. The panic under which they began the conflict was, however, so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought doubtfully at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way. At this moment an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come, or whither he had gone. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential; the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable; his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his

interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel sent by Heaven for their preservation. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted until it was discovered, several years afterward, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe, Whalley having become superannuated some time before the event took place.

Of the following specimens of Dr. Dwight's poetry, the first is from the *Conquest of Canada* : the other is one of the sweetest of his sacred lyrics, and is embalmed in the affections of the Christian church :—

EVENING AFTER A BATTLE.

Above tall western hills, the light of day
Shot far the splendors of his golden ray ;
Bright from the storm, with tenfold grace he smiled,
The tumult soften'd, and the world grew mild.
With pomp transcendent, robed in heavenly dyes,
Arch'd the clear rainbow round the orient skies ;
Its changeless form, its hues of beam divine—
Fair type of truth and beauty—endless shine
Around the expanse, with thousand splendors rare ;
Gay clouds sail wanton through the kindling air ;
From shade to shade unnumber'd tinctures blend,
Unnumber'd forms of wondrous light extend ;
In pride stupendous, glittering walls aspire,
Graced with bright domes, and crown'd with towers of fire ;
On cliffs cliffs burn ; o'er mountains mountains roll :
A burst of glory spreads from pole to pole :
Rapt with the splendor, every songster sings,
Tops the high bough, and claps his glistening wings ;
With new-born green reviving nature blooms,
And sweeter fragrance freshening air perfumes.

Far south the storm withdrew its troubled reign,
Descending twilight dimm'd the dusky plain ;
Black night arose, her curtains hid the ground :
Less roar'd, and less, the thunder's solemn sound ;
The bended lightning shot a brighter stream,
Or wrapp'd all heaven in one wide, mantling flame ;
By turns, o'er plains, and woods, and mountains spread
Faint, yellow glimmerings, and a deeper shade.
From parting clouds, the moon outbreathing shone,
And sate, sole empress, on her silver throne ;
In clear, full beauty, round all nature smiled,
And claim'd, o'er heaven and earth, dominion mild ;
With humbler glory, stars her court attend,
And bless'd, and union'd, silent lustre blend.

I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God!
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.

If e'er to bless thy sons,
 My voice, or hands, deny,
 These hands let useful skill forsake,
 This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget
 Her welfare or her woe,
 Let every joy this heart forsake,
 And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe,
 Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

PHILIP FRENEAU, 1752—1832.

PHILIP FRENEAU was a celebrated poet in the period of the American Revolution, most of his pieces having been written between the years 1768 and 1793. He was of French extraction, his grandfather having come to this country soon after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, 1598. He was born in New York, January 2, 1752, and after the usual preparatory studies, in which he distinguished himself, he entered Princeton College, New Jersey, and graduated there in 1771, at the age of nineteen. After leaving college, he went to Philadelphia, with an intention of studying the law; but he soon abandoned this, and led an aimless life for two or three years. In 1774 and 1775, we find him in New York, where he began to publish those pieces of political satire and burlesque which made his name at that time familiar and popular throughout the country. After this, for two or three years he was travelling in the West Indies. In April, 1781, appeared in Philadelphia the first number of the *Freeman's Journal*, which he edited for three or four years. The first edition of his poems was published in Philadelphia in 1784, entitled *The Poems of Philip Freneau, written chiefly during the Late War*. In

1788, appeared *The Miscellaneous Works of Philip Freneau, containing his Essays and Additional Poems*, in two volumes, published by Francis Bailey.

In the fall of 1790, the Government was removed to Philadelphia, and on the 31st of October of the next year appeared the first number of the *National Gazette*, edited by Freneau, which was continued to October 26, 1793, and in which were given the first examples of that partisan abuse which has ever since been the shame of American politics.¹ After the suspension of the *Gazette*, he published, in 1795, *The Jersey Chronicle*, at Mount Pleasant, which continued but a year. He then was engaged for many years in various voyages to Savannah, the West Indies, Madeira, &c., and in 1809 again settled in Philadelphia. During the second war with Great Britain he wrote numerous songs and ballads, and in 1815 published *A Collection of Poems on American Affairs and a Variety of other Subjects, chiefly Moral and Political, written between 1795 and 1815*. In his old age he resided in New Jersey, and died near Freehold, on the 18th of December, 1832.

Freneau was undoubtedly a man of genius, and a very ready and versatile writer; and some of his early pieces of poetry, written when he was ambitious of literary distinction, are richly worthy of preservation. But most that he wrote was of an ephemeral character, strongly tinctured with partisan prejudices and vituperation, and has met with its deserved reward,—oblivion.

THE DYING INDIAN.²

“On yonder lake I spread the sail no more!
Vigor, and youth, and active days are past;
Relentless demons urge me to that shore
On whose black forests all the dead are cast;
Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,
For I must go to shades below,
Where all is strange, and all is new;
Companion to the airy throng!
What solitary streams,
In dull and dreary dreams,
All melancholy, must I rove along!

¹ “In it Mr. Jefferson was continually referred to with expressions of fulsome adulation, and the public and private characters of Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Knox, and their associates, were vilified with unfaltering industry and malignity. The Rev. Dr. Dwight thus wrote at that time to Oliver Wolcott, then in Congress at Philadelphia:—‘The late impertinent attacks on the Chief Magistrate are viewed with a general and marked indignation. Freneau, your printer, linguist, and so forth, is regarded here as a mere incendiary, or rather as a despicable tool of bigger incendiaries, and his paper as a public nuisance.’ That the ‘National Gazette’ was entirely under Mr. Jefferson’s control appears never to have been doubted. Freneau said, years after, to Dr. Francis, (of New York,) who became his physician, that it was among his greatest griefs that he had seemed to be an enemy to Washington, but that Mr. Jefferson had written or dictated whatever in the ‘Gazette’ was reproachful or calumnious of that exalted character.”—*Griswold’s Republican Court*, p. 288. But in this case the Latin adage is especially applicable,—*Quid facit per alium, facit per se*.

² Tomo-Chequi.

To what strange lands must *Chequi* take his way!
 Groves of the dead departed mortals trace;
 No deer along those gloomy forests stray,
 No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chase,
 But all are empty, unsubstantial shades,
 That ramble through those visionary glades;
 No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,
 But sickly orchards there
 Do fruits as sickly bear,
 And apples a consumptive visage show,
 And wither'd hangs the hurtleberry blue.

Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!
 Wandering a stranger to the shores below,
 Where shall I brook or real fountain find?
 Lazy and sad deluding waters flow:
 Such is the picture in my boding mind!
 Fine tales, indeed, they tell
 Of shades and purling rills,
 Where our dead fathers dwell
 Beyond the western hills;
 But when did ghost return his state to show,
 Or who can promise half the tale is true?

I, too, must be a fleeting ghost! no more;
 None, none but shadows to those mansions go;
 I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
 For emptier groves below!
 Ye charming solitudes,
 Ye tall ascending woods,
 Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams,
 Whose aspect still was sweet,
 Whether the sun did greet,
 Or the pale moon embraced you with her beams—
 Adieu to all!
 To all that charm'd me where I stray'd,
 The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade:
 Adieu all triumphs here!
 Adieu, the mountain's lofty swell,
 Adieu, thou little verdant hill,
 And seas, and stars, and skies,—farewell,
 For some remoter sphere!

Pérlux'd with doubts, and tortured with despair,
 Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep?
 Nature at last these ruins may repair,
 When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to weep;
 Some real world once more may be assign'd,
 Some new-born mansion for the immortal mind!
 Farewell, sweet lake! farewell, surrounding woods!
 To other groves, through midnight glooms, I stray,
 Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods,
 Beyond the Huron Bay!
 Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,
 My trusty bow and arrows by my side,

The cheerful bottle and the venison store ;
For long the journey is that I must go,
Without a partner, and without a guide."
He spoke, and bid the attending mourners weep,
Then closed his eyes, and sunk to endless sleep !

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet :
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by ;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom ;
They died,—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom ;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came :
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same ;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

Though clad in winter's gloomy dress¹
All Nature's works appear,
Yet other prospects rise to bless
The new returning year :
The active sail again is seen,
To greet our western shore ;
Gay plenty smiles, with brow serene,
And wars distract no more.

No more the vales, no more the plains,
An iron harvest yield ;
Peace guards our doors, impels our swains
To till the grateful field :

¹ The winter of 1814-15.

From distant climes, no longer foes,
 (Their years of misery past,)
 Nations arrive, to find repose
 In these domains at last.

And, if a more delightful scene
 Attracts the mortal eye,
 Where clouds nor darkness intervene,
 Behold, aspiring high,
 On freedom's soil those fabrics plann'd,
 On virtue's basis laid,
 That make secure our native land,
 And prove our toils repaid.

Ambitious aims and pride severe,
 Would you at distance keep,
 What wanderer would not tarry here,
 Here charm his cares to sleep?
 Oh, still may health her balmy wings
 O'er these fair fields expand,
 While commerce from all climates brings
 The products of each land.

Through toiling care and lengthen'd views,
 That share alike our span,
 Gay, smiling hope her heaven pursues,
 The eternal friend of man:
 The darkness of the days to come
 She brightens with her ray,
 And smiles o'er Nature's gaping tomb,
 When sickening to decay!

MAY TO APRIL.

I.

Without your showers
 I breed no flowers;
 Each field a barren waste appears;
 If you don't weep,
 My blossoms sleep,
 They take such pleasure in your tears.

II.

As your decay
 Made room for May,
 So I must part with all that's mine;
 My balmy breeze,
 My blooming trees,
 To torrid zones their sweets resign.

III.

For April dead
 My shades I spread,
 To her I owe my dress so gay;
 Of daughters three
 It falls on me
 To close our triumphs in one day.

IV.

Thus to repose
 All Nature goes ;
 Month after month must find its doom ;
 Time on the wing,
 May ends the Spring,
 And Summer frolics o'er her tomb.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY PETERS, 1754—1784.

In the year 1761 there was brought to Boston, in a vessel from Africa, a young girl of about seven years of age, slenderly formed, in feeble health from the change of climate and the miseries of the voyage, and not able to speak a word of English. Mr. John Wheatley, a wealthy merchant, saw her, and, touched by her interesting face and modest demeanor, took her to his own house, and his wife, with a true woman's heart, devoted herself to the wants of the little stranger. In a short time, the effects of comfortable clothing, wholesome food, and kind treatment were clearly visible, and Mrs. Wheatley's daughter undertook to teach her to read and write. So astonishing was her progress, that in sixteen months from the time of her arrival in this humane family she had so mastered the English language as to read with ease any portion of the Bible; and to this attainment she soon added that of writing, which she acquired solely by her own unassisted efforts.

So rapid was her progress in learning, that she became an object of general attention, and corresponded with several persons of great distinction.¹ She attracted the notice of the literary characters of Boston, who supplied her with books and encouraged her intellectual efforts. Mrs. Wheatley, too, did all she could to promote her happiness, and to aid her in the acquisition of knowledge, treating her as a child, and introducing her into the best society of Boston. But, notwithstanding all the attentions she received, she still retained her original and native modesty of deportment, and never presumed upon the kindness of her friends and admirers. She studied Latin, and, at the age of fourteen, made her first attempts at poetry, in translations from Ovid's Fables. So creditable were these to her scholarship, taste, and poetic talent, that she was encouraged to write

¹ Some years after this, she addressed a poem to General Washington, while he was at his head-quarters at Cambridge, Mass., February, 1776; who thus kindly replied:—"I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me in the elegant lines you enclosed; and, however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents, in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints.

"If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near head-quarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the Muses, and to whom Nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations."

more; and before she was nineteen a volume of her poems was published in London, in 1772.

In 1773,¹ her health had so far declined, from her close attention to her studies, that her physicians recommended a sea-voyage, and accordingly she sailed for England. Her fame had gone before her, and she was received with marked respect by many distinguished individuals. But in the midst of the attentions of the court she heard that her former mistress was sick, and her heart prompted her to return home at once. She did so in time to minister to Mrs. Wheatley, whose sickness terminated in death the next year; and the year after, Mr. Wheatley followed her to the grave. Thus deprived of her best friends, poor and desolate, she accepted an offer of marriage from a colored man by the name of Peters, of polished manners and a good education. He had studied law; and tradition says that he actually plead many cases at the bar. But soon after their marriage he became a bankrupt, and they were reduced to utter want. After living with him three years in great poverty, and becoming the mother of three children, her health rapidly declined, and she died on the 5th of December, 1784.

With any of our poets prior to the year 1800, Phillis Wheatley will bear a favorable comparison, whether we consider the ease and correctness of her versification, her elevated moral and religious sentiments, or her pure fancy. Indeed, when we take into view the times in which she lived, the little attention then paid to female education, her youthful years, and the difficulties of race and language which she surmounted, her poems are very remarkable.²

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SEWALL.

Lo, here a man, redeem'd by Jesus' blood,
A sinner once, but now a saint with God;
Behold, ye rich, ye poor, ye fools, ye wise,
Nor let his monument your hearts surprise.
He sought the paths of piety and truth,
By these made happy from his early youth!
In blooming years that grace divine he felt
Which rescues sinners from the chains of guilt.
Mourn him, ye indigent, whom he has fed,
And henceforth seek, like him, for living bread,—
E'en Christ, the bread descending from above,
And ask an interest in his saving love.
Mourn him, ye youth, to whom he oft has told
God's gracious wonders from the times of old.

¹ From a Boston newspaper of May 10, 1773:—"Saturday last, Captain Calef sailed for London, with whom went passengers Mr. Wheatley, merchant; also Phillis, the extraordinary negro poet."

² Read "Memoir and Poems of Phillis Wheatley," Boston, 1834; "Christian Examiner," xvi. 169. "A Tribute for the Negro," p. 332.

The writer of the article in the "Christian Examiner" thus remarks:—"Such was the fate of Phillis Wheatley, a heroine, though a black one. Perhaps her genius, her unquestionable virtues, the vicissitudes of her life, and her melancholy end, ought to excite as much interest as the fate of Lady Jane Grey, or Mary Queen of Scots, or any other heroine, ancient or modern; but such, we fear, will not be the case."—*Christian Examiner*, May, 1834.

I, too, have cause this mighty loss to mourn,
For he, my monitor, will not return.
Oh, when shall we to his blest state arrive?
When the same graces in our bosoms thrive.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Through airy fields he wings his instant flight,
To purer regions of celestial light;
Enlarged he sees unnumber'd systems roll,
Beneath him sees the universal whole;
Planets on planets run their destined round,
And circling wonders fill the vast profound.
Th' ethereal now, now the empyreal skies,
With glowing splendors strike his wondering eyes:
The angels view him with delight unknown,
Press his soft hand, and seat him on his throne;
Then smiling thus: "To this divine abode,
The seat of saints, of seraphs, and of God,
Thrice welcome thou." The raptured babe replies:
"Thanks to my God, who snatch'd me to the skies
Ere vice triumphant had possess'd my heart,
Ere yet the tempter had beguiled my heart,
Ere yet on sin's base actions I was bent,
Ere yet I knew temptation's dire intent;
Ere yet the lash for wicked actions felt,
Ere vanity had led my way to guilt;
Early arrived at my celestial goal,
Full glories rush on my expanding soul."
Joyful he spoke; exulting cherubs round
Clapp'd their glad wings: the heavenly vaults resound.

Say, parents, why this unavailing moan?
Why heave your pensive bosoms with the groan?
Say, would you tear him from the realms above
By thoughtless wishes and mistaken love?
Doth his felicity increase your pain?
Or could you welcome to this world again
The heir of bliss? With a superior air
Methinks he answers with a smile severe;
"Thrones and dominions cannot tempt me there."

* * * * *

To yon bright regions let your faith ascend,
Prepare to join your dearest infant friend
In pleasures without measure, without end.

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

To Mrs. Susannah Wright.

Adieu, New England's smiling meads,
Adieu, the flowery plain;
I leave thine opening charms, O Spring!
And tempt the roaring main.

In vain for me the flow'rets rise,
And boast their gaudy pride,
While here beneath the northern skies
I mourn for *health* denied.

Celestial maid of rosy hue,
Oh, let me feel thy reign!
I languish till thy face I view,
Thy vanish'd joys regain.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
To see the crystal shower,
Or mark the tender falling tear,
At sad departure's hour;

Nor unregarding can I see
Her soul with grief opprest;
But let no sighs, no groans for me,
Steal from its pensive breast.

In vain the feather'd warblers sing,
In vain the garden blooms,
And on the bosom of the spring
Breathes out her sweet perfumes.

While for Britannia's distant shore
We sweep the liquid plain,
And with astonish'd eyes explore
The wide extended main.

Lo! Health appears, celestial dame,
Complacent and serene,
With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,
With soul-delighting mien,

To mark the vale where London lies,
With misty vapors crown'd,
Which cloud Aurora's thousand dyes,
And veil her charms around.

Why, Phœbus, moves thy car so slow?
So slow thy rising ray?
Give us the famous town to view,
Thou glorious king of day!

For thee, Britannia, I resign
New England's smiling fields;
To view again her charms divine,
What joy the prospect yields!

But thou, Temptation, hence away,
With all thy fatal train,
Nor once seduce my soul away
By thine enchanting strain.

Thrice happy they whose heavenly shield
Secures their soul from harms,
And fell Temptation on the field
Of all its power disarms.

JOEL BARLOW, 1755—1812.

JOEL BARLOW, the author of *The Columbiad*, was born in Reading, Fairfield County, Connecticut, in 1755. He entered Dartmouth College in 1774, but soon left that institution and went to Yale, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1778. He then entered upon the study of law, which he soon exchanged for theology, and received a license as chaplain to the army, in which he remained till the close of the war. While in this situation, he composed, with his friends, Rev. Timothy Dwight and Colonel Humphreys, various patriotic songs and addresses, which exerted no little influence upon the minds of the soldiery. He commenced, also, at this time, *The Vision of Columbus*, which afterwards formed the basis of his larger work, *The Columbiad*.

After the peace in 1783, Barlow went back from the gospel to the law, for which he was much better suited; and settled in Hartford. To add to his income, he established a weekly gazette, called *The American Mercury*, which gained for him considerable reputation by its able editorial management. About this time, he revised and published the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Isaac Watts; and two years after, in 1787, appeared his first large poem, on which he had been laboring for many years, *The Vision of Columbus*. To increase the sale of these, he gave up his newspaper and opened a book-store. But his books not doing so well as he expected, the next year he went to England as agent of a fraudulent land-company, of the nature of which he was at first ignorant: he gave up his agency, however, as soon as the character of the company became known to him. He was absent seventeen years, most of which time he spent in France, where he published a number of political pamphlets, and also his best and most celebrated poem, *Hasty Pudding*. In 1795, Washington appointed him consul at Algiers, with power to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Dey, and to ransom all Americans held in slavery on the coast of Barbary. He accepted the appointment, concluded the treaty favorably, and made similar ones with the Governments of Tripoli and Tunis. He was thus the happy means of freeing large numbers of Americans from Algerine slavery.¹ In 1797, he returned to France, entered into commercial pursuits, and amassed a large fortune. In 1805, he sold all his property in France, returned home, and took up his residence at Georgetown, District of Columbia. In 1808, his *Columbiad* was published in quarto, in splendid style. The mechanical execution of this work entitles it to admiration; but this is about all that can be said in its praise. It is the history of Columbus in rhyme; and in poetical merit is about equal to Addison's *Campaign*. In 1811, he was appointed minister-plenipotentiary to France, to obtain indemnification for injuries sustained by American-commerce. The next year he was invited to meet Napoleon at Wilna, in Poland, for a personal conference; but the great severity of the climate, fatigue, and exposure, brought on an inflammation of the lungs, and he died in an obscure village near Cracow, in Poland, on the 22d of December, 1812.

¹ For much valuable information on this subject, read a Lecture before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, entitled "White Slavery in Algiers," by Charles Sumner.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

CANTO I.

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise
 To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;
 Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurl'd,
 Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
 I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
 A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,
 But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
 The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
 Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
 Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
 Joys that the vineyard and the stillhouse bring;
 Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
 And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
 I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
 My morning incense, and my evening meal,
 The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
 Glide o'er my palate and inspire my soul.
 The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
 Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
 Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
 And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song,
 Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
 Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
 And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
 No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
 Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame;
 But, rising grateful to the accusom'd ear,
 All bards should catch it, and all realms revere.

Assist me first with pious toil to trace,
 Through wrecks of time, thy lineage and thy race;
 Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
 (Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore,)
 First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
 Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
 Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
 First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried maize,
 Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
 In boiling water stir the yellow flour;
 The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,
 Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
 Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
 Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
 The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
 And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
 To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
 To make mankind to social virtue sour,
 Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;

For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,
 Commanding sweat to stream from every cook;
 Children no more their antic gambols tried,
 And friends to physic wonder'd why they died.

Not so the Yankee; his abundant feast
 With simples furnish'd and with plainness dress'd,
 A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
 And cheers alike the servant and the lord,
 Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,
 And health attends them from the short repast.
 While the full pail rewards the milkmaid's toil,
 The mother sees the morning caldron boil:
 To stir the pudding next demands their care,
 To spread the table and the bowls prepare;
 To feed the children as their portions cool,
 And comb their heads and send them off to school.

* * * * *

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
 And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.
 A wholesome dish and well deserving praise,
 A great resource in those bleak wintry days
 When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
 And raging Boreas drives the shivering cow.

Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
 Great source of health, the only source of joy;
 How oft thy teats these precious hands have press'd!
 How oft thy bounties proved my only feast!
 How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain!
 And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!

Ye swains, who know her various worth to prize,
 Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies.
 Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,
 Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;
 When spring returns she'll well acquit the loan,
 And nurse at once your infants and her own.

Milk then with pudding I would always choose;
 To this in future I confine my muse,
 Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
 Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
 First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
 Then drop with care along the silver lake
 Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
 Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
 But when their growing mass no more can sink,
 When the soft island looms above the brink,
 Then check your hand; you've got the portion due;
 So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.

TO FREEDOM.

Sun of the moral world! effulgent source
 Of man's best wisdom and his steadiest force,
 Soul-searching Freedom! here assume thy stand,
 And radiate hence to every distant land;

Point out and prove how all the scenes of strife,
 The shock of states, the impassion'd broils of life,
 Spring from unequal sway; and how they fly
 Before the splendor of thy peaceful eye;
 Unfold at last the genuine social plan,
 The mind's full scope, the dignity of man,
 Bold nature bursting through her long disguise,
 And nations daring to be just and wise.
 Yes! righteous Freedom, heaven and earth and sea
 Yield or withhold their various gifts for thee;
 Protected Industry beneath thy reign
 Leads all the virtues in her filial train;
 Courageous Probity, with brow serene;
 And Temperance calm presents her placid mien;
 Contentment, Moderation, Labor, Art,
 Mould the new man and humanize his heart;
 To public plenty private ease dilates,
 Domestic peace to harmony of states.
 Protected Industry, careering far,
 Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,
 And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,
 Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.

Columbiad.

JOHN MARSHALL, 1755—1835.

JOHN MARSHALL, the son of Thomas Marshall, of Fauquier County, Virginia, was born on the 24th of September, 1755. He had some classical instruction in his youth, but never had the benefit of a regular collegiate education. At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, he engaged with ardor in the American cause, and was promoted in 1777 to the rank of captain. In 1781, finding that there was a redundancy of officers in the Virginia line, he resigned his commission, and, having been admitted to the bar the year before, he devoted himself to the practice of the law, and soon rose to great distinction. He was a member of the Virginia Convention that was called to ratify the Constitution; and in this body he greatly distinguished himself by his powerful reasoning and eloquence. After this he accepted two or three high offices of trust and honor; and, on the resignation of Chief-Justice Ellsworth, he became, by the nomination of President Adams and the confirmation of the Senate, on the 31st of January, 1801, Chief-Justice of the United States, which office he continued to fill with becoming dignity, increasing reputation, and unsullied purity till his death, which took place in Philadelphia on the 6th of July, 1835.¹

¹ He had been for some months in feeble health, and went from Richmond, the place of his residence, to Philadelphia, in order to obtain medical aid. He died surrounded by three of his children, and "to the last moment retained the faculties of his mind, and met his fate with the fortitude of a philosopher and the resignation of a Christian." Read A Discourse upon his Life, Character, and Services, by Joseph Story, LL.D., and A Eulogy on his Life and Character, by

It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the public and private worth of Chief-Justice Marshall. No man ever bore public honors more meekly; but while, from the simplicity of his manners and his kindness of heart, he endeared himself to every social circle, from his extraordinary talents, his great legal attainments, and his unsuspected integrity, he was the object of respect and confidence throughout the nation, all acknowledging, in the language of Judge Story, that "the highest judicial honors could not have fallen on any one who could have sustained them with more solid advantage to the glory or interests of the country."

Judge Marshall's published works are *A Life of Washington*, five volumes 8vo; *The History of the American Colonies*, one volume; and a work upon *The Federal Constitution*. His judicial decisions will ever remain a glorious monument of his learning and his wisdom.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

General Washington was rather above the common size: his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous—capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength, united with manly gracefulness.

His manners were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve when carried to an extreme; and on all proper occasions he could relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation, and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship, and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent, but always respectful.

His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to any thing apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch, and to correct.

In the management of his private affairs he exhibited an exact yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill-examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial

Horace Binney, Esq.; also, a well-written life in Flanders's *Lives of the Chief-Justices of the United States*. In the 26th vol. of the *N. Am. Review* is an article upon Marshall's Public Life and Services, by Judge Story; and in the 42d vol. a finished article upon his Life, Character, and Services, by G. S. Hillard, in a review of Story's admirable "Discourse." In the first volume of Kennedy's *Life of William Wirt* are some fine remarks upon the character of Judge Marshall, by Mr. Wirt himself.

though costly improvements. They remained, therefore, competent to that expensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him; and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence.

He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles, and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment, rather than genius, constituted the most prominent feature of his character.

Without making ostentatious professions of religion, he was a sincere believer in the Christian faith, and a truly devout man.

As a military man, he was brave, enterprising, and cautious. That malignity which sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a General, has conceded to him personal courage, and a firmness of resolution which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candor will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious measures adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country.

In his civil administration, as in his military career, ample and repeated proofs were exhibited of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment, which is perhaps the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind.

No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments, and to his own countrymen, were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction, which forever exists, between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as truth of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy."

It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States, under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them, in some measure, to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities; of the good

which was produced, and the ill which was avoided, during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances, and of passions, could produce; of the constant favor of the great mass of his fellow-citizens, and of the confidence which, to the last moment of his life, they reposed in him; the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for political fame.

Endowed by nature with a sound judgment, and an accurate discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide; and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right, which would tolerate the employment, only, of those means that would bear the most rigid examination; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise: and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted, but unsuspected.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, 1757—1804.

THIS distinguished statesman, jurist, soldier, and financier, was born in Nevis, one of the West India Islands, on the 11th of January, 1757. At the age of sixteen he came to New York, and soon after entered Columbia College. He remained here, however, but a short time, for the stirring ante-Revolutionary events warmly excited him, and called him from those academic shades into the duties and dangers of military life. He was little more than eighteen when he joined the army as a captain of artillery, and at twenty had so attracted the attention of Washington, by his writings and eloquence in the cause of independence, that he selected him as one of his aids, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He remained in the army during the war, attached to the staff of the commander-in-chief, possessing his warm affection and entire confidence, and being consulted by him constantly on all important occasions. In 1780, he was married to the second daughter of General Schuyler.¹ In 1782, he withdrew from public life, and devoted himself to the study of law in New York. He rose rapidly to the very front rank of the profession, and was again called into public life, by being elected by the legislature of New York to the Congress of Confederation in 1782. At the end of the session, he resumed the active duties of his profession.

But a man of such consummate abilities, eloquence, and political wisdom could not long remain in private when great national interests were at stake; and accordingly, in 1787, he was elected one of the three delegates from New York to the Convention for the formation of the Federal Constitution. His influence

¹ She survived her husband for half a century, dying in the autumn of 1854, at the advanced age of ninety-five.

in this body is well and justly expressed by Guisot, who says:—"There is not one element of order, strength, or durability in the Constitution which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce, and cause to be adopted." After the adjournment of the Convention, and when the Constitution was before the legislatures of the several States for its adoption, he, in conjunction with Madison and Jay, wrote a series of papers explaining and defending the various provisions of that admirable instrument. These essays were afterwards collected and published in a volume under the name of *The Federalist*,¹ and constitute one of the most profound and lucid treatises on politics that have ever been written. The introduction and conclusion are from the pen of Hamilton, who also assumed the main discussion of the important points in respect to taxation and revenue, the army and militia, the power of the Executive, and the Judiciary.

Upon the organization of the Government, Washington showed his estimation of Hamilton by appointing him to fill what was then the most important post,—overwhelmed as we were by debt,—the office of Secretary of the Treasury. His various reports, while he filled this office, of plans for the restoration of public credit, on the protection and encouragement of manufactures, on the necessity and constitutionality of a national bank, and on the establishment of a mint, have given him the reputation of one of the first statesmen the world has ever seen.²

While Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury,—the French Revolution being then at its height,—numerous demagogues were active in their efforts to embroil us in a foreign war. But this pure and lofty statesman not only advised the proclamation of neutrality and the mission of John Jay to England to conclude a permanent treaty with that people, but also wrote for the public prints a series of admirable papers, signed "Pacificus" and "Camillus," which had a controlling influence on the public mind, and which are still regarded as among the most profound commentaries which have appeared on the principles of international law and policy to which they had relation.

When, during the Presidency of John Adams, Washington was invited, in the event of a war with France, to the command of the national forces, he accepted on the condition that Hamilton should be second in command. What higher compliment could have been paid him?

We now come, with sadness, to the closing period of Hamilton's life. In June, 1804, that gifted but thoroughly unprincipled man, Aaron Burr, then Vice-President of the United States,³ who saw that Hamilton stood in the way of his ambitious views, and who for some time had thirsted for his life, addressed to him a letter demanding his acknowledgment or denial of certain expressions derogatory

¹ Of the eighty-five numbers of *The Federalist*, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 54, were written by John Jay; Nos. 10, 14, and 37 to 48 inclusive—fourteen in all—by James Madison; Nos. 18, 19, and 20 by Hamilton and Madison; and all the rest, sixty-three in number, by Hamilton.—*Letter from John C. Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1858.*

² It was in allusion to these masterly state papers that Daniel Webster, at a public dinner in New York in 1831, said, "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth; he touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet."

³ Burr was subsequently tried for treason in attempting to form a new republic, but was acquitted for the want of sufficient legal evidence to convict. His ambition seemed to be that of Satan:—"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

to his character which he had heard that Hamilton had used. Compliance with this demand Hamilton and all his friends deemed inadmissible, and Burr sent him a challenge. Though opposed on principle to duelling, he felt that his position as a public man, and his high rank in the army of the United States, demanded its acceptance. His words, as found in a paper written the day before he went to the fatal field, are:—"The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises in our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular." On the 11th of July, the parties met at Hoboken, and Hamilton fell, mortally wounded. He was taken home, and died the next day; living long enough, however, to disavow all intention of taking the life of Burr, and to declare his abhorrence of the whole transaction. Almost his last words were, "I have a tender reliance on the mercy of the Almighty through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Next to Washington, no man in this country was ever so universally mourned. The pulpit, the bar, and the press teemed with discourses commemorative of his exalted talents and services and virtues, and every one felt that America had lost her greatest man. Said the great and pious Fisher Ames, "My soul stiffens with despair when I think what Hamilton would have been!"²

THE NECESSITY OF A NATIONAL BANK.³

I am aware of all the objections that have been made to public banks, and that they are not without enlightened and respectable opponents. But all that has been said against them only tends to prove that, like all other good things, they are subject to abuse,

¹ In a letter to a friend, soon after Hamilton's death, the Rev. Dr. Mason thus wrote:—"The greatest statesman in the Western World—perhaps the greatest man of the age—has been cut off in the forty-eighth year of his life by the murderous arm of Vice-President Burr. The death of Hamilton has created a waste in the sphere of intellect and probity which a century will hardly fill up. He has left none like him,—no second, no third,—nobody to put us in mind of him. You can have no conception of such a man unless you knew him. One burst of grief and indignation assails the murderer from every corner of the continent. Political enemies vie with friends in heaping honors upon his memory."

² Read *Life and Works* by his son, J. C. Hamilton, 7 vols.; *Eulogy* by Rev. John M. Mason, D.D.; *Sketch of*, by Fisher Ames; "*North American Review*," liii. 70; "*American Quarterly*," xv. 311. William Coleman, the editor of the "*New York Evening Post*," published a memorial of the occasion in "*A Collection of Facts and Documents relative to the Death of General Alexander Hamilton, with Orations, Sermons, and Eulogies*." A work of great interest and value has recently been published, entitled "*History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries*," by John C. Hamilton."

³ From a letter to Robert Morris, dated April 30, 1781, when the financial state of our country was in a most depressed condition. The letter is long, and one of consummate ability; going into details how the bank should be managed, and what checks and safeguards should be adopted to place it on an enduring foundation. This "splendid plan," as it has been called, shows Hamilton's vast reach of mind united to great skill in practical details, as much, perhaps, as any single paper that ever came from his pen.

and when abused become pernicious. The precious metals, by similar arguments, may be proved to be injurious. It is certain that the moneys of South America have had great influence in banishing industry from Spain, and sinking it in real wealth and importance. Great power, commerce, and riches—or, in other words, great national prosperity—may, in like manner, be denominated evils; for they lead to insolence, an inordinate ambition, a vicious luxury, licentiousness of morals, and all those vices which corrupt a government, enslave the state, and precipitate the ruin of a nation. But no wise statesman will reject the good from an apprehension of the ill. The truth is, in human affairs there is no good pure and unmixed. Every advantage has two sides; and wisdom consists in availing ourselves of the good, and guarding as much as possible against the bad.

The tendency of a national bank is to increase public and private credit. The former gives power to the state for the protection of its rights and interests, and the latter facilitates and extends the operations of commerce among individuals. Industry is increased, commodities are multiplied, agriculture and manufactures flourish; and herein consists the true wealth and prosperity of a state. Most commercial nations have found it necessary to institute banks; and they have proved to be the happiest engines that ever were invented for advancing trade. Venice, Genoa, Hamburg, Holland, and England, are examples of their utility. They owe their riches, commerce, and the figure they have made at different periods, in a great degree to this source. Great Britain is indebted for the immense efforts she has been able to make in so many illustrious and successful wars, essentially to that vast fabric of credit raised on this foundation.

THE EXCELLENCY OF OUR CONSTITUTION.¹

After all our doubts, our suspicions and speculations, Mr. Chairman, on the subject of government, we must return at last to this important truth, that when we have formed a constitution upon free principles, when we have given a proper balance to the different branches of administration, and fixed representation upon pure and equal principles, we may with safety furnish it with all the powers necessary to answer, in the most ample manner, the purposes of government. The great objects to be desired are a free representation and mutual checks. When these are obtained, all our apprehensions of the extent of powers are unjust and imaginary. What, then, is the structure of this constitution? One

¹ From a speech delivered in the New York Convention, 1788.

branch of the legislature is to be elected by the people,—by the same people who choose your State representatives. Its members are to hold their office two years, and then return to their constituents. Here, sir, the people govern; here they act by their immediate representatives. You have also a senate, constituted by your State legislatures, by men in whom you place the highest confidence, and forming another representative branch. Then, again, you have an executive magistrate, the president, created by a form of election which merits universal admiration. In the form of this government, and in the mode of legislation, you find all the checks which the greatest politicians and the best writers have ever conceived. What more can reasonable men desire? Is there any one branch in which the whole legislative and executive powers are lodged? No. The legislative authority is lodged in three distinct branches, properly balanced; the executive authority is divided between two branches; and the judicial is still reserved for an independent body, who hold their offices during good behavior. This organization is so complex, so skillfully contrived, that it is next to impossible that an impolitic or wicked measure should pass the great scrutiny with success. Now, what do gentlemen mean by coming forward and declaiming against this government? Why do they say we ought to limit its powers, to disable it, and to destroy its capacity of blessing the people? Has philosophy suggested, has experience taught, that such a government ought not to be trusted with every thing necessary for the good of society? Sir, when you have divided and nicely balanced the departments of government; when you have strongly connected the virtue of your rulers with their interest; when, in short, you have rendered your system as perfect as human forms can be,—YOU MUST PLACE CONFIDENCE, YOU MUST GIVE POWER.

CHARACTER OF MAJOR ANDRE.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Andre. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. 'Tis said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit, he had

acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity; the clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that, in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy, and are more disposed, by compassion, to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of Andre's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit Andre, while we could not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame that he once intended to prostitute a flag; about this, a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great; let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

CHARACTER OF GENERAL GREENE.¹

As a man, the virtues of Nathaniel Greene are admitted; as a patriot, he holds a place in the foremost rank; as a statesman, he is praised; as a soldier, he is admired. But in the two last characters, especially in the last but one, his reputation falls far below his desert. It required a longer life, and still greater opportunities, to have enabled him to exhibit, in full day, the vast—I had almost said the enormous—powers of his mind.

¹ Nathaniel Greene, a major-general in the Revolutionary army, was born in Warwick, R. I., in 1742, and died in 1785. In the tenth volume of the second series of "Sparks's American Biography" will be found a well-written life, by his grandson, George Washington Greene, who is engaged in preparing a much fuller biography, to be completed in six volumes.

The termination of the American war—not too soon for his wishes, nor for the welfare of his country, but too soon for his glory—put an end to his military career. The sudden termination of his life cut him off from those scenes which the progress of a new, immense, and unsettled empire could not fail to open to the complete exertion of that universal and pervading genius which qualified him not less for the senate than for the field. * *

General Greene, descended from reputable parents, but not placed by birth in that elevated rank which, under a monarchy, is the only sure road to those employments that give activity and scope to abilities, must, in all probability, have contented himself with the humble lot of a private citizen, or, at most, with the contracted sphere of an elective office in a colonial and dependent government, scarcely conscious of the resources of his own mind, had not the violated rights of his country called him to act a part on a more splendid and more ample theatre.

Happily for America, he hesitated not to obey the call. The vigor of his genius, corresponding with the importance of the prize to be contended for, overcame the natural moderation of his temper; and though not hurried on by enthusiasm, but animated by an enlightened sense of the value of free government, he cheerfully resolved to stake his fortune, his hopes, his life, and his honor, upon an enterprise of the danger of which he knew the whole magnitude,—in a cause which was worthy of the toils and of the blood of heroes.

The sword having been appealed to at Lexington as the arbiter of the controversy between Great Britain and America, Greene shortly after marched, at the head of a regiment, to join the American forces at Cambridge, determined to abide the awful decision.

He was not long there before the discerning eye of the American Fabius marked him out as the object of his confidence.

His abilities entitled him to a pre-eminent share in the councils of his Chief. He gained it, and he preserved it, amidst all the chequered varieties of military vicissitude, and in defiance of all the intrigues of jealous and aspiring rivals.

As long as the measures which conducted us safely through the first most critical stages of the war shall be remembered with approbation; as long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawns of that bright day which afterwards broke forth with such resplendent lustre; as long as the almost magic operations of the remainder of that memorable winter, distinguished not more by these events than by the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity, in which skill supplied the

place of means, and disposition was the substitute for an army; as long, I say, as these operations shall continue to be the objects of curiosity and wonder, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country.

FISHER AMES, 1758—1808.

Few statesmen of this or any other country have passed through the perilous arena of politics with a character and reputation so unsullied as Fisher Ames. He was the youngest son of Dr. Nathaniel Ames, of Dedham, Massachusetts, and was born in that ancient town, April 9, 1758. He was but six years old when he lost his father; but his mother, as if "anticipating the future lustre of the jewel committed to her care," struggled bravely with her narrow circumstances in order to give him a literary education. She lived to be a witness of his eminence, to receive the expressions of his filial piety, and to weep over his grave.

At the completion of his twelfth year, he was admitted to Harvard College, where he distinguished himself, young as he was, by his studious habits and his classical attainments; and he passed through that ordeal, so trying for young men, with a character unstained by any vice. After leaving college, he engaged in the business of instruction, and for three or four years employed his time partly in teaching others, and partly in reviewing his studies and adding new stores to his stock of knowledge. At length he entered the office of William Tudor, Esq., of Boston, and in the autumn of 1781 commenced practice at Dedham.

Mr. Ames entered upon his professional duties at a very eventful period of our history. From the outset of his career he was ever the warm, consistent, and able friend of constitutional liberty; and when resistance to law, in Massachusetts, broke out into open rebellion, he wrote a series of essays in the "Independent Chronicle," published in Boston, under the signatures of "Lucius Junius Brutus" and "Camillus," to animate the Government to decision and energy. These pieces were pronounced to be the production of no common mind; and when traced to Mr. Ames, the eyes of leading men in the State were turned to him as one destined to render the most important services to his country.

In 1788 he was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Convention for ratifying the Federal Constitution. In this body he displayed so much talent and sound political wisdom that he was selected by the friends of the then new Government to assist in its organization, and he was accordingly chosen the first representative to Congress from the district of Suffolk, which included the capital of the State. During the whole of Washington's administration, he continued a member of the House of Representatives; and though his health was feeble, he took an active and responsible part in every important question, giving all his time and all his powers to public business; and such were his abilities and such his enlarged views, united to sound moral and Christian principles, that no member of the House exerted a greater influence. The greatest speech that he delivered in that body—and, indeed, the speech of that session of the fourth Congress—was that on the appropriation for the British treaty,—more generally known as "Jay's

treaty."¹ For many months he had been sinking under bodily infirmity; and though he had attended the long and interesting debate on a question involving the principles of the Constitution and the peace of the United States, it was feared he would be unable to speak. He himself had no design of speaking, feeling utterly unequal to the effort. But when the time came for taking a vote so big with consequences, his emotions would not suffer him to be silent; and, pale, weak, and emaciated as he was, he rose and delivered that speech, which, for chaste diction, argumentative reasoning, high-toned morality, and impassioned eloquence, has not its superior in our legislative history.²

At the close of the session, in the spring of 1796, Mr. Ames travelled for his health, which he regained so far as to enable him to attend the next session of Congress; after which he declined another election, and retired to his favorite residence, "to enjoy repose in the bosom of his family, and to unite, with his practice as a lawyer, those rural occupations in which he delighted." His interest in public affairs, however, did not cease; and his pen was almost constantly employed in writing political essays for the papers of the day, in defence and support of the principles of the Federal party, of which he was one of the most distinguished members;³ and when Washington, the illustrious head of that party, died, Mr. Ames pronounced his eulogy before the Legislature of Massachusetts.

In 1804, Mr. Ames was chosen President of Harvard College, but his feeble health would not allow him to accept the high honor. At length his disease began to make more rapid strides. With great calmness and Christian resignation he saw his end approaching. He was fully prepared to die, as he had lived the life of a Christian, and his faith grew stronger as his body grew weaker; and on the morning of the 4th of July, 1808, the birthday of the independence of that country

¹ It was delivered April 28, 1796, in support of the following motion:—

"*Resolved*, That it is expedient to pass the laws necessary to carry into effect the treaty lately concluded between the United States and the King of Great Britain."

² Dr. Charles Caldwell, in his autobiography, thus speaks of Ames's eloquence:—"He was decidedly one of the most splendid rhetoricians of the age. Two of his speeches, in a special manner,—that on Jay's treaty, and that usually called his 'tomahawk speech,' (because it included some resplendent passages on Indian massacres,)—were the most brilliant and fascinating specimens of eloquence I have ever heard; yet have I listened to some of the most celebrated speakers in the British Parliament; among others, to Wilberforce and Mackintosh, Plunket, Brougham, and Canning. Dr. Priestley, who was familiar with the oratory of Pitt the father and Pitt the son, and also with that of Burke and Fox, made to myself the acknowledgment that, to use his own words, 'the speech of Ames on the British treaty was the most bewitching piece of parliamentary oratory he had ever listened to.'"

³ In a letter to Thomas Dwight, dated October 26, 1803, he thus writes:—"Our country is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, too democratic for liberty. What is to become of it He who made it best knows. Its vice will govern it by practising upon its folly. This is ordained for democracies. The men who have the best principles, and those who act from the worst, will talk alike, except only that the latter will exceed the former in fervor. But the language of deceit, though stale and exposed to detection, will deceive as long as the multitude love flattery better than restraint."

His *Essay on the Dangers of American Liberty* is replete with sound political wisdom; and well would it be for our nation if it would heed its counsels and its warnings.

which he so ardently loved, and for whose best interests he had so faithfully labored, he resigned his spirit into the hands of Him who gave it.

Fisher Ames was a truly great man. None of our statesmen have united, to talents and attainments of so high an order, a private character of greater purity, or a deeper sense of moral and religious obligation. He was a close student of the Bible, an admirer of our translation for the purity of its English, and deeply lamented the growing disuse of it in our schools. He thought that children should be made acquainted with its important truths, and said, "I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the beauty and sublimity of its language." "It is happy for mankind," says his biographer, "when those who engage admiration deserve esteem; for vice and folly derive a pernicious influence from an alliance with qualities that naturally command applause. In the character of Mr. Ames, the circle of the virtues seems to be complete, and each virtue in its proper place."¹

THE OBLIGATIONS OF NATIONAL FAITH.

Mr. Chairman :—The question before us seems at last to resolve itself to this : **SHALL WE BREAK THE TREATY ?** The treaty is bad, fatally bad, is the cry. It sacrifices the interest, the honor, the independence of the United States, and the faith of our engagements to France. If we listen to the clamor of party intemperance, the evils are of a number not to be counted, and of a nature not to be borne, even in idea. The language of passion and exaggeration may silence that of sober reason in other places; it has not done it here. The question here is, whether the treaty be really so very fatal as to oblige the nation to break its faith.

I lay down two rules, which ought to guide us in this case.

¹ Read the *Life of Mr. Ames*, prefixed to his works, by the Rev. Dr. Kirkland, President of Harvard University, one of the best-written pieces of biography in our language. Also, "*Works of Fisher Ames, with a Selection from his Speeches and Correspondence*;" edited by his Son, Seth Ames;" a beautiful edition, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

² The debate in the House of Representatives upon Jay's celebrated treaty is perhaps the most memorable that ever occurred in that body, and, we may add, one of the most important; for the great question was then discussed whether a treaty would be valid without the approbation of the House. Those who were in the affirmative of this question argued, from the Constitution, that the treaty was already made, and could not be broken without breaking the faith of the nation; for the Constitution vests the power of making treaties in the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. Those in the negative argued that, if the President and Senate could make treaties without the assistance of the House, they might absorb all legislative power. The treaty itself, too, was made a subject of bitter animadversion by one party. For a comprehensive account of the whole debate, see "*Pitkin's Political and Civil History of the United States*," vol. ii. page 442. It is now seen that the treaty obtained as much for us as, from all circumstances, we could have looked for, while it has proved, in its application, eminently beneficial to us.

The treaty must appear to be bad, not merely in the petty details, but in its character, principle, and mass; and, in the next place, this ought to be ascertained by the decided and general concurrence of the enlightened public. I confess there seems to me something very like ridicule thrown over the debate, by the discussion of the articles in detail.

The undecided point is, shall we break our faith? and while our country and enlightened Europe await the issue, with more than curiosity, we are employed to gather piece-meal, and article by article, from the instrument, a justification for the deed, by trivial calculations of commercial profit and loss. This is little worthy of the subject, of this body, or of the nation. If the treaty is bad, it will appear to be so in its mass. Evil, to a fatal extreme, if that be its tendency, requires no proof; it brings it. Extremes speak for themselves, and make their own law. Few men of any reputation for sense, among those who say the treaty is bad, will put that reputation so much at hazard as to pretend that it is so extremely bad as to warrant and require a violation of the public faith.

In the next place, will the state of public opinion justify the deed? No government, not even a despotism, will break its faith without some pretext; and it must be plausible,—it must be such as will carry the public opinion along with it. Reasons of policy, if not of morality, dissuade even Turkey and Algiers from breaches of treaty in mere wantonness of perfidy, in open contempt of the reproaches of their subjects. Surely a popular government will not proceed more arbitrarily, as it is more free; nor with less shame or scruple in proportion as it has better morals. It will not proceed against the faith of treaties at all, unless the strong and decided sense of the nation shall pronounce, not simply that the treaty is not advantageous, but that it ought to be broken and annulled.

Why, Mr. Chairman, do the opposers of this treaty complain that the West Indies are not laid open? Why do they lament that any restriction is stipulated on the commerce of the East Indies? Why do they pretend that if they reject this and insist upon more, more will be accomplished? Let us be explicit: more would not satisfy. If all was granted, would not a treaty of amity with Great Britain still be obnoxious? Have we not this instant heard it urged against our envoy that he was not ardent enough in his hatred of Great Britain? A treaty of amity is condemned because it was not made by a foe, and in the spirit of one. The same gentleman, at the same instant, repeats a very prevailing objection, that no treaty should be made with the enemy of France. No treaty, exclaim others, should be made with a monarch or a despot; there will be no naval security while

those sea-robbers domineer on the ocean : their den must be destroyed ; that nation must be extirpated.

I like this, sir, because it is sincerity. With feelings such as these, we do not pant for treaties. Such passions seek nothing, and will be content with nothing, but the destruction of their object. If a treaty left King George his island, it would not answer,—no, not if he stipulated to pay rent for it. It has even been said, the world ought to rejoice if Britain was sunk in the sea ; if, where there are now men, and wealth, and laws, and liberty, there was no more than a sandbank for the sea-monsters to fatten on, a space for the storms of the ocean to mingle in conflict.

PATRIOTISM.

What is patriotism ? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born ? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener ? No, sir : this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it ; for what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security ? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own ? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent ? The sense of having one would die within him ; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

WASHINGTON AS A CIVILIAN.

However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that Washington's example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and perhaps most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendor that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness.

The fame of heroes is indeed growing vulgar: they multiply in every long war; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

But such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the pole-star in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to heaven that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's.

CHARACTER OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

It seems as if newspaper wares were made to suit a market as much as any other. The starers, and wonderers, and gapers engross a very large share of the attention of all the sons of the type. Extraordinary events multiply upon us surprisingly. Gazettes, it is seriously to be feared, will not long allow room to any thing that is not loathsome or shocking. A newspaper is pronounced to be very lean and destitute of matter if it contains no account of murders, suicides, prodigies, or monstrous births.

Some of these tales excite horror, and others disgust; yet the fashion reigns, like a tyrant, to relish wonders, and almost to relish nothing else. Is this a reasonable taste? or is it monstrous and worthy of ridicule? Is the history of Newgate the only one worth reading? Are oddities only to be hunted? Pray, tell us, men of ink, if our free presses are to diffuse *information*, and we, the poor, ignorant people, can get it no other way than by newspapers, what knowledge we are to glean from the blundering lies, or the tiresome truths about thunder-storms, that, strange to tell kill oxen or burn barns.

Surely extraordinary events have not the best title to our studious attention. To study nature or man, we ought to know things that are in the ordinary course, not the unaccountable things that happen out of it. * * *

Some of the shocking articles in the papers raise simple, and very simple, wonder; some, terror; and some, horror and disgust. Now, what instruction is there in these endless wonders? Who is the wiser or happier for reading the accounts of them? On the contrary, do they not shock tender minds and addle shallow

brains? They make a thousand old maids, and eight or ten thousand booby boys, afraid to go to bed alone. Worse than this happens; for some eccentric minds are turned to mischief by such accounts as they receive of troops of incendiaries burning our cities: the spirit of imitation is contagious, and boys are found unaccountably bent to do as men do. When the man flew from the steeple of the North Church, fifty years ago, every unlucky boy thought of nothing but flying from a sign-post.

Every horrid story in a newspaper produces a shock; but, after some time, this shock lessens. At length, such stories are so far from giving pain that they rather raise curiosity, and we desire nothing so much as the particulars of terrible tragedies. To wonder is as easy as to stare, and the most vacant mind is the most in need of such resources as cost no trouble of scrutiny or reflection; it is a sort of food for idle curiosity that is readily chewed and digested.

Now, Messrs. Printers, I pray the whole honorable craft to banish as many murders, and horrid accidents, and monstrous births, and prodigies, from their gazettes, as their readers will permit them; and, by degrees, to coax them back to contemplate life and manners, to consider common events with some common sense, and to study nature where she can be known, rather than in those of her ways where she really is, or is represented to be, inexplicable.

Boston Palladium, October, 1801.

CHARACTER OF HAMILTON.

In all the different stations in which a life of active usefulness placed Hamilton, we find him not more remarkably distinguished by the extent, than by the variety and versatility, of his talents. In every place he made it apparent that no other man could have filled it so well; and in times of critical importance, in which alone he desired employment, his services were justly deemed absolutely indispensable. As Secretary of the Treasury, his was the powerful spirit that presided over the chaos.

“Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar
Stood ruled.”——

Indeed, in organizing the Federal Government, in 1789, every man of either sense or candor will allow, the difficulties seemed greater than the first-rate abilities could surmount. The event has shown that his abilities were greater than those difficulties. He surmounted them; and Washington's administration was the most wise and beneficent, the most prosperous, and ought to be the most popular, that ever was intrusted with the affairs of a nation.

Great as was Washington's merit, much of it in plan, much in execution, will of course devolve upon his minister.

As a lawyer, his comprehensive genius reached the principles of his profession; he compassed its extent, he fathomed its profound, perhaps, even more familiarly and easily than the ordinary rules of its practice. With most men law is a trade; with him it was a science.

As a statesman, he was not more distinguished by the great extent of his views than by the caution with which he provided against impediments, and the watchfulness of his care over the right and liberty of the subject. In none of the many revenue bills which he framed, though committees reported them, is there to be found a single clause that savors of despotic power; not one that the sagest champions of law and liberty would, on that ground, hesitate to approve and adopt.

It is rare that a man who owes so much to nature descends to seek more from industry; but he seemed to depend on industry as if nature had done nothing for him. His habits of investigation were very remarkable; his mind seemed to cling to his subject till he had exhausted it. Hence the uncommon superiority of his reasoning powers,—a superiority that seemed to be augmented from every source and to be fortified by every auxiliary,—learning, taste, wit, imagination, and eloquence. These were embellished and enforced by his temper and manners, by his fame and his virtues. It is difficult, in the midst of such various excellence, to say in what particular the effect of his greatness was most manifest. No man more promptly discerned truth; no man more clearly displayed it: it was not merely made visible,—it seemed to come bright with illumination from his lips. But, prompt and clear as he was,—fervid as Demosthenes, like Cicero full of resource,—he was not less remarkable for the copiousness and completeness of his argument, that left little for cavil, and nothing for doubt. Some men take their strongest argument as a weapon, and use no other; but he left nothing to be inquired for more, nothing to be answered. He not only disarmed his adversaries of their pretexts and objections, but he stripped them of all excuse for having urged them; he confounded and subdued as well as convinced. He indemnified them, however, by making his discussion a complete map of his subject; so that his opponents might, indeed, feel ashamed of their mistakes, but they could not repeat them. In fact, it was no common effort that could preserve a really able antagonist from becoming his convert; for the truth which his researches so distinctly presented to the understanding of others was rendered almost irresistibly commanding and impressive, by the love and reverence which, it was ever apparent, he profoundly cherished for it in his own. While

patriotism glowed in his heart, wisdom blended in his speech her authority with her charms. * * *

The most substantial glory of a country is in its virtuous great men; its prosperity will depend on its docility to learn from their example. The name of Hamilton would have honored Greece in the age of Aristides. May Heaven, the guardian of our liberty, grant that our country may be fruitful of Hamiltons, and faithful to their glory!

GREECE.

In affairs that concern morals, we consider the approbation of a man's own conscience as more precious than all human rewards. But in the province of the imagination, the applause of others is of all excitements the strongest. This excitement is the cause, excellence the effect. When every thing concurs—and in Greece every thing did concur—to augment its power, a nation wakes at once from the sleep of ages. It would seem as if some Minerva, some present divinity, inhabited her own temple in Athens, and, by flashing light and working miracles, had conferred on a single people, and almost on a single age of that people, powers that are denied to other men and other times. The admiration of posterity is excited and overstrained by an effulgence of glory as much beyond our comprehension as our emulation. The Greeks seem to us a race of giants,—Titans,—the rivals yet the favorites of their gods. We think their apprehension was quicker, their native taste more refined, their prose poetry, their poetry music, their music enchantment. We imagine they had more expression in their faces, more grace in their movements, more sweetness in the tones of conversation, than the moderns. Their fabulous deities are supposed to have left their heaven to breathe the fragrance of their groves and to enjoy the beauty of their landscapes. The monuments of heroes must have excited to heroism, and the fountains which the muses had chosen for their purity, imparted inspiration. It is indeed almost impossible to contemplate the bright ages of Greece without indulging the propensity to enthusiasm.

POLITICAL FACTIONS.

In democratic states there will be factions. The sovereign power, being nominally in the hands of all, will be effectually within the grasp of a few; and therefore, by the very laws of our nature, a few will combine, intrigue, lie, and fight to engross it to themselves. All history bears testimony that this attempt has never yet been disappointed.

Who will be the associates? Certainly not the virtuous, who do not wish to control the society, but quietly to enjoy its proteo-

tion. The enterprising merchant, the thriving tradesman, the careful farmer, will be engrossed by the toils of their business, and will have little time or inclination for the unprofitable and disquieting pursuits of politics.¹ It is not the industrious, sober husbandman who will plough that barren field: it is the lazy and dissolute bankrupt, who has no other to plough. The idle, the ambitious, and the needy will band together to break the hold that law has upon them, and then to get hold of law. Faction is a Hercules, whose first labor is to strangle this lion, and then to make armour of his skin. In every democratic state, the ruling faction will have law to keep down its enemies, but it will arrogate to itself an undisputed power over law.

NOAH WEBSTER, 1758—1843.

NOAH WEBSTER was born in West Hartford, Connecticut, on the 16th of October, 1758, and graduated with much reputation at Yale College in 1778. He then engaged in the instruction of a school at Hartford, studying law at the same time, and was admitted to the bar in 1781. Not being encouraged to enter immediately on the practice of his profession, in consequence of the impoverished state of the country, he took charge of a grammar-school at Goshen, in the State of New York. Here he compiled his celebrated *Spelling-Book*, which he published on his return to Hartford in 1783; and soon after appeared his *English Grammar*, and a compilation for reading. All these works, particularly the *Spelling-Book*, have had

¹ It is a sad truth that many of our best citizens in all parts of the country live in the constant neglect of their political duties. They are eloquent upon the evils of misgovernment, and yet forget that they are accountable for a large share of the mischiefs by which they suffer in common with the whole country. There is no reason why, in a republican country, political contact should be repulsive, except in the very fact that those whose character would give respectability to our elections choose to stay away, and thus create the very difficulty of which they are so sensitive. Men may talk of ignoring politics, but in reality they cannot do it. The happiness and prosperity of the nation depend in a great degree upon the manner in which its government is administered, the laws which its corporations or legislatures enact, and the manner in which those laws are enforced. No man has any right to complain of bad rulers, municipal, state, or national, if he has done nothing to put better ones in their place. The refusal of men to take a few hours in the year from their daily business and give them to public interests, by attending the primary meetings where candidates are nominated for office, and then by going to the polls and voting for good men, is probably what Mr. Ames refers to when he says that our countrymen "are too sordid for patriotism." (See Note 3, p. 131.) Of all countries in the world, ours, where every thing depends on the popular will, is the least adapted to men who are indifferent to politics; for if the wise and the good neglect their political duties, the country will be ruled by the ignorant and the base.

a very wide circulation, and have done much to promote uniformity of language and pronunciation in our country.

About this time he became a political writer, and his *Sketches of American Policy*, published in 1784; his writings in favor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution; in defence of Washington's proclamation of neutrality, and of "Jay's Treaty,"¹ had great influence on public opinion, and were highly appreciated. In 1793, he established a daily paper in New York, devoted to the support of General Washington's administration,—a paper still published under the title of the *Commercial Advertiser*. In 1789, he was married to a daughter of William Greenleaf, Esq., of Boston.

Mr. Webster removed to New Haven in 1798, and in 1807 entered upon the great business of his life,—the compilation of *The American Dictionary of the English Language*. This work, which he was twenty years in completing, amidst various difficulties and discouragements, contains twelve thousand words, and between thirty and forty thousand definitions, are not contained in any preceding work. In the beauty, conciseness, and accuracy of its definitions, and in the department of etymology, it is superior to all other English dictionaries. The learning and ability with which he prosecuted the abstruse and difficult etymological investigations were generally acknowledged, both at home and abroad, and have laid the foundation of a wide-spread and enduring reputation.

The last forty years of his life Mr. Webster devoted to literary pursuits, with an ardor rarely seen in any country, and especially in this. His study was his home, his books and pen his constant companions, and his knowledge, to the last, was constantly on the increase. After a short illness, with his faculties unimpaired, in the cheerful retrospect of a life of happy and useful employment, and with the fullest consolations of religion, he expired at New Haven on the 28th of May, 1843, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.²

"It may be said that the name of NOAH WEBSTER, from the wide circulation of some of his works, is known familiarly to a greater number of the inhabitants of the United States than the name, probably, of any other individual except the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. Whatever influence he thus acquired was used at all times to promote the best interests of his fellow-men. His books, though read by millions, have made no man worse. To multitudes they have been of lasting benefit, not only by the course of early training they have furnished, but by those precepts of wisdom and virtue with which almost every page is stored."³

¹ His series of papers in support of Jay's Treaty were signed CURTIUS.

² Mr. Webster's other publications were,—*Effects of Slavery on Morals and Industry*, 1793; a collection of *Papers on Political, Literary, and Moral Subjects*, 1790, republished 1843; *A Manual of Useful Studies*, 1832; a work on *Pestilential Diseases*, 1790; *A Treatise on the Rights of Neutral Nations in War*, 1802.

"It has been said, and with much truth, that he has held communion with more minds than any other author of modern times. His learning, his assiduity, his piety, his patriotism, were the groundwork of these successful and beneficent labors."—*Goodrich's Recollections*.

³ From the "Memoir" prefixed to his quarto Dictionary, by Rev. Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D. It is at length announced that the great and long-promised Dictionary of that learned and veteran lexicographer, J. E. Worcester, LL.D., will be ready in October, 1859. It will be embellished with pictorial illustrations, and, as a whole, will, in fulness, in consistent orthography, and in correct orthoëpy, be in advance, doubtless, of any thing of the kind we now have.

THE HARTFORD CONVENTION.

Few transactions of the federalists, during the early periods of our government, excited so much the angry passions of their opposers as the Hartford Convention—so called—during the presidency of Mr. Madison. As I was present at the first meeting of the gentlemen who suggested such a convention; as I was a member of the House of Representatives in Massachusetts when the resolve was passed for appointing the delegates, and advocated that resolve; and further, as I have copies of the documents, which no other person may have preserved, it seems to be incumbent on me to present to the public the real facts in regard to the origin of the measure, which have been vilely falsified and misrepresented.

After the War of 1812 had continued two years, our public affairs were reduced to a deplorable condition. The troops of the United States, intended for defending the seacoast, had been withdrawn to carry on the war in Canada; a British squadron was stationed in the Sound to prevent the escape of a frigate from the harbor of New London, and to intercept our coasting trade; one town in Maine was in possession of the British forces; the banks south of New England had all suspended the payment of specie; our shipping lay in our harbors, embargoed, dismantled, and perishing; the treasury of the United States was exhausted to the last cent; and a general gloom was spread over the country.

In this condition of affairs, a number of gentlemen in Northampton, in Massachusetts, after consultation, determined to invite some of the principal inhabitants of the three counties on the river, formerly composing the old county of Hampshire, to meet and consider whether any measure could be taken to arrest the continuance of the war, and provide for the public safety.

Many town meetings were held, and with great unanimity addresses and memorials were transmitted to the General Court then in session; but, as commissioners had been sent to Europe for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of peace, it was judged advisable not to have any action upon them till the result of the negotiation should be known. But during the following summer no news of peace arrived; and, the distresses of the country increasing, and the seacoast remaining defenceless, Governor Strong summoned a special meeting of the legislature in October, in which the petitions of the towns were taken into consideration, and a resolve was passed appointing delegates to a convention to be held in Hartford. The subsequent history of that convention is known by their report.

The measure of resorting to a convention for the purpose of arresting the evils of a bad administration, roused the jealousy of

the advocates of the war, and called forth the bitterest invectives. The convention was represented as a treasonable combination, originating in Boston, for the purpose of dissolving the Union. But citizens of Boston had no concern in originating the proposal for a convention; it was wholly the project of the people in old Hampshire county,—as respectable and patriotic republicans as ever trod the soil of a free country. The citizens who first assembled in Northampton, convened under the authority of the *Bill of Rights*, which declares that the people have a right to meet in a peaceable manner and consult for the public safety. The citizens had the same right then to meet in convention as they have now; the distresses of the country demanded extraordinary measures for redress; the thought of dissolving the Union never entered into the head of any of the projectors, or of the members of the Convention; the gentlemen who composed it, for talents and patriotism, have never been surpassed by any assembly in the United States; and beyond a question the appointment of the Hartford Convention had a very favorable effect in hastening the conclusion of a treaty of peace.

All the reports which have been circulated respecting the evil designs of that Convention I know to be the foulest misrepresentations. Indeed, respecting the views of the disciples of Washington and the supporters of his policy, many, and probably most, of the people of the United States in this generation, are made to believe far more falsehood than truth. I speak of facts within my own personal knowledge. We may well say, with the prophet, "Truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter." Party spirit produces an unwholesome zeal to depreciate one class of men for the purpose of exalting another. It becomes rampant in propagating slander, which engenders contempt for personal worth and superior excellence; it blunts the sensibility of men to injured reputation; impairs a sense of honor; banishes the charities of life; debases the moral sense of the community; weakens the motives that prompt men to aim at high attainments and patriotic achievements; degrades national character, and exposes it to the scorn of the civilized world.

ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

We read in the Scriptures, that God, when he had created man, "blessed them; and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea," &c. God afterward planted a garden, and placed in it the man he had made, with a command to keep it, and to dress it; and he gave him a rule of moral conduct, in permitting him to eat the fruit of every tree in the garden, except one,

the eating of which was prohibited. We further read, that God brought to Adam the fowls and beasts he had made, and that Adam gave them names; and that when his female companion was made, he gave her a name. After the eating of the forbidden fruit, it is stated that God addressed Adam and Eve, reproving them for their disobedience, and pronouncing the penalties which they had incurred. In the account of these transactions, it is further related that Adam and Eve both replied to their Maker, and excused their disobedience.

If we admit, what is the literal and obvious interpretation of this narrative, that vocal sounds or words were used in these communications between God and the progenitors of the human race, it results that Adam was not only endowed with intellect for understanding his Maker, or the signification of words, but was furnished both with the faculty of speech and with speech itself, or the knowledge and use of words as signs of ideas, and this before the formation of the woman. Hence we may infer that language was bestowed on Adam, in the same manner as all his other faculties and knowledge, by supernatural power; or, in other words, was of divine origin: for supposing Adam to have had all the intellectual powers of any adult individual of the species who has since lived, we cannot admit as probable, or even possible, that he should have invented and constructed even a barren language, as soon as he was created, without supernatural aid. It may indeed be doubted whether, without such aid, men would ever have learned the use of the organs of speech, so far as to form a language. At any rate, the invention of words and the construction of a language must have been by a slow process, and must have required a much longer time than that which passed between the creation of Adam and of Eve. It is therefore probable¹ that *language*, as well as the faculty of speech, was the *immediate gift of God*. We are not, however, to suppose the language of our first parents in paradise to have been copious, like most modern languages, or the identical language they used to be now in existence. Many of the primitive radical words may, and probably do, exist in various languages; but observation teaches that languages must improve and undergo great changes as knowledge increases, and be subject to continual alterations, from other causes incident to men in society.

Preface to Dictionary.

¹ Not only "probably," but, to my apprehension, undoubtedly true; for to suppose that man without language taught himself to speak, seems to me as absurd as it would be to suppose that without legs he could teach himself to walk. Language, therefore, must have been the immediate gift of God.

ALEXANDER WILSON, 1766—1813.

If one's nationality is to be determined by the country where he was chiefly educated, by the soil which proved kindred to his genius, by the scenes which called forth his powers, and by the field where he won his fame, then is Alexander Wilson, though of foreign origin, truly an American.

He was born in Paisley, Scotland, on the 6th of July, 1766, of humble parents, and at the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a weaver, with whom he worked till he was eighteen. He early evinced a taste for literature, spending all his leisure time in reading and study, and, from his youth to the day of his death, presents an eminent instance of the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The genius of Burns, who was but six years older, had just burst upon his countrymen, and the spirit of emulation so fired the breast of Wilson, that he soon put forth a volume entitled *Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious*. But it was not received with much favor, and certainly "put no money in his purse;" so that he returned to his trade as a surer means of gaining a livelihood. In a few years he became disgusted with it, and resolved to try to better his fortune in the United States. Taking passage in a vessel from Belfast, he arrived at New Castle, Delaware, on the 14th of July, 1794, without a shilling in his pocket. Shouldering his fowling-piece, he set forward on foot towards Philadelphia, and on his way shot a woodpecker. This little incident was doubtless the germ of his future fame, for the peculiar habits and rich plumage of this native of our forests made a deep impression upon his mind, and led him by degrees to that train of thought and those plans of action which resulted in placing him at the head of American ornithologists.

At Philadelphia, he at first worked at his old trade; but as soon as he had made a little money, he resolved to devote himself to the pursuits of literature. To this end he taught a school at Milestown, about six miles from Philadelphia, where he remained several years, studying diligently, and adding a little to the income from his school by surveying land for the farmers in the neighborhood. He then travelled into the Genesee country, New York, to visit some friends, and on his return accepted an invitation to become the head teacher of Union School, in the township of Kingessing, a short distance from Gray's Ferry, on the Schuylkill, on the banks of which river Audubon likewise caught his inspiration. Here he contracted an affectionate intimacy with the venerable naturalist, William Bartram, whose extensive botanic garden was in the vicinity of the school-house.

From this time (about 1803) must be dated the beginning of his history as an ornithologist. Seeing the imperfections of books on the subject of the birds of our country, how imperfectly and often falsely they were represented in drawings, he determined to devote his life to Ornithology. He therefore applied himself to the study of drawing and engraving, and soon made very commendable progress in those arts. In October, 1804, he set out on foot for the Falls of Niagara, making every thing on his journey subsidiary to his favorite pursuit. On his return, he published an account of his journey in the *Portfolio*, in a poem called "The Foresters," and continued in his vocation as a teacher, giving all his spare time, as before, to his favorite science. By the spring of 1805 he had completed the drawings of twenty-eight birds, mostly inhabitants of Pennsylvania, and at the close

of the next year entered into an engagement with Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, a publisher in Philadelphia, to publish his *American Ornithology*, the first volume of which was given to the world in September, 1808. Immediately he set off on a tour to the Eastern States to exhibit his work, procure subscribers, and at the same time add to his stock of ornithological science. But the price of the work completed (one hundred and twenty dollars) was so far beyond any thing the public had been accustomed to, that he did not meet with the encouragement he had hoped. Still, he was not disheartened. He returned home, and then made an extensive tour through the Southern States, of which he gives us a very amusing though in some respects a somewhat sad picture. Again returning the next year, he published, in January, 1810, the second volume of the *Ornithology*. He then set out on a Western tour, going to Pittsburg, and thence down the Ohio, and through Kentucky, Tennessee, &c., to New Orleans, whence he embarked for New York, arriving at Philadelphia on the 2d of August, 1811. He afterwards took another tour through the Northern and Eastern States, and on his return made unceasing efforts to complete his great work. As soon as the seventh volume had left the press, he went to Great Egg Harbor, to collect materials for the eighth. He took cold, from exposure; dysentery ensued, and he died on the 23d of August, 1813.

In his personal appearance, Wilson was tall and handsome; rather slender than athletic in form. His countenance was expressive and thoughtful, his eye powerful and intelligent, and his conversation remarkable for quickness and originality. He was warm-hearted and generous in his affections, and through life displayed a constant attachment to his friends, even after many years of separation.

Few examples can be found in literary history equal to that of Wilson. Though fully aware of the difficulty of the enterprise in which he engaged, his heart never for a moment failed him. His success was complete, for his work has secured him immortal honor.¹

PLEASURES IN CONTEMPLATING NATURE.²

That lovely season is now approaching when the garden, woods, and fields will again display their foliage and flowers. Every day we may expect strangers, flocking from the South, to fill our woods with harmony. The pencil of nature is now at work, and outlines, tints, and gradations of lights and shades that baffle all description will soon be spread before us by that great Master, our most benevolent Friend and Father. Let us cheerfully partake of the feast he is preparing for all our senses. Let us survey those millions of green strangers just peeping into day, as so many happy messengers come to proclaim the power and the munificence of the Creator. I confess that I was always an enthu-

¹ Read Sketch of his Life, by George Ord; Life, by Wm. B. O. Peabody, in Sparks's "American Biography;" and an article in the 8th vol. of the "American Quarterly Review."

² Letter to a friend, written 1804.

siast in my admiration of the rural scenery of nature ; but, since your example and encouragement have set me to attempt to imitate her productions, I see new beauties in every bird, plant, and flower I contemplate ; and find my ideas of the incomprehensible First Cause still more exalted the more minutely I examine His works. I sometimes smile to think that, while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandizement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience, or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of nature's works that are forever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark ; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular it does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me, and although they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few five-penny-bits, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy, not long ago, brought me a large basket full of crows. I expect his next load will be bull-frogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl ; but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse ; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty.

THE BALD EAGLE.

This distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adopted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice. He has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the

torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold; feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by any thing but man; and, from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to local changes of season, as, in a few minutes, he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is therefore found at all seasons in the countries which he inhabits, but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish.

In procuring these, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical,—attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overwhelming all opposition. Elevated upon a high, dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below,—the snow-white gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the busy sand-pipers, coursing along the beach; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his attention. By his wide curvature of wing and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the looks of the eagle are all ardor, and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting into the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk. Each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying, in these rencounters, the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment as if to take a

more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage screams of the bald eagle. In measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals; in force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted upon the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various birds of song, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardor, for half an hour or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gayety of his action, arrest the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy, he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away, and, as Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recall his very soul, which expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect,—so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that, perhaps, are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by

the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking, to protect her injured brood. He runs over the quaverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue-bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. Amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the kildeer, blue jay, marten, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable melody.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, 1767—1848.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, son of the second President of the United States, was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, on the 11th of July, 1767. In his eleventh year he accompanied his father to the Court of Versailles, and was with him also in some of his other missions. At the age of eighteen, he entered Harvard University at an advanced standing, and graduated with distinguished honor in 1787. After studying law three years with Judge Parsons, at Newburyport, he esta-

blished himself in Boston, and took part in the public affairs of the day. In 1794, he was appointed by Washington Minister to the United Netherlands, and remained in Europe till 1801, employed in the several offices of Minister to Holland, England, and Prussia, and in other diplomatic business. At the close of his father's administration he was recalled, and, in 1802, was chosen, from the Boston district, a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and soon after was elected a United States Senator for six years from March 4, 1803. While Senator, he was, in 1806, appointed Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard University,—an office which he filled with much ability till 1809,¹ when he was appointed by President Monroe Minister to the Court of Russia. In 1813, he was named at the head of five commissioners appointed by President Madison to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, which was signed at Ghent, in December, 1814; and soon after he was appointed, by the same President, Minister to the Court of St. James. After having occupied that post until the close of President Madison's administration, he was called home, in 1817, to the Department of State, at the formation of the Cabinet of President Monroe. Mr. Adams's career as a foreign minister terminated at this point,—a career that has never been paralleled either in the length of time it covered, the number of courts at which he represented his country, or the variety and importance of the services rendered.

In 1824, Mr. Adams was elected President of the United States. His administration was distinguished for its ability and economy; and the Presidential chair has been occupied by no man of greater learning, more thorough acquaintance with all our foreign and domestic relations, purer patriotism, or higher integrity of character. At the close of his Presidential term, in 1829, he retired to his family mansion in Quincy; but he was soon after elected member of the United States House of Representatives, and took his seat in 1831. Many of his friends doubted the wisdom of this step, and feared it would detract from his former fame rather than add to it. But their doubts were soon put to rest; for, signal as had been his services to his country for a long life, he was yet to put the crowning glory upon them all, by standing forth in the House of Representatives, amid abuse, reproach, and threats of expulsion, as the firm, able, undaunted champion of the right of petition.

During the years 1836 and 1837, the public mind in the Northern States became fully aroused to the enormities of American slavery,—its encroachments on the rights and interests of the free States, the undue influence it was exercising in our national councils, and the evident determination on the part of its advocates to enlarge its borders and its evils, by the addition of new slave territories. Petitions for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia and the Territories began to pour into Congress from every section of the East and North. These were generally presented by Mr. Adams. His age and experience, his well-known influence in the House of Representatives, his patriotism, and his intrepid advocacy of human freedom, commanded the confidence of the people of the free States, and led them to intrust to him their petitions; and with scrupulous fidelity he performed the duty thus imposed upon him.

The Southern members of Congress became alarmed at these demonstrations,

¹ His *Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory* were published, in one volume 8vo, in 1810.

and determined to arrest them, even at the sacrifice, if need be, of the right of petition,—the most sacred privilege of freemen. On the 8th of February, 1836, a committee was raised by the House of Representatives, to take into consideration what disposition should be made of petitions and memorials for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, and to report thereon. On the 18th of May, the committee made a long report, through Mr. Pinckney, recommending, among others, the adoption of the following resolution:—

“Resolved, That all petitions, memorials, resolutions, propositions, or papers, relating in any way, or to any extent whatever, to the subject of slavery or the abolition of slavery, shall, without being either printed or referred, be laid upon the table, and that no further action whatever shall be had thereon.”

Notwithstanding the rule embodied in this resolution virtually trampled the right of petition into the dust, it was adopted by the House by a large majority. But Mr. Adams was not to be deterred, by this arbitrary restriction, from the faithful discharge of his duty as a representative of the people. Petitions on the subject of slavery continued to be transmitted to him in increased numbers. With unwavering firmness, against a bitter and unscrupulous opposition, exasperated to the highest pitch by his pertinacity, amidst a tempest of vituperation and abuse, he persevered in presenting these petitions, one by one, to the amount sometimes of two hundred in a day,—demanding the action of the House separately on each petition.

His position amid these scenes was in the highest degree illustrious and sublime. An aged man, with the burden of years upon him, forgetful of the elevated stations he had occupied and the distinguished honors received for past services, turning away from the repose which age so greatly needs, and laboring, amidst scorn and derision, and threats of expulsion and assassination, to maintain the sacred right of petition for the poorest and humblest in the land, insisting that the voice of a free people should be heard by their representatives when they would speak in condemnation of human slavery, and call upon them to maintain the principles of liberty embodied in the immortal Declaration of Independence, was a spectacle unwitnessed before in the history of legislation.¹

It is impossible, in the limits prescribed to these pages, to enumerate the numerous and important measures in which Mr. Adams took a prominent part in the House of Representatives and elsewhere. The brave and eloquent old man lived to see his labors for the right of petition crowned with complete success: in 1845, the obnoxious “gag-rule” was rescinded, and Congress consented to receive and treat respectfully all petitions on the subject of slavery. In his voluntary and eloquent defence of the Amistad negroes, too, before the Supreme Court of the United States, at the advanced age of seventy-four, he was completely successful, and had the pleasure of hearing the decision of the court pronouncing their liberty.

¹ For a full account of Mr. Adams’s labors in the House of Representatives, consult that admirable book, “Life and Public Services of John Quincy Adams, by William H. Seward.” Rev. Joshua Leavitt, editor of the “Emancipator,” was at that time in Washington, and published in his paper fuller accounts of that memorable session of Congress than I have elsewhere seen; and it is to be hoped he will yet give them to the public in a convenient form, as materials for our country’s history.

But his eventful and useful life was now drawing to a close. On Monday, the 21st of February, 1848, while at his post in the House of Representatives, and rising to address the Speaker, he was struck with paralysis, fainted, and fell into the arms of the member who was next to him, Mr. Fisher of Ohio. Every thing was immediately done for him that could be by anxious friends, kindred, and skilful physicians; but all was of no avail. He lingered till the evening of the 23d, when he expired, leaving behind him the enviable reputation of being one of the ablest Presidents of the United States, and the most learned and eloquent champion of freedom in the House of Representatives.¹

THE GOSPEL, A GOSPEL OF LIBERTY AND PEACE.

Friends and fellow-citizens!—I speak to you with the voice as of one risen from the dead. Were I now, as I shortly must be, cold in my grave, and could the sepulchre unbar its gates, and open to me a passage to this desk, devoted to the worship of Almighty God, I would repeat the question with which this discourse was introduced: "Why are you assembled in this place?" And one of you would answer me for all: Because the Declaration of Independence, with the voice of an angel from heaven, "put to his mouth the sounding alchemy," and proclaimed universal emancipation upon earth! It is not the separation of your forefathers from their kindred race beyond the Atlantic tide. It is not the union of thirteen British Colonies into one people, and the entrance of that people upon the theatre where kingdoms, and empires, and nations are the persons of the drama. It is not that

¹ "In the history of American statesmen, none lived a life so long in the public service; none had trusts so numerous confided to their care; none died a death so glorious. Beneath the dome of the nation's capitol; in the midst of the field of his highest usefulness, where he had won fadeless laurels of renown; equipped with the armor in which he had fought so many battles for truth and freedom, he fell beneath the shaft of the king of terrors. And how bright, how enviable, the reputation he left behind! As a man, pure, upright, benevolent, religious—his hand unstained by a drop of human blood; uncharged, unsuspected, of crime, of premeditated wrong, of an immoral act, of an unchaste word,—as a statesman, lofty and patriotic in all his purposes; devoted to the interests of the people; sacredly exercising all power intrusted to his keeping for the good of the public alone, unmindful of personal interest and aggrandizement; an enthusiastic lover of liberty; a faithful, fearless defender of the rights of man! The sun of his life, in its lengthened course through the political heavens, was unobscured by a spot, undimmed by a cloud; and when, at the close of the long day, it sank beneath the horizon, the whole firmament glowed with the brilliancy of its reflected glories! Rulers, statesmen, legislators! study and emulate such a life; seek after a character so beloved, a death so honorable, a fame so immortal."—*Seward's Life*, page 337.

Since the first edition of this work was put to press, there has been published a "Memoir of the Life of John Quincy Adams, by Josiah Quincy, LL.D.;" and a more interesting and valuable piece of biography has not, in my estimation, appeared in our country. This life, and the "Life of Amos Lawrence," should be read by every young man who, in entering upon manhood, desires the best examples to aid and cheer him in life's great duties.

this is the birthday of the North American Union, the last and noblest offspring of time. It is that the first words uttered by the genius of our country, in announcing his existence to the world of mankind, was—Freedom to the slave! Liberty to the captives! Redemption! redemption forever to the race of man from the yoke of oppression! It is not the work of a day; it is not the labor of an age; it is not the consummation of a century, that we are assembled to commemorate. It is the emancipation of our race. It is the emancipation of man from the thralldom of man!

And is this the language of enthusiasm? The dream of a dis-tempered fancy? Is it not rather the voice of inspiration? The language of Holy Writ? Why is it that the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Covenant, teach you upon every page to look forward to the time when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid? Why is it that, six hundred years before the birth of the Redeemer, the sublimest of prophets, with lips touched by the hallowed fire from the hand of God, spake and said:—"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath *sent* me to bind up the broken-hearted, to *proclaim liberty to the captives*, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound"¹ And why is it that, at the first dawn of the fulfilment of this prophecy,—at the birthday of the Saviour in the lowest condition of human existence,—the angel of the Lord came in a flood of supernatural light upon the shepherds, witnesses of the scene, and said:—"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be *to all people*"? Why is it that there was suddenly with that angel a multitude of heavenly hosts, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"²?

What are the good tidings of great joy which *shall be* to all people? The prophet had told you, six hundred years before:—"Liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound." The multitude of the heavenly host pronounced the conclusion, to be shouted hereafter by the universal choir of all intelligent created beings:—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Fellow-citizens! fellow-Christians! fellow-men! Am I speaking to believers in the gospel of peace? To others, I am aware that the capacities of man for self or social improvement are subjects of distrust or of derision. The sincere believer receives the rapturous promises of the future improvement of his kind with humble hope and cheering confidence of their final fulfilment. He receives them, too, with the admonition of God to his con-

¹ Isaiah lxi. 1.

² Luke ii. 9, 10, 13, 14.

science, to contribute himself, by all the aspirations of his heart and all the faculties of his soul, to their accomplishment. Tell not him of impossibilities when human improvement is the theme. Nothing can be impossible which may be effected by human will. See what *has* been effected! An attentive reader of the history of mankind, whether in the words of inspiration, or in the records of antiquity, or in the memory of his own experience, must perceive that the gradual improvement of his own condition upon earth is the inextinguishable mark of distinction between the animal *man* and every other animated being, with the innumerable multitudes of which every element of this sublunary globe is peopled. And yet, from the earliest records of time, this animal is the only one in the visible creation who preys upon his kind. The savage man destroys and devours his captive foe. The partially civilized man spares his life, but makes him his slave. In the progress of civilization, both the life and liberty of the enemy vanquished or disarmed are spared; ransoms for prisoners are given and received. Progressing still in the paths to perpetual peace, exchanges are established, and restore the prisoner of war to his country and to the enjoyment of all his rights of property and of person. A custom, first introduced by mutual special convention, grows into a settled rule of the laws of nations, that persons occupied exclusively upon the arts of peace shall, with their property, remain wholly unmolested in the conflicts of nations by arms. We ourselves have been bound by solemn engagements with one of the most warlike nations of Europe, to observe this rule, even in the utmost extremes of war; and in one of the most merciless periods of modern times, I have seen, towards the close of the last century, three members of the Society of Friends, with Barclay's Apology and Penn's Maxims in their hands, pass, peaceful travellers, through the embattled hosts of France and Britain, unharmed and unmolested, as the three children of Israel in the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar.

War, then, by the common consent and mere will of civilized man, has not only been divested of its most atrocious cruelties, but for multitudes, growing multitudes of individuals, has already been and is abolished. Why should it not be abolished for all? Let it be impressed upon the heart of every one of you, impress it upon the minds of your children, that this total abolition of war upon earth is an improvement in the condition of man entirely dependent on his own will. He cannot repeal or change the laws of physical nature. He cannot redeem himself from the ills that flesh is heir to; but the ills of war and slavery are all of his own creation. He has but to will, and he effects the cessation of them altogether.

Oration at Newburyport, July 4, 1837.

The following is a portion of a letter addressed by this illustrious statesman to a literary society of young men in Baltimore, who had written to him for advice as to a course of general reading. It is dated June 22, 1838, and it thus bears its eloquent testimony to

THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

The first, and almost the only book, deserving universal recommendation, is the BIBLE; and, in recommending that, I fear that some of you will think I am performing a superfluous, and others a very unnecessary, office; yet such is my deliberate opinion. The Bible is the book, of all others, to be read at all ages and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once or twice or thrice through, and then to be laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters every day, and never to be intermitted unless by some overruling necessity.

This attentive and repeated reading of the Bible, in small portions every day, leads the mind to habitual meditation upon subjects of the highest interest to the welfare of the individual in this world, as well as to prepare him for that hereafter to which we are all destined. It furnishes rules of conduct for our conduct towards others in our social relations. In the commandments delivered from Sinai, in the inimitable sublimity of the Psalms and of the Prophets, in the profound and concentrated observations upon human life and manners embodied in the Proverbs of Solomon, in the philosophical allegory so beautifully set forth in the narrative of facts, whether real or imaginary, of the Book of Job, an active mind cannot peruse a single chapter and lay the book aside to think, and take it up again to-morrow, without finding in it advice for our own conduct, which we may turn to useful account in the progress of our daily pilgrimage upon earth; and when we pass from the Old Testament to the New, we meet at once a system of universal morality founded upon one precept of universal application, pointing us to peace and good-will towards the whole race of man for this life, and to peace with God and an ever-blessed existence hereafter.

I speak as a man of the world to men of the world, and I say to you, *Search the Scriptures!* If ever you tire of them in seeking for a rule of faith and a standard of morals, search them as records of *history*. General and compendious history is one of the fountains of human knowledge to which you should all resort with steady and persevering pursuit; and the Bible contains the only authentic introduction to the history of the world. Acquaint yourselves also with the chronology and geography of the Bible; that will lead you to a *general* knowledge of chronology and of geography, ancient and modern, and these will open to you an in-

exhaustible fountain of knowledge respecting the globe which you inhabit, and respecting the race of men (its inhabitants) to which you yourselves belong. You may pursue these inquiries just so far as your time and inclination will permit. Give one hour of mental application, (for you must not read without thinking, or you will read to little purpose,) give an hour of joint reading and thought to the chronology and one to the geography of the Bible, and if it introduces you to too hard a study, stop there. Even for those two hours you will ever after read the Bible, and any other history, with more fruit, more intelligence, more satisfaction. It is a book which neither the most ignorant and weakest, nor the most learned and intelligent mind, can read without improvement.

Mr. Adams devoted his leisure moments to literature, and occasionally courted the Muses. *Dermot M'Morrough* and *Poems of Religion and Society* were some of the fruits of his versatile mind. From the latter I select

THE HOUR-GLASS.

Alas! how swift the moments fly!
 How flash the years along!
 Scarce here, yet gone already by,
 The burden of a song.
 See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
 And age, with furrow'd brow;
 Time was,—Time shall be,—drain the glass,—
 But where in Time is now?

Time is the measure but of change:
 No present hour is found;
 The past, the future, fill the range
 Of Time's unceasing round.
 Where, then, is now? In realms above,
 With God's atoning Lamb:
 In regions of eternal love,
 Where sits enthroned I AM.

Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
 On time no longer lean;
 But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
 From earth's affections wean:
 To God let votive accents rise;
 With truth, with virtue, live:
 So all the bliss that time denies
 Eternity shall give.

JOSEPH DENNIE, 1768—1812.

A work upon American Literature professing any degree of completeness should contain a notice of the author of the "Lay Preacher," not so much from any extraordinary merits in his writings, as from his position and influence in his day as a man of letters. He was born in Boston, on the 30th of August, 1768, and in 1775 his father, who had been a merchant, removed to Lexington. In 1787 he entered the Sophomore class in Harvard University, and soon after leaving college became a student of law in the office of Benjamin West, at Charlestown, N.H. After completing his studies, he opened an office at Walpole. But he soon became disgusted with the profession, and, resolving to devote his time to letters, went to Boston in the spring of 1795, and established a weekly paper called "The Tablet." But it lived scarcely three months, and Dennie then, upon invitation, returned to Walpole, and became the editor of the "Farmer's Museum." Here he commenced the essays entitled "The Lay Preacher," which laid the foundation of his literary reputation.

In the year 1799, he removed to Philadelphia, having been appointed private secretary of Mr. Pickering, at that time Secretary of State. In the latter part of the year 1800, he published a prospectus of a weekly paper, entitled *The Portfolio*. Drawn up in the best style of the author, indicating a familiar acquaintance with the best writers in the various departments of polite literature, and inviting the co-operation of men of letters generally, it was hailed with enthusiasm by every class of readers; and the periodical was commenced on the 3d of January, 1801, with an extensive patronage.¹

To Dennie the path to honorable independence was now fairly open; but, unfortunately, he had not resolution to sacrifice, to the laudable ambition to gain it, those habits which embittered the latter part of his life. This has been called "the gay period of his career." His charms of conversation were such that he

¹ It was published weekly in quarto form, eight pages constituting a number. It was thus continued for 5 years, forming five volumes, to the close of the year 1805,—a volume each year. It was then changed to the octavo form, of 16 pages, and also published weekly, and thus continued for three years, to the close of 1808, forming 6 volumes, numbered 1 to 6. At the beginning of the year 1809, it was changed to a monthly magazine of about 116 pages, and thus continued through 1812, when Dennie died, forming for the four years 8 volumes, numbered 1 to 8. It was published, in the same form, under the editorship of Nicholas Biddle and Paul Allen, for 1813 and 1814, and of Dr. Charles Caldwell for 1815,—three years,—forming 6 volumes, numbered 1 to 6. In 1816 it was published by Mr. Harrison Hall, being edited by his brother, John E. Hall, Esq., and was thus continued till 1827,—twelve years. This series formed 22 volumes, numbered 1 to 22. The last volume, the 47th of the whole, was published in six numbers; and then this periodical, so celebrated in its day, and which exerted no small influence on our country's character, closed its varied career. The delinquency of subscribers interfered materially with the success of the work; and I have it from Mr. Harrison Hall himself that, at the time of its stoppage, TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS at least were due to it! It is much to be regretted that there should have been so much irregularity in numbering the volumes of this work. There are four "new series," and five different first, second, third, fourth, and fifth volumes; so that if one is directed to volume second for any article, he may have to examine five different volumes before he can find it. The 20th vol. (1825) of Hall's series contains a copious index to all the volumes of that series.

was the delight of every circle where wit and urbanity were the passports of admission. He counted among his warm friends a number of young aspirants for literary fame, and his table abounded with contributions for the *Portfolio*. It may be easily imagined, therefore, that one of his habits would not require much persuasion to exchange the labor of composition for the easier employment of selection. Hence we find that, in the whole course of his editorship of the *Portfolio*, including a period of twelve years, there are scarcely as many original essays from his pen. In his gayety he lost the author.¹ His cultivated taste and various reading in polite literature enabled him to produce a miscellany which obtained a wide circulation; and he might have lived in the placid enjoyment of fame and fortune, if the finest gifts of nature could supply the want of prudence. As it was, after editing the *Portfolio* for eleven years, he died in absolute poverty on the 7th of January, 1812, though enough to give him a moderate competency was owing to him from subscribers who, year after year, had perused with delight the unpaid-for volumes. He was buried in the ground of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, where, a few years after, a monument was placed over his grave.

It has been customary of late years to depreciate the *Portfolio*. This we deem unjust; and think it must be done by those who have not read its pages; for we have no hesitation in saying that it will bear a favorable comparison with any similar contemporaneous periodical, English or American. It had not, indeed, the learning nor the variety of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but that had been published nearly half a century when the *Portfolio* was commenced. But, by its talent, vivacity, taste, and variety, it did more, perhaps, than any other publication of that time, on this side the Atlantic, to refine the taste of the people, and to give a relish for choice reading and for literary pursuits.

NIGHT.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—ISAIAH xxi. 11.

To this query of Isaiah, the watchman replies, "that the morning cometh, and also the night." The brevity of this answer has left it involved in something of the obscurity of the season when it was given. I think that night, however sooty and ill-favored it may be pronounced by those who were born under a day-star, merits a more particular description. I feel peculiarly disposed to arrange some ideas in favor of this season. I know that the majority are literally *blind* to its merits; they must be prominent, indeed, to be discerned by the *closed* eyes of the snorer, who thinks that night was made for nothing but sleep. But the student and the sage are willing to believe that it was formed for higher purposes; and that it not only recruits exhausted spirits, but sometimes informs inquisitive, and amends wicked ones.

Duty, as well as inclination, urges the Lay Preacher to sermonize while others slumber. To read numerous volumes in the morning, and to observe various characters at noon, will leave but

¹ Life by John E. Hall, in the "Philadelphia Souvenir."

little time, except the night, to digest the one or speculate upon the other. The night, therefore, is often dedicated to composition; and while the light of the paly planets discovers at his desk the Preacher, more wan than they, he may be heard repeating, emphatically, with Dr. Young,—

“Darkness has much divinity for me.”

He is then alone, he is then at peace. No companions near but the silent volumes on his shelf; no noise abroad but the click of the village clock, or the bark of the village dog. The deacon has then smoked his sixth and *last* pipe, and asks not a question more concerning Josephus or the Church. Stillness aids study, and the sermon proceeds. Such being the obligations to night, it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge them. As my watchful eyes can discern its dim beauties, my warm heart shall feel, and my prompt pen shall describe, the uses and the pleasures of the nocturnal hour.

Watchman, what of the night? I can with propriety imagine this question addressed to myself. I am a professed lucublator, and who so well qualified to delineate the sable hours as

“A meagre, muse-rid mope, adusi and thin”?

However injuriously night is treated by the sleepy moderns, the vigilance of the ancients could not overlook its benefits and joys. In as early a record as the book of Genesis, I find that Isaac, though he devoted his assiduous days to action, reserved speculation till night. “He went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.” He chose that sad, that solemn hour, to reflect upon the virtues of a beloved and departed mother. The tumult and the glare of day suited not with the sorrow of his soul. He had lost his most amiable, most genuine friend, and his unostentatious grief was eager for privacy and shade. Sincere sorrow rarely suffers its tears to be seen. It was natural for Isaac to select a season to weep in, which should resemble “the color of his fate.” The darkness, the solemnity, the stillness of the eve were favorable to his melancholy purpose. He forsook, therefore, the bustling tents of his father, the pleasant “south country,” and “well of Lahairoi;” he went out and pensively meditated at the eventide.

The Grecian and Roman philosophers firmly believed that “the dead of midnight is the noon of thought.” One of them is beautifully described by the poet as soliciting knowledge from the skies, in private and nightly audience, and that neither his theme nor his nightly walks were forsaken till the sun appeared and dimmed his “nobler intellectual beam.” We undoubtedly owe to the studious nights of the ancients most of their elaborate and

immortal productions. Among them it was necessary that every man of letters should trim the midnight lamp. The day might be given to the forum or the circus, but the night was the season for the statesman to project his schemes and for the poet to pour his verse.

Night has likewise, with great reason, been considered in every age as the astronomer's day. Young observes, with energy, that "*an undevout astronomer is mad.*" The privilege of contemplating those brilliant and numerous myriads of planets which bedeck our skies is peculiar to night; and it is our duty, both as lovers of moral and natural beauty, to bless that season when we are indulged with such a gorgeous display of glittering and useful light. It must be confessed that the seclusion, calmness, and tranquillity of midnight is most friendly to serious and even airy contemplations.

I think it treason to this sable power, who holds divided empire with day, constantly to shut our eyes at her approach. To long sleep I am decidedly a foe. As it is expressed by a quaint writer, we shall all have enough of that in the grave. Those who cannot break the silence of night by vocal throat or eloquent tongue, may be permitted to disturb it by a *snore*. But he, among my readers, who possesses the power of fancy and strong thought, should be vigilant as a watchman. Let him sleep abundantly for health, but sparingly for sloth. It is better, sometimes, to consult a page of philosophy than the pillow.—*Lay Preacher*.

JACK AND GILL: A CRITICISM.

Among critical writers, it is a common remark that the fashion of the times has often given a temporary reputation to performances of very little merit, and neglected those much more deserving of applause. I therefore rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to rescue from neglect this inimitable poem; for, whatever may be my diffidence, as I shall pursue the manner of the most eminent critics, it is scarcely possible to err. The fastidious reader will doubtless smile when he is informed that the work, thus highly praised, is a poem consisting only of four lines; but as there is no reason why a poet should be restricted in his number of verses, as it would be a very sad misfortune if every rhymer were obliged to write a long as well as a bad poem, and more particularly as these verses contain more beauties than we often find in a poem of four thousand, all objections to its brevity should cease. I must at the same time acknowledge that at first I doubted in what class of poetry it should be arranged. Its extreme shortness and its uncommon metre seemed to degrade it into a ballad; but its interesting subject, its unity of plan, and,

above all, its having a beginning, middle, and an end, decide its claim to the epic rank. I shall now proceed, with the candor, though not with the acuteness, of a good critic, to analyze and display its various excellencies.

The opening of the poem is singularly beautiful :—

Jack and Gill.

The first duty of the poet is to introduce his subject; and there is no part of poetry more difficult. We are told by the great critic of antiquity that we should avoid beginning "*ab ovo*," but go into the business at once. Here our author is very happy; for, instead of telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, who were the ancestors of Jack and Gill, that the grandfather of Jack was a respectable farmer, that his mother kept a tavern at the sign of the Blue Bear, and that Gill's father was a justice of the peace, (once of the *quorum*,) together with a catalogue of uncles and aunts, he introduces them to us at once in their proper persons.

The choice, too, of names is not unworthy of consideration. It would doubtless have contributed to the splendor of the poem to have endowed the heroes with long and sounding titles, which, by dazzling the eyes of the reader, might prevent an examination of the work itself. These adventitious ornaments are justly disregarded by our author, who, by giving us plain Jack and Gill, has disdained to rely on extrinsic support. In the very choice of appellations he is, however, judicious. Had he, for instance, called the first character John, he might have given him more dignity; but he would not so well harmonize with his neighbor, to whom, in the course of the work, it will appear he must necessarily be joined.

The personages being now seen, their situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent line, when we are told

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill.

Here the imagery is distinct, yet the description concise. We instantly figure to ourselves the two persons travelling up an ascent, which we may accommodate to our own ideas of declivity, barrenness, rockiness, sandiness, &c., all which, as they exercise the imagination, are beauties of a high order. The reader will pardon my presumption, if I here attempt to broach a new principle, which no critic with whom I am acquainted has ever mentioned. It is this, that poetic beauties may be divided into *negative* and *positive*, the former consisting of mere absence of fault, the latter in the presence of excellence; the first of an inferior

order, but requiring considerable critical acumen to discover them, the latter of a higher rank, but obvious to the meanest capacity. To apply the principle in this case, the poet meant to inform us that two persons were going up a hill. Now, the act of going up a hill—although Locke would pronounce it a very complex idea, comprehending person, rising ground, trees, &c. &c.—is an operation so simple as to need no description. Had the poet, therefore, told us how the two heroes went up, whether in a cart or a wagon, and entered into the thousand particulars which the subject involves, they would have been tedious, because superfluous. The omission of these little incidents, and telling us simply that they went up the hill, no matter how, is a very high negative beauty.

Having ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive into their employment, and wishes to know whether their occupation is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines; for

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill,
To fetch a bucket of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding, a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pylades and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other in their labors, gaily ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit, and to—fill their bucket. Here, too, is a new elegance. Our acute author could not but observe the necessity of machinery, which has been so much commended by critics, and admired by readers. Instead, however, of introducing a host of gods and goddesses, who might have only impeded the journey of his heroes, by the intervention of the bucket,—which is, as it ought to be, simple and conducive to the progress of the poem,—he has considerably improved on the ancient plan. In the management of it, also, he has shown much judgment, by making the influence of the machinery and the subject reciprocal: for while the utensil carries on the heroes, it is itself carried on by them.

It has been objected, (for every Homer has his Zoilus,) that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry; but, in answer to this, it must be remarked, that it was the opinion of Socrates, and many other philosophers, that beauty should be estimated by utility; and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water; and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the Iliad, or roving on the ocean, and invading other men's property,

as did the pious Æneas. Yes! they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of the harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil, and to revive the drooping plants which they raised by their labors. Is not our author more judicious than Apollonius, who chooses for the heroes of his *Argonautics* a set of rascals undertaking to steal a sheepskin? And, if dignity is to be considered, is not drawing water a circumstance highly characteristic of antiquity? Do we not find the amiable Rebecca busy at the well? Does not one of the maidens in the *Odyssey* delight us by her diligence in the same situation? and has not a learned Dean proved that it was quite fashionable in Peloponnesus? Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks.

But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed; but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down—

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step, his centre of gravity, as the philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not, however, appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by too immediate a disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless, that his fall is an accident to which the wayfarers of this life are daily liable, and we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labors. But how are we undeceived by the heart-rending tale that

Jack fell down

And broke his crown—

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy John. The mention of the *crown* has much perplexed the commentators. But my learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing that, as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and as that part is, or, without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer, might have been, the heaviest, it was really his pericranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we are anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

And Gill came tumbling after.

Here the distress thickens on us. Unable to support the loss of

his friend, he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved that, as they had gone up together, they should not be separated as they came down.

Of the bucket we are told nothing; but as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description. Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along, and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion, with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and dispersed, with the blood which must have flowed from John's head, and we will witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly "echoes to the sense,"—

Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

The quick succession of movements is indicated by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables; and in the last line Gill rolls with a greater sprightliness and vivacity than even the stone of Sisyphus.

Having expatiated so largely on its particular merits, let us conclude by a brief review of its most prominent beauties. The subject is the *fall of men*,—a subject high, interesting, worthy of a poet; the heroes, men who do not commit a single fault, and whose misfortunes are to be imputed, not to indiscretion, but to destiny. To the illustration of the subject every part of the poem conduces. Attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incidents, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination, and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral, too,—that part without which poetry is useless sound,—has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the *instability* of all things!

JOHN M. MASON, 1770—1829.

JOHN MITCHELL MASON, the son of Rev. John Mason, who came to this country from Scotland in 1761, was born in the city of New York on the 19th of March, 1770. At the age of seventeen, he was received into his father's church, and soon after entered Columbia College, where he took his first degree in 1789, with high

reputation as a scholar. After leaving college, he commenced the study of theology with his father, and continued with him nearly two years; when it was thought best that he should complete his studies in Edinburgh; whither he accordingly went early in 1791, and returned in the latter part of the next year, his father having died during his absence. He had been at home but a few months when he was called to his late father's post, the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, and was ordained March, 1793. So much admired was he for his eloquence, that in four years after his settlement (to use his own language) "it became necessary to swarm;" and in two years the new church, of which he continued the pastor, quite equalled in numbers the old. Every year added to the high estimation in which he was held by scholars as well as by the Christian Church. Under the auspices of the Associate Reformed Synod, he planned and founded a theological seminary, and spent upwards of a year in Scotland and England in obtaining funds and books for it. He was appointed the Professor, (for at first there was but one,) and performed his arduous duties for a number of years without salary. This was the first theological seminary in the United States; and it owed its existence to his persevering, self-denying, self-sacrificing labors.

The summer of 1804 was marked by a calamity which melted the nation into tears,—the murder of Alexander Hamilton by Aaron Burr. Dr. Mason had always been on the most intimate terms with Hamilton, esteeming him the greatest man of our country; and from the time he received the fatal wound till the next day, when he died, he was often at his bedside, administering to him those consolations which only Christianity can impart. Soon after, at the request of the "Society of the Cincinnati," he delivered an oration upon the death of Hamilton,—one of the most eloquent of discourses, and which elicited the warmest praise on both sides of the Atlantic.¹ His deep feelings of grief for the loss of Hamilton, and his admiration of his character, are expressed in many of his letters at this time. The following to a correspondent in Scotland, dated August 11, 1804, expresses his grief at

HAMILTON'S DEATH.

News I have none but what the papers will have announced before this reaches you; melancholy, most melancholy news for America,—the premature death of her greatest man, Major-General Hamilton. I say nothing too strong when I assure you that, all things considered, the loss of Washington was light in comparison with this. His most stupendous talents, which set him above rivalry, and his integrity, with which intrigue had not the hardihood to tamper, held him up as the nation's hope, and as the terror of the unprincipled; but it marked him out, at the same time, as a victim to the disappointed and profligate ambition of Vice-President Burr. By the most insidious and cruel artifice he was entrapped, against his judgment, his conscience,

¹ Among others, Judge Jay and Judge Marshall wrote to him letters of thanks for it.

and his efforts, in a duel with that desperate man, and mortally wounded. The catastrophe happened on the morning of the 11th, and he expired at two o'clock on the 12th ult. The shock and agony of the public mind has never been equalled. Burr went out, determined to kill him; for he had been long qualifying himself to become a "dead shot." Ingenuous Hamilton went out to be murdered, being as ignorant of the pistol as myself, and had resolved not to take the life of his antagonist, even if it were in his power. The cry of lamentation and indignation assails Burr from every point of the compass; nor can he turn his eye anywhere without reading his own infamy in the honors heaped upon the illustrious dead.

In 1807 was commenced the publication of *The Christian's Magazine*,—a monthly periodical, of which Dr. Mason was the editor, and most of which he wrote. In this appeared, in successive numbers, his controversial papers upon the Episcopal form of church government, in reply to Bishop Hobart. In 1811, he was elected Provost of Columbia College, which post he held till 1816, when, feeling that his powers had been overtaxed and that he was sinking under the weight of his numerous duties, he resigned his office, and took a voyage to Europe to recruit his exhausted powers. He returned after two years, improved indeed in health, but not completely restored. The resumption of his many duties proved too much for his bodily strength, and the next year he had an attack of partial paralysis. From this, however, he somewhat recovered, and in 1821 accepted the invitation of the trustees of Dickinson College to become its President. He had discharged the duties of this high office with the greatest advantage to the institution for two years, when a fall from his horse quite disabled him, and he resigned and returned to New York the same year, where he died on the 26th of December, 1829, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Dr. Mason was a remarkable man,—remarkable for his majestic personal appearance as well as for his intellectual powers, his learning, and his eloquence. He was in stature about six feet, with a high forehead, deep blue eyes, and a face remarkably expressive of thought, feeling, firmness, and courage. As a pulpit-orator it has been remarked of him by a learned contemporary that "upon the whole, for a combination of clearness, power, majesty, bold conceptions, profound thought, sublime and tender emotions, evangelical richness and unction, natural and impressive utterance, adaptation of style and manner to varying subjects and assemblies, Dr. Mason would probably not lose by comparison with the best preachers that have adorned the modern pulpit."¹

¹ Read "Memoirs, with a Portion of his Correspondence," 8vo, pp. 560, by Rev. Jacob Van Vechten; and Works, in four volumes, edited by his son, Rev. Ebenezer Mason.

"In a new church, in Murray Street, I heard Dr. Mason, then regarded as the Boanerges of the city. Instead of a pulpit,—which served as a sort of shelter and defence for the preacher,—he had only a little railing along the edge of the platform on which he stood, so as to show his large and handsome person almost down to his shoe-buckles. He preached without notes, and moved freely about,

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

That religion has, in *fact*, nothing to do with the politics of many who profess it, is a melancholy truth. But that it has, of *right*, no concern with political transactions, is quite a new discovery. If such opinions, however, prevail, there is no longer any mystery in the character of those whose conduct in political matters violates every precept and slanders every principle of the religion of Christ. But what is politics? Is it not the science and the exercise of civil rights and civil duties? And what is religion? Is it not an obligation to the service of God, founded on his authority, and extending to all our relations, personal and social? Yet *religion has nothing to do with politics!* Where did you learn this maxim? The Bible is full of directions for your behavior as *citizens*. It is plain, pointed, awful in its injunctions on ruler and ruled as *such*: yet *religion has nothing to do with politics!* You are commanded "*in ALL your ways to acknowledge him.*" "*In EVERY THING, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let your requests be made known unto God.*" "*And WHATSOEVER YE DO, IN WORD OR DEED, to do ALL IN THE NAME of the Lord Jesus.*" Yet *religion has nothing to do with politics!* Most astonishing! And is there any part of your conduct in which you are, or wish to be, *without law to God*, and not *under the law of Jesus Christ*? Can you persuade yourselves that political men and measures are to undergo no review in the judgment to come? That all the passion and violence, the fraud and falsehood and corruption, which pervade the system of party, and burst out like a flood at the public *elections*, are to be blotted from the catalogue of unchristian deeds, because they are *politics*? Or that a minister of the gospel may see his people, in their political career, bid defiance to their God in breaking through every moral restraint, and keep a guiltless silence, because *religion has nothing to do with politics*? I forbear to press the argument farther; observing only that many of our difficulties and sins may be traced to this pernicious notion. Yes, if our religion had had *more* to do with our politics, if, in the pride of our

sometimes speaking in a colloquial manner, and then suddenly pouring out sentence after sentence glowing with lightning and echoing with thunder. The effect of these outbursts was sometimes very startling. The doctor was not only very imposing in his person, but his voice was of prodigious volume and compass. He was sometimes adventurous in his speech, occasionally passing off a joke, and not unfrequently verging on what might seem profane but for the solemnity of his manner."—*Goodrich's Recollections.*

¹ He might have given a still stronger text,—Philippians i. 27: "Let your *politics* be such as it becometh the gospel of Christ." Our translation is *conversation*, (which in King James's day was equivalent to *conduct*;) but the original is *behavior*, "act as a citizen," or "act in political matters, as a Christian."

citizenship, we had not forgotten our *Christianity*, if we had prayed more and wrangled less about the affairs of our country, it would have been infinitely better for us at this day.

CHARACTER OF HAMILTON.

He was born to be great. Whoever was second, HAMILTON must be first. To his stupendous and versatile mind no investigation was difficult, no subject presented which he did not illuminate. Superiority, in some particular, belongs to thousands. Pre-eminence, in whatever he chose to undertake, was the prerogative of HAMILTON. No fixed criterion could be applied to his talents. Often has their display been supposed to have reached the limit of human effort; and the judgment stood firm till set aside by himself. When a cause of new magnitude required new exertion, he rose, he towered, he soared; surpassing himself as he surpassed others. Then was nature tributary to his eloquence! Then was felt his despotism over the heart! Touching, at his pleasure, every string of pity or terror, of indignation or grief, he melted, he soothed, he roused, he agitated; alternately gentle as the dews and awful as the thunder. Yet, great as he was in the eyes of the world, he was greater in the eyes of those with whom he was most conversant. The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminishes with the distance; but HAMILTON, like a tower seen afar off under a clear sky, rose in grandeur and sublimity with every step of approach. Familiarity with him was the parent of veneration. Over these matchless talents probity threw her brightest lustre. Frankness, suavity, tenderness, benevolence, breathed through their exercise. And to his family!—but he is gone—that noble heart beats no more; that eye of fire is dimmed; and sealed are those oracular lips. Americans, the serenest beam of your glory is extinguished in the tomb.

Fathers, friends, countrymen! the dying breath of HAMILTON recommended to you the Christian's hope. His single testimony outweighs all the cavils of the sciolist, and all the jeers of the profane. Who will venture to pronounce a fable that doctrine of *life and immortality* which his profound and irradiating mind embraced as the truth of God? When you are to die, you will find no source of peace but in the faith of Jesus. Cultivate, for your present repose and your future consolation, what our departed friend declared to be the support of his expiring moments,—“a tender reliance on the mercies of the Almighty, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

HAMILTON! we will cherish thy memory, we will embalm thy fame! Fare thee well, thou unparalleled man, farewell,—forever!

GOSPEL FOR THE POOR.

The Lord Jesus, who *went about doing good, has left us an example that we should follow his steps.* Christians, on whom he has bestowed affluence, rank, or talent, should be the last to disdain their fellow-men, or to look with indifference on indigence and grief. Pride, unseemly in all, is detestable in them who confess that *by grace they are saved.* Their Lord and Redeemer, who humbled himself by assuming their nature, came to *deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper.* And surely, an object which was not unworthy of the Son of God cannot be unworthy of any who are called by his name. Their wealth and opportunities, their talents and time, are not their own, nor to be used according to their own pleasure, but to be consecrated by their vocation *as fellow-workers with God.* How many hands that hang down would be lifted up! how many feeble knees confirmed! how many tears wiped away! how many victims of despondency and infamy rescued by a close imitation of Jesus Christ! Go with your opulence to the house of famine and the retreats of disease. Go, *deal thy bread to the hungry; when thou seest the naked, cover him; and hide not thyself from thine own flesh.* Go, and furnish means to rear the offspring of the poor, that they may at least have access to the word of your God. Go, and quicken the flight of the Angel who has *the everlasting gospel to preach* unto the nations. If you possess not wealth, employ your *station* in promoting *good will toward men.* Judge the fatherless; plead for the widow. Stimulate the exertions of others, who may supply what is *lacking on your part.* Let the *beauties of holiness* pour their lustre upon your distinctions, and recommend to the unhappy that peace which yourselves have found in the salvation of God. If you have neither riches nor rank, devote your *talents.* Ravishing are the accents which dwell on the *tongue of the learned* when it *speaks a word in season to him that is weary.* Press your genius and your eloquence into the service of the Lord *your righteousness,* to magnify his word, and display the riches of his grace. Who knoweth whether he may honor you to be the minister of joy to the disconsolate, of liberty to the captive, of life to the dead? If he has denied you wealth, and rank, and talent, consecrate your *heart.* Let it dissolve in sympathy. There is nothing to hinder your *rejoicing with them that do rejoice, and your weeping with them that weep,* nor to forbid the interchange of kind and soothing offices. *A brother is born for adversity;* and not only should Christian be to Christian *a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,* but he should exemplify the loveliness of his religion to *them that are without.* An action, a word, marked by the sweetness of the gospel, has

often been owned of God for producing the happiest effects. Let no man, therefore, try to excuse his inaction; for no man is too inconsiderable to augment the triumphs of the gospel by assisting in the consolations which it yields to the miserable.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1770—1842.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON was the son of Francis Hopkinson, who was one of the patriots of the Revolution, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and eminent for his legal learning, wit, and general attainments.¹ Joseph was born in Philadelphia, in 1770, studied law, and became distinguished for his profound and varied attainments, and as an advocate of singular eloquence and ability. He served for some time as a representative in Congress, and was a member of the Convention which re-modelled the Constitution of Pennsylvania. In 1828, he was appointed Judge of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, which office he filled with great integrity and ability, united to singular urbanity and kindness of manners; and retained it till his death, which occurred on the 15th of January, 1842. At the time of his death, he was Vice-President of the American Philosophical Society, and President of the Academy of Fine Arts.

As a writer, Judge Hopkinson is chiefly known as the author of the popular song of

HAIL, COLUMBIA.²

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

¹ See pages 59-68 for Life, and Extracts from his works.

² The following account of the circumstances attending the composition of this song were communicated, a few months before his death, to the late Rev. Dr. Griswold. "It was written in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of republican France, as she was called; while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great conservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President WASHINGTON, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause; and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, in our country, as it did at that time, upon that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me

And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost ;
Ever grateful for the prize ;
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty ;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more ;
Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;

one Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March,' he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of, and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were Americans: at least, neither could disavow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."

But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When Hope was sinking in diamay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united, &c.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, 1771—1810.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, descended from a highly respectable family, whose ancestors emigrated with William Penn, was born at Philadelphia, January 17, 1771. He early gave evidence of his studious propensities, and at the age of eleven was placed under the tuition of Mr. Robert Proud, the author of the *History of Pennsylvania*. Under his instruction he went over a large course of English reading, and acquired the elements of Greek and Latin, applying himself to his studies with great assiduity. But his sedentary habits began to impair his health, and he was for a time taken from his books, and made frequent excursions on foot into the country. He left Mr. Proud's school, finally, before the age of sixteen, and soon after began the study of the law. But, when the time came for him to enter upon the practice of his profession, he felt his repugnance to it increase more and more, and he determined to follow his own tastes, and to devote his life to literary pursuits.

Having formed a strong and congenial friendship with two or three gentlemen of New York, he established, in 1798, his permanent residence in that city. The same year appeared *Wieland*, the first of that remarkable series of fictions which flowed with such rapid succession from his pen in that and three following years. They are of the intensely terrific school, and such as do not leave the most pleasant impressions upon the mind. The next year appeared *Ormond*, and soon after the first part of *Arthur Mervyn*; or, *Memoirs of the Year 1793*. This was the fatal year of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, and Brown transferred upon paper many of the scenes he himself had witnessed. The following is one of them:—

THE PESTILENCE OF 1798.

In proportion as I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farm-house was filled with supernumerary tenants, fugitives from home, and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous; for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances the tokens of their recent terror, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themselves an asylum; some

were without the means of paying for victuals or lodging for the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, yet knew not whither to apply for entertainment, every house being already overstocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at their approach.

Families of weeping mothers and dismayed children, attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture, were carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished; and the price of some movable, or the pittance handed forth by public charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from this theatre of disasters, though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighboring districts.

Between these and the fugitives whom curiosity had led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or of that of their neighbors, were exhibited in all the hues which imagination can annex to pestilence and poverty.

My preconceptions of the evil now appeared to have fallen short of the truth. The dangers into which I was rushing seemed more numerous and imminent than I had previously imagined. I wavered not in my purpose. A panic crept to my heart, which more vehement exertions were necessary to subdue or control; but I harbored not a momentary doubt that the course which I had taken was prescribed by duty. There was no difficulty or reluctance in proceeding. All for which my efforts were demanded was to walk in this path without tumult or alarm.

Various circumstances had hindered me from setting out upon this journey as early as was proper. My frequent pauses to listen to the narratives of travellers contributed likewise to procrastination. The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I pursued the track which I had formerly taken, and entered High Street after nightfall. Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity and glee, which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would at other times have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue, were illuminated, as before, by lamps; but between the verge of Schuylkill and the heart of the city, I met not more than a dozen figures, and these were ghost-like, wrapped in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion, and, as I approached, changed their course, to avoid touching me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar, and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have formerly been at this hour brilliant with lights, resounding with

lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed, above and below, dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. From the upper windows of some, a gleam sometimes fell upon the pavement I was traversing, and showed that their tenants were not fled, but were secluded or disabled.

The evening had now advanced, and it behooved me to procure accommodation at some of the inns. These were easily distinguished by their *signs*; but many were without inhabitants. At length I lighted upon one, the hall of which was open and the windows lifted. After knocking for some time, a young girl appeared, with many marks of distress. In answer to my question, she answered that both her parents were sick, and that they could receive no one. I inquired in vain for any other tavern at which strangers might be accommodated. She knew of none such; and left me, on some one's calling to her from above, in the midst of my embarrassment. After a moment's pause, I returned, discomfited and perplexed, to the street.

I proceeded, in a considerable degree, at random. At length I reached a spacious building in Fourth Street, which the sign-post showed me to be an inn. I knocked loudly and often at the door. At length a female opened the window of the second story, and, in a tone of peevishness, demanded what I wanted. I told her that I wanted lodging.

"Go, hunt for it somewhere else," said she: "you'll find none here." I began to expostulate; but she shut the window with quickness, and left me to my own reflections.

I began now to feel some regret at the journey I had taken. Never, in the depth of caverns or forests, was I equally conscious of loneliness. I was surrounded by the habitations of men; but I was destitute of associate or friend. I had money; but a horse-shelter or a morsel of food could not be purchased. I came for the purpose of relieving others, but stood in the utmost need myself. Even in health my condition was helpless and forlorn; but what would become of me should this fatal malady be contracted? To hope that an asylum would be afforded to a sick man which was denied to one in health was unreasonable.

The first impulse which flowed from these reflections was to hasten back to *Malverton*; which, with sufficient diligence, I might hope to regain before the morning light. I could not, methought, return upon my steps with too much speed. I was prompted to run as if the pest was rushing upon me, and could be eluded only by the most precipitate flight.

The publication of *Arthur Mervyn* was succeeded not long after by that of *Edgar Huntly*; or, *The Adventures of a Sleep-Walker*. The scene is laid in the interior of Pennsylvania; and in one of the chapters, Edgar Huntly, the hero of the

story, is represented in a wild mountain-fastness, on the brink of a ravine, from which the only avenue lies over the body of a tree thrown across the chasm. The following is a description of his

PERILOUS ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

As soon as I had effected my dangerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff, and gave myself up to reflection. While occupied with these reflections, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lofty regions, blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle. At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already swerved somewhat from its original position; that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibres by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank; and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavoring to rescue another would be experienced by myself.

I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibres, which were already stretched almost to breaking.

To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteady by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end, it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak and of the volume which I carried in the pocket of my coat.

Just as I had disposed of these encumbrances, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly occur. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was nothing more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untamable of that detested race. The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely that my fears

were seldom alive, and I trod without caution the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defence.

The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provision, made me neglect, on this occasion, to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon the man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed and prepared for defence.

My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and, should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum.

Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now with no less solicitude desired. Every new gust, I hoped, would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibres of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease or by the hand of a fellow-creature was propitious and lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and ter-

nible visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground, and closed my eyes.

From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had like to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hairbreadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens the sight of which made my blood run cold.

He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed at first as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

Still there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprang, and his fore-legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.

In 1800, Brown published the second part of *Arthur Mervyn*, and in 1801, *Clara Howard*. This year he returned to his native city, and established his residence in his brother's family. In 1803, he undertook the conduct of a periodical, entitled *The Literary Magazine and American Register*,—of which five volumes were published. During his residence in New York, he had formed an attachment to Miss Elizabeth Linn, daughter of the Rev. William Linn, D.D., of that city, and in November, 1804, they were married.

With the additional responsibilities of his new station, he pursued his literary labors with increased diligence. He projected the plan of an *Annual Register*, the

first volume of which was published in 1806, and was continued till 1809, with great ability. At this time also he contributed many articles of a political and literary character to the "Portfolio." But his constitution, never robust, now began to give way under his sedentary habits and intense application. His friends insisted upon his giving up his literary labors for a time and taking a journey. He did so, but went only to New York, and returned still more feeble. His disorder—pulmonary consumption—made rapid advances; and on the 22d of February, 1810, he expired calmly and without a struggle.

Mr. Brown's character was one of great amiability and moral excellence, and his manners were distinguished by a gentleness and unaffected simplicity. His great colloquial powers made him a most agreeable companion; and his unwearied application is attested by the large amount of his works, the whole number of which, including his editorial labors, must be equal to twenty-four volumes,—a vast amount to be produced in the brief compass of a little more than ten years.¹

SAMUEL J. SMITH, 1771—1835.

THIS excellent man and true poet was one of the Smiths of Burlington, New Jersey, and was the grandson of the historian of that State. He passed a life of singular seclusion on his paternal estate near the city of Burlington, in the practice of all the virtues that purify and ennoble the character. Affluent, unambitious, fond of general reading and of the pursuits of a country life, and shrinking from intercourse with strangers, he devoted himself to the duties of his private station; was the counsellor and benefactor of the poor around him; and, to the few friends who enjoyed his intimacy, one of the most charming of companions. His verses were the careless effusions of a man of genius, indifferent to fame, a shrewd observer of life and manners, of keen satiric wit, of tender sensibility, of earnest and humble piety. A volume of his poetry was published after his death, which occurred in 1835. It is of various and unequal merit, and has never been widely circulated. From this volume the following pieces are selected. We know of no Scripture paraphrase that surpasses the stanzas on the 8th chapter of Matthew. Their chaste and classical beauties, their pure morality and religious feeling, claim for them a place in every collection of American poetry.

¹ "We are unwilling to part, with any thing like a tone of disparagement lingering on our lips, with the amiable author to whom our rising literature is under such large and various obligations; who first opened a view into the boundless fields of fiction which subsequent adventurers have successfully explored; who has furnished so much for our instruction in the several departments of history and criticism, and has rendered still more effectual service by kindling in the bosom of the youthful scholar the same generous love of letters which glowed in his own; whose writings, in fine, have uniformly inculcated the pure and elevated morality exemplified in his life. The only thing we can regret is that a life so useful should have been so short, if, indeed, that can be considered short which has done so much towards attaining life's great end."—*Biographical and Critical Miscellanies*, by William H. Prescott.

"PEACE—BE STILL."¹

When on His mission from his home in heaven,
 In the frail bark the Saviour deign'd to sleep;
 The tempest rose—with headlong fury driven,
 The wave-toss'd vessel whirl'd along the deep:
 Wild shriek'd the storm amid the parting shrouds,
 And the vex'd billows dash'd the darkening clouds.

Ah! then, how futile human skill and power,—
 "Save us! we perish in the o'erwhelming wave,"
 They cried, and found, in that tremendous hour,
 "An eye to pity, and an arm to save."
 He spoke, and lo! obedient to his will,
 The raging waters and the winds were still.

And thou, poor trembler on life's stormy sea!
 Where dark the waves of sin and sorrow roll,
 To Him for refuge from the tempest flee,—
 To Him, confiding, trust the sinking soul;
 For oh! He came to calm the tempest-toss'd,
 To seek the wandering and to save the lost.

For thee, and such as thee, impell'd by love,
 He left the mansions of the blest on high;
 Mid sin, and pain, and grief, and fear, to move,—
 With lingering anguish and with shame to die.
 The debt to Justice boundless Mercy paid,
 For hopeless guilt complete atonement made.

Oh! in return for such surpassing grace,
 Poor, blind, and naked, what canst thou impart?
 Canst thou no offering on His altar place?
 Yes, lowly mourner! give him all thy heart:
 That simple offering he will not disown,—
 That living incense may approach his throne.

He asks not herds, and flocks, and seas of oil,—
 No vain oblations please the all-knowing Mind;
 But the poor, weary, sin-sick, spent with toil,
 Who humbly seek it, shall deliverance find:
 Like her, the sufferer, who in secret stole
 To touch His garment, and at once was whole.

Oh, for a voice of thunder! which might wake
 The slumbering sinner, ere he sink in death;
 Oh, for a tempest, into dust to shake
 His sand-built dwelling, while he yet has breath!
 A viewless hand, to picture on the wall
 His fearful sentence, ere the curtain fall.

Child of the dust! from torpid ruin rise,—
 Be earth's delusions from thy bosom hurl'd;
 And strive to measure with enlighten'd eyes
 The dread importance of the eternal world.

¹ Lines occasioned by reading Matt. viii. 24-26.

The shades of night are gathering round thee fast,—
Arise to labor ere thy day be past!

In darkness tottering on the slippery verge
Of frail existence, soon to be no more;
Death's rude, tempestuous, ever-nearing surge
Shall quickly dash thee from the sinking shore.
But ah! the secrets of the following day
What tongue may utter, or what eye survey!

Oh! think in time, then, what the meek inherit,—
What the peace-maker's, what the mourner's part;
The allotted portion of the poor in spirit,—
The promised vision of the pure in heart.
For yet in Gilead there is balm to spare,
And, prompt to succor, a Physician there.

A MORNING HYMN.

Arise, my soul! with rapture rise,
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sov'reign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

And may this day, indulgent Power!
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly flying hour
Advance my soul more nigh to Thee.

But can it be that Power divine,
Whose throne is light's unbounded blaze,
While countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise,

Will deign to lend a favoring ear
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless Goodness! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase;
For pleasant, Lord! are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

FOR AN ALBUM.

To scenes sequester'd from the world's applause,
In vain the lily of the vale withdraws;
In vain to veil, with graceful bend, she tries,
Her snowy bosom from th' enraptured gaze;
In vain she bids protecting foliage rise,—
Surrounding sweetness her retreat betrays.

So, though o'ershadow'd by misfortune's gloom,
Through time, obscurely may the good man move,—
His blameless life ascends a sweet perfume,
And angels view him with the smiles of love.

●

JOSIAH QUINCY.

This distinguished statesman and scholar was born in Boston, on the 4th of February, 1772. After the usual preparatory studies at Phillips Andover Academy, he entered Harvard College, graduated in 1790, and then entered on the practice of law in his native city. In 1797, he married Eliza Susan, daughter of John Morton, a merchant of New York. In 1804, he was elected representative from Boston to the Congress of the United States, and held that station eight successive years, until he declined a re-election in 1813, when he was chosen senator from Suffolk County to the State Senate, which position he held till 1820. The same year he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and was made speaker at the opening of the session. In 1821, he was appointed Judge of the Municipal Court, but resigned the office on his election as Mayor of Boston in 1823. He held the office of Mayor six successive years, until he declined a re-election in December, 1828. In January, 1829, he was called, to use his own words, "from the dust and clamor of the Capitol to the Presidency of Harvard University," and retained this office until his resignation in 1845. Since that time he has held no public office, but is always ready to lend the influence of his great name to aid every cause which he deems connected with the public good or national honor.

Such is an outline of the public life of this great and good man, and true patriot. He has held no office which he did not fill with singular fidelity, wisdom, and zeal. With an ardor of temperament and energy of soul seldom equalled, he has ever enlisted these high characteristics in the cause of truth, justice, liberty, humanity; always pursuing the right rather than the seemingly expedient, convinced that in the long run the right is the expedient. His rare moral courage has more than once been put to the test, when he has stood alone, braving any amount of obloquy for pursuing what he deemed the truth, and what duty demanded of him. When he was in the House of Representatives of the United States, he took a position, sometimes literally alone, against the war of 1812, pronouncing it "an unjust, unnecessary, and iniquitous war;"¹ and when in the Senate of his own State, in reference to a recent naval victory, he presented the following:—"Resolved, as the sense of the Senate of Massachusetts, that, in a war like the present, waged without justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner which indicates that conquest and ambition are its real motives, it is not becoming a moral and religious people to express any approbation of military or naval exploits, which are not immediately connected with the defence of our sea-coast and soil."

As Mayor of Boston, Mr. Quincy showed uncommon energy, wisdom, and executive power. At the earliest dawn, he might often have been seen on horseback, traversing the various streets and wharves and alleys, personally to inspect their condition, and to see what improvements might be made. Some of his plans for advancing the best interests of the city seemed at the time, to many cautious men, altogether too extended and almost visionary; but time has proved that they were conceived with wisdom, as they were executed with energy; and the "House of

¹ For myself, I have not the least doubt that the calm and impartial judgment of posterity will fully endorse this sentiment.

Industry," the "House of Reformation for Juvenile Offenders," as well as the noble granite structure that bears his name,—“Quincy Market,”—and numerous other improvements, remain monuments of his wise and vigorous administration.¹

As President of Harvard College, Mr. Quincy exhibited equal fitness for guiding affairs in academic shades. During his Presidency, debts were paid, endowments secured, buildings renovated, and the general efficiency of this ancient institution largely promoted. The Law School, under Judge Story, was enlarged, Dane and Gore Halls were erected, and an Astronomical Observatory established.

Mr. Quincy is now enjoying a vigorous old age, at his ancestral estate in Quincy; and, though not taking an active part in public affairs, yet feels a warm interest in them. And, when recently called on by his fellow-citizens, he lifted up his eloquent and courageous voice against the further encroachments of slavery, and urged the free States to exert their proportionate influence in the affairs of the Government.

The literary productions of Mr. Quincy, besides his *Speeches in Congress, and Oration on Various Occasions*, which have been published, are *Memoir of Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Massachusetts*, (his father;) *Centennial Address on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Boston*; *A History of Harvard University*, 2 vols. 8vo; *Memoir of James Grakame, Historian of U.S.*; *Memoir of Major Samuel Shaw*; *History of the Boston Athenæum*; and *A Municipal History of the Town and City of Boston from 1630 to 1830*, 1 vol. 8vo, 1852.² His last work is a *Memoir of the Life of John Quincy Adams*; Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co., 1858.³

THE LIMITS TO LAWS.⁴

Mr. Chairman:—In relation to the subject now before us, other gentlemen must take their responsibilities: I shall take mine. This embargo must be repealed. You cannot enforce it for any important period of time longer. When I speak of your inability to enforce this law, let not gentlemen misunderstand me. I mean not to intimate insurrections or open defiances of them; although it is impossible to foresee in what acts that “oppression” will finally terminate, which, we are told, “makes wise men mad.” I speak of an inability resulting from very different causes. The

¹ His son Josiah was subsequently Mayor of Boston, inheriting all the noble and generous characteristics of his father.

² In the Presidential campaign of 1856 he took the deepest interest, and published an “Address illustrative of the Nature and Power of the Slave States, and the Duties of the Free States; delivered at the Request of the Inhabitants of the Town of Quincy, Mass.”

³ It is enough to say in its praise that it is in all respects worthy of its venerable and accomplished author. That it should be distinguished for research, as well as a careful collation and happy arrangement of facts, is what we might suppose from one whose scholarly taste has generally inclined him to historical subjects; but that it should be written in a style of such unflagging vigor to the very close, is what could hardly have been expected from an author of an age so far beyond the period usually allotted to the life of man.

⁴ Extract from the Speech of Josiah Quincy, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, November 28, 1808.

gentleman from North Carolina exclaimed the other day, in a strain of patriotic ardor, "What! Shall not our laws be executed? Shall their authority be defied? I am for enforcing them, at every hazard." I honor that gentleman's zeal; and I mean no deviation from that true respect I entertain for him, when I tell him that, in this instance, "his zeal is not according to knowledge."

I ask this House, is there no control to its authority? is there no limit to the power of this national legislature? I hope I shall offend no man when I intimate that two limits exist,—*nature* and the *constitution*. Should this House undertake to declare that this atmosphere should no longer surround us, that water should cease to flow, that gravity should not hereafter operate, that the needle should not vibrate to the pole,—sir, I hope I shall not offend,—I think I may venture to affirm that, such a law to the contrary notwithstanding, the air would continue to circulate, the Mississippi, the Hudson, and the Potomac would roll their floods to the ocean, heavy bodies continue to descend, and the mysterious magnet hold on its course to its celestial cynosure.

Just as utterly absurd and contrary to nature is it to attempt to prohibit the people of New England, for any considerable length of time, from the ocean. Commerce is not only associated with all the feelings, the habits, the interests, and relations of that people, but the nature of our soil and of our coasts, the state of our population and its mode of distribution over our territory, render it indispensable. We have five hundred miles of sea-coast, all furnished with harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, basins, with every variety of invitation to the sea, with every species of facility to violate such laws as these. Our people are not scattered over an immense surface, at a solemn distance from each other, in lordly retirement, in the midst of extended plantations and intervening wastes: they are collected on the margin of the ocean, by the sides of rivers, at the heads of bays, looking into the water, or on the surface of it, for the incitement and the reward of their industry. Among a people thus situated, thus educated, thus numerous, laws, prohibiting them from the exercise of their natural rights, will have a binding effect not one moment longer than the public sentiment supports them. Gentlemen talk of twelve revenue cutters additional, to enforce the embargo laws. Multiply the number by twelve, multiply it by an hundred, join all your ships of war, all your gun-boats, and all your militia, in despite of them all, such laws as these are of no avail when they become odious to public sentiment.

AN EMBARGO LIBERTY. 4

An embargo Liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our Liberty was not so much a mountain as a sea nymph. She was free as air. She could swim or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her whilst she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo Liberty; a handcuffed Liberty; a Liberty in fetters; a Liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison, and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster. Its parentage is all inland.

NEW ENGLAND.¹

What lessons has New England, in every period of her history, given to the world! What lessons do her condition and example still give! How unprecedented; yet how practical! how simple; yet how powerful! She has proved that all the variety of Christian sects may live together in harmony, under a government which allows equal privileges to all,—exclusive pre-eminence to none. She has proved that ignorance among the multitude is not necessary to order, but that the surest basis of perfect order is the information of the people. She has proved the old maxim, that “no government, except a despotism with a standing army, can subsist where the people have arms,” is false.

Such are the true glories of the institutions of our fathers! Such the natural fruits of that patience in toil, that frugality of disposition, that temperance of habit, that general diffusion of knowledge, and that sense of religious responsibility, inculcated by the precepts, and exhibited in the example, of every generation of our ancestors! * * *

What, then, are the elements of the liberty, prosperity, and safety which the inhabitants of New England at this day enjoy? In what language, and concerning what comprehensive truths, does the wisdom of former times address the inexperience of the future?

Those elements are simple, obvious, and familiar.

Every civil and religious blessing of New England, all that here gives happiness to human life, or security to human virtue, is alone to be perpetuated in the forms and under the auspices of a free commonwealth.

¹ From the “Centennial Address,” delivered in Boston, September 17, 1830, at the close of the second century from the first settlement of the city.

The commonwealth itself has no other strength or hope than the intelligence and virtue of the individuals that compose it.

For the intelligence and virtue of individuals, there is no other human assurance than laws, providing for the education of the whole people.

These laws themselves have no strength, or efficient sanction, except in the moral and accountable nature of man, disclosed in the records of the Christian's faith; the right to read, to construe, and to judge concerning which, belongs to no class or caste of men, but exclusively to the individual, who must stand or fall by his own acts and his own faith, and not by those of another.

The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of living light on every page of our history,—the language addressed by every past age of New England to all future ages is this: *Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom;—freedom none but virtue;—virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.*

Men of Massachusetts! citizens of Boston! descendants of the early emigrants! consider your blessings; consider your duties. You have an inheritance acquired by the labors and sufferings of six successive generations of ancestors. They founded the fabric of your prosperity, in a severe and masculine morality; having intelligence for its cement, and religion for its ground-work. Continue to build on the same foundation, and by the same principles; let the extending temple of your country's freedom rise, in the spirit of ancient times, in proportions of intellectual and moral architecture,—just, simple, and sublime. As from the first to this day, let New England continue to be an example to the world, of the blessings of a free government, and of the means and capacity of man to maintain it! And, in all times to come, as in all times past, may Boston be among the foremost and the boldest to exemplify and uphold whatever constitutes the prosperity, the happiness, and the glory of New England!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The life of a statesman second to none in diligent and effective preparation for public service, and faithful and fearless fulfilment of public duty, has now been sketched, chiefly from materials taken from his published works. The light of his own mind has been thrown on his labors, motives, principles, and spirit. In times better adapted to appreciate his worth, his merits and virtues will receive a more enduring memorial. The present is not a moment propitious to weigh them in a true balance. He knew

how little a majority of the men of his own time were disposed or qualified to estimate his character with justice. To a future age he was accustomed to look with confidence. "*Altero sæculo*" was the appeal made by him through his whole life, and is now engraven on his monument. The basis of his moral character was the religious principle. His spirit of liberty was fostered and inspired by the writings of Milton, Sydney, and Locke, of which the American Declaration of Independence was an emanation, and the Constitution of the United States—with the exception of the clauses conceded to slavery—an embodiment. He was the associate of statesmen and diplomatists at a crisis when war and desolation swept over Europe, when monarchs were perplexed with fear of change, and the welfare of the United States was involved in the common danger.

After leading the councils which restored peace to conflicting nations, he returned to support the administration of a veteran statesman, and then wielded the chief powers of the republic with unsurpassed purity and steadiness of purpose, energy, and wisdom. Removed by faction from the helm of state, he re-entered the national councils, and, in his old age, stood prominently in the principles of Washington and his associates, the ablest and most dreaded champion of freedom, until, from the station assigned him by his country, he departed, happy in a life devoted to duty, in a death crowned with every honor his country could bestow, and blessed with the hope which inspires those who defend the rights, and uphold, when menaced, momentous interests of mankind.

Close of the Memoir of J. Q. Adams.

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, 1772—1851.

THE ancestors of Archibald Alexander were from the north of Ireland, and emigrated to Virginia in 1737. He was the son of William Alexander, and was born near Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia, April 17, 1772. In 1789, he became the subject of a "revival of religion" at his native place; and, in 1791, was licensed to preach the gospel by the Lexington Presbytery. In 1796, he accepted the Presidency of Hampden Sidney College, at that time in rather a languishing condition, and soon, by his wisdom and energy, imparted to it a more healthful and vigorous tone. He was often sent as a delegate to the General Assembly, which usually met in Philadelphia; and in 1806 he accepted a call from the Pine Street Church of that city, of which he continued pastor for six years. In 1810, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the College of New Jersey; and, two years after, the General Assembly having established at Princeton a Theological Seminary, Dr. Alexander was chosen Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology. Here he continued in the laborious discharge

of the duties of his professorship, with great ability and success, until within a short period of his death, which occurred on the 22d of October, 1851.¹

That there have been some in the clerical profession of more learning, genius, and pulpit-eloquence than Dr. Alexander, none will deny; but no one has possessed in a higher degree that rare combination of every great and good quality, of wisdom and piety, which makes, on the whole, the deepest impression and exerts the widest influence. Men of all classes felt his power alike. Beyond any minister of his day, his preaching was equally acceptable to the learned and the illiterate, the old and the young, the untutored and the refined; and the works he has left, replete with wisdom, and instruction, and pious counsel, will remain an ever-enduring monument to his exalted worth.

THE RIGHT USE OF REASON IN RELIGION.

That it is the right and the duty of all men to exercise their reason in inquiries concerning religion, is a truth so manifest that it may be presumed there are none who will be disposed to call it in question.

Without reason there can be no religion; for in every step which we take in examining the evidences of revelation, in interpreting its meaning, or in assenting to its doctrines, the exercise of this faculty is indispensable.

When the evidences of Christianity are exhibited, an appeal is made to the reason of men for its truth; but all evidence and all argument would be perfectly futile if reason were not permitted to judge of their force. This noble faculty was certainly given to man to be a guide in religion as well as in other things. He possesses no other means by which he can form a judgment on any subject or assent to any truth; and it would be no more absurd to talk of seeing without eyes than of knowing any thing without reason.

It is therefore a great mistake to suppose that religion forbids or discourages the right use of reason. So far from this, she enjoins it as a duty of high moral obligation, and reproves those who neglect to judge for themselves what is right.

But it has frequently been said by the friends of revelation, that although reason is legitimately exercised in examining the evidences of revelation and in determining the sense of the words by which it is conveyed, yet it is not within her province to sit

¹ At the end of the life of this good man, by his son, James W. Alexander, D.D., may be found a list of his various publications. They are fifty-two in number, including sermons and pamphlets. The following are the principal ones:—*Evidences of the Christian Religion*, 12mo, 1825; *The Canon of the Old Testament Ascertained*, 12mo; *Biographical Sketches of the Founder and Principal Alumni of the Log College*, 12mo; *A History of the Colonization of the Western Coast of Africa*, 8vo; *A History of the Israelitish Nation*, 8vo; *Outlines of Moral Science*, 12mo; *Letters to the Aged*, 18mo; *Counsellors of the Aged to the Young*, 18mo; *Thoughts on Religious Experience*, 12mo; *The Way of Salvation Familiarly Explained, in a Conversation between a Father and his Children*, 18mo.

in judgment on the doctrines contained in such a divine communication. This statement is not altogether accurate. For it is manifest that we can form no conception of a truth of any kind without reason; and when we receive any thing as true, whatever may be the evidence on which it is founded, we must view the reception of it to be reasonable. Truth and reason are so intimately connected, that they can never with propriety be separated. Truth is the object, and reason the faculty by which it is apprehended, whatever be the nature of the truth or of the evidence by which it is established. No doctrine can be a proper object of our faith which it is not more reasonable to receive than to reject. If a book, claiming to be a divine revelation, is found to contain doctrines which can in no way be reconciled to right reason, it is a sure evidence that those claims have no solid foundation, and ought to be rejected. But that a revelation should contain doctrines of a mysterious and incomprehensible nature, and entirely different from all our previous conceptions, and, considered in themselves, improbable, is not repugnant to reason; on the contrary, judging from analogy, sound reason would lead us to expect such things in a revelation from God. Every thing which relates to this infinite Being must be to us, in some respect, incomprehensible. Every new truth must be different from all that is already known; and all the plans and works of God are very far above and beyond the conception of such minds as ours. Natural religion has as great mysteries as any in revelation; and the created universe, as it exists, is as different from any plan which men would have conceived, as any of the truths contained in a revelation can be.

But it is reasonable to believe what by our senses we perceive to exist; and it is reasonable to believe whatever God declares to be true.

In receiving, therefore, the most mysterious doctrines of revelation, the ultimate appeal is to reason. Not to determine whether she could have discovered these truths, not to declare whether, considered in themselves, they appear probable, but to decide whether it is not more reasonable to believe what God speaks than to confide in our own crude and feeble conceptions. Just as if an unlearned man should hear an able astronomer declare that the diurnal motion of the heavens is not real, but only apparent, or that the sun was nearer to the earth in winter than in summer; although the facts asserted appeared to contradict his senses, yet it would be reasonable to acquiesce in the declarations made to him by one who understood the subject and in whose veracity he had confidence. If, then, we receive the witness of men in matters above our comprehension, much more should we receive the witness of God.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible evidently transcends all human effort. It has upon its face the impress of divinity. It shines with a light which, from its clearness and its splendor, shows itself to be celestial. It possesses the energy and penetrating influence which bespeak the omnipotence and omniscience of its Author. It has the effect of enlightening, elevating, purifying, directing, and comforting all those who cordially receive it. Surely, then, it is THE WORD OF GOD, and we will hold it fast, as the best blessing which God has vouchsafed to man.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

There is an efficacy in the truths of the Bible, not only to guide and sanctify, but also to afford consolation to the afflicted in body or mind. Indeed, the gospel brings peace into every bosom where it is cordially received. When the conscience is pierced with the stings of guilt, and the soul writhes under a wound which no human medicine can heal, the promises of the gospel are like the balm of Gilead, a sovereign cure for this intolerable and deeply-seated malady. Under their cheering influence, the broken spirit is healed, and the burden of despair is removed far away. The gospel, like an angel of mercy, can bring consolation into the darkest scenes of adversity: it can penetrate the dungeon, and soothe the sorrows of the penitent in his chains and on his bed of straw. It mitigates the sorrows of the bereaved, and wipes away the bitter tears occasioned by the painful separation of affectionate friends and relatives. By the bright prospects which it opens, and the lively hopes which it inspires, the darkness of the tomb is illuminated, so that Christians are enabled, in faith of the resurrection of the body, to commit the remains of their dearest friends to the secure sepulchre, in confident hope that after a short sleep they will awake to life everlasting.

The cottages of the poor are often blessed with the consolations of the gospel, which is peculiarly adapted to the children of affliction and poverty. It was one of the signs of Jesus being the true Messiah "that the poor had the gospel preached unto them." Among them it produces contentment, resignation, mutual kindness, and the longing after immortality. The aged and infirm, who, by the gradual failure of their faculties, or by disease and decrepitude, are shut out from the business and enjoyments of this world, may find in the word of God a fountain of consolation. They may, while imbued with its celestial spirit, look upon the world without the least regret for its loss, and may rejoice in the prospect before them, with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. The gospel can

render tolerable even the yoke of slavery and the chains of the oppressor. How often is the pious slave, through the blessed influence of the word of God, a thousand times happier than his lordly master! He cares not for this short deprivation of liberty; he knows and feels that he is "Christ's freeman," and believes "that all things work together for his good," and that "these light afflictions, which are for a moment, will work out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!"

But, moreover, this glorious gospel is an antidote to death itself. He that does the sayings of Christ shall never taste of death: that is, of death as a curse; he shall never feel the envenomed sting of death. How often does it overspread the spirit of the departing saint with serenity! How often does it elevate, and fill with celestial joy, the soul which is just leaving the earthly house of this tabernacle! It actually renders, in many instances, the bed of the dying a place of sweet repose. No terrors hover over them; no anxious care corrodes their spirit; no burden oppresses the heart. All is light; all is hope and assurance; all is joy and triumph!

OH, PRECIOUS GOSPEL! Will any merciless hand endeavor to tear away from our hearts this best, this last, this sweetest consolation? Would you darken the only avenue through which one ray of hope can enter? Would you tear from the aged and infirm poor the only prop on which their souls can repose in peace? Would you deprive the dying of their only source of consolation? Would you rob the world of its richest treasure? Would you let loose the floodgates of every vice, and bring back upon the earth the horrors of superstition or the atrocities of atheism? Then endeavor to subvert the gospel; throw around you the firebrands of infidelity; laugh at religion, and make a mock of futurity; but be assured that for all these things God will bring you into judgment.¹

¹ In Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit," vol. iii., may be found two very interesting letters upon the character, the learning, the pulpit-eloquence, and the personal manners and habits of Dr. Alexander,—one by John Hall, D.D., and the other by Henry A. Boardman, D.D.

Two of Dr. Alexander's sons are highly distinguished as scholars as well as theologians. Rev. James Waddel Alexander, D.D., pastor of a Presbyterian church in New York, has published a Life of his father; *Consolation, in Discourses on Select Topics; American Mechanic and Working-Man; The Merchant's Clerk Cheered and Counselling; Plain Words to a Young Communicant; American Sunday-School and its Adjuncts*. Rev. Joseph Addison Alexander, Professor in the Theological Seminary in Princeton, has published *Critical Commentaries on Isaiah*, 2 vols.; *Acts of the Apostles Explained; The Psalms, Translated and Explained*, 3 vols. They both have been frequent contributors to that able religious quarterly, "The Biblical Repository and Princeton Review," which was begun by Professor Hodge in 1825, and has continued mostly under his direction to the present time, (1859.)

WILLIAM WIRT, 1772—1834.

WILLIAM WIRT, the son of Jacob and Henrietta Wirt, was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, on the 8th of November, 1772. His father died when he was an infant, and his mother when he was but eight years old.¹ An orphan at this tender age, he passed into the family and under the guardianship of his uncle, Jasper Wirt, who resided near the same village. His uncle and aunt did all they could to supply the place of the father and mother, and sent him to a classical school in Georgetown, taught by a Mr. Dent. At the age of eleven, he was removed to a flourishing school kept by the Rev. James Hunt, in Montgomery County, Maryland, where he received the principal part of his education; having learned as much of the Latin and Greek classics as was then taught in grammar-schools.

In the spring of 1790, he entered upon the study of law, at Montgomery Court-House, with Mr. William P. Hunt, the son of his old preceptor; and in 1792 commenced practice at Culpepper Court-House, in Virginia, at the age of twenty years. In a year or two his business had considerably extended, and in 1795 he married the eldest daughter of Dr. George Gilmer, a distinguished physician, and took up his residence at Pon Park, the seat of his father-in-law, near Charlottesville, where he formed the acquaintance of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and other persons of celebrity. In 1799, his wife died. In 1800, his friends urged him to allow himself to be nominated as clerk to the House of Delegates. He was elected; and after having performed the duties of this office two years, he was, in 1802, appointed Chancellor of the Eastern District of Virginia, and took up his residence at Williamsburg. In the same year, he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Colonel Gamble, of Richmond,² with whom he enjoyed, through life,

¹ Mr. Wirt's father was a Swiss, his mother a German; and his face and figure clearly showed his connection with the German race.

Read an excellent biographical sketch, by Peter Hoffman Cruse, of Baltimore, prefixed to an edition of "The British Spy" published by the Harpers in 1832. But the best life of Mr. Wirt is by John P. Kennedy, Esq., of Baltimore. Mr. Kennedy was born in Baltimore in 1795, graduated at Baltimore College in 1812, and was admitted to the bar in 1816. He has been a most successful lawyer, an eminent politician, (having been twice elected to the House of Delegates in Maryland, and twice to our National Congress,) and an author of much eminence in fictitious literature. His principal works are, "Swallow Barn," published in 1832; "Horse-Shoe Robinson," 1835; "Rob of the Bowl," 1838. But the work by which he will be best known is his *Life of Wirt*,—an admirably-written piece of biography, by which he has associated his own name imperishably with that of his illustrious friend.

² "Of all the fortunate incidents in the life of William Wirt, his marriage with this lady may be accounted the most auspicious. During the long term of their wedlock, distinguished for its happy influence upon the fortunes of both, her admirable virtues in the character of wife and mother, her tender affection and watchful solicitude in every thing that interested his domestic regard, and in all that concerned his public repute, commanded from him a devotion which, to the last moment of his life, glowed with an ardor that might almost be called romantic."—*Kennedy's Life*.

Mrs. Wirt died at Annapolis, Md., at the house of her daughter Elizabeth, (Mrs. Goldsborough,) January 24, 1857, in the seventy-fourth year of her age.

the greatest domestic happiness. She united to every virtue of the wife and the mother, literary attainments of no ordinary character.¹

At the close of the year 1803, Mr. Wirt removed to Norfolk, and entered upon the assiduous practice of his profession. Just before this, he wrote the celebrated letters published in the "Richmond Argus" under the title of *The British Spy*, which were afterwards collected into a small volume, and have passed through numerous editions. In 1806, he took up his residence at Richmond, believing that he could there find a wider and more lucrative professional field; and in this city he remained till his appointment to the Attorney-Generalship of the United States. In the next year, he greatly distinguished himself in the trial of Aaron Burr for high treason. Few trials in any country ever excited a greater sensation than this, both from the nature of the accusation and the eminent talents and political station of the accused. Mr. Wirt's speech, occupying four hours, was distinguished for its fine fancy, polished wit, keen repartee, elegant and apposite illustration, and logical reasoning, and placed him at once in the rank of the very first advocates in the country.

In 1808, he was elected a member of the Virginia House of Delegates for the city of Richmond. It was the first as well as the last time he ever sat in any legislative body, as he preferred the more congenial pursuits of his profession. In 1812, he wrote the greater part of a series of essays originally published in the "Richmond Enquirer" under the title of *The Old Bachelor*, which have since, in a collective form, passed through several editions.² *The Life of Patrick Henry*, the largest of his literary productions, was first published in 1817.

In 1816, he was appointed by Mr. Madison the United States Attorney for the District of Virginia. In 1817, he removed to Washington, having been appointed by Mr. Monroe Attorney-General of the United States, a post which he occupied with high reputation till 1828. In the latter part of this year, he removed to Baltimore, where he resided for the rest of his life. Previous to this, in October, 1826, he pronounced a discourse on the lives and character of Adams and Jefferson, one of the best of his literary efforts, and worthy of the impressive occasion on which it was delivered. In 1830, he delivered an address before one of the

¹ One proof of her extensive reading, as well as of her delicate taste, is the work she published in 1829, entitled "Flora's Dictionary; by a Lady." As far as my knowledge goes, it was the first of the kind published in our country, and I think it has never been excelled by any of its numerous competitors. The poetical selections are very tasteful and apposite, and are enriched here and there by original contributions from poetical friends.

² "Wirt's papers in the 'Old Bachelor' are undoubtedly the best of all his literary compositions; and in the perusal of them we are constantly led to repeat our regrets that one so endowed with the most valuable and pleasant gifts of authorship had not been favored by fortune with more leisure and opportunity for the cultivation and employment of a talent so auspicious to his own fame, and so well adapted to benefit his country."—*Kennedy's Life*.

The "Old Bachelor" reached thirty-three numbers. It is a series of didactic and ethical essays, put together somewhat after the manner of the *Spectator*. In the *dramatis personæ*, the chief part is borne by Dr. Cecil, written by Wirt himself, and engrossing much the largest share of the whole. The other contributors were Dabney Carr, Judge Tucker, George Tucker, Dr. Frank Carr, and R. E. Parker.

literary societies of Rutgers College;¹ and in 1831 the Anti-Masonic Convention that assembled in Baltimore nominated him as their candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Though he obtained but the vote of a single State, Vermont, it was generally felt that the election of such a man would be an honor to the country.

Mr. Wirt was engaged in a cause which was to come before the Supreme Court on Monday, February 10, 1834. The evening before, he felt unwell, and the next day he was confined to his room. On Wednesday he was much worse, and his disease was pronounced to be erysipelas. On Saturday all hopes of his life were given up. About noon on Monday, consciousness had returned, and he had power to speak a few words. Nature had made a last effort to enable him to take leave of his family and friends, to give them assurance that he died in Christian hope, and to join with them in prayer to God. During the last eighteen hours, he was tranquil as a child; and at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, February 18, he breathed his last, leaving a nation to mourn his loss.

As a public and professional man, Mr. Wirt may be ranked among the first men of our country; and in all the relations of private life, as a man and a Christian, he was most exemplary. In person he was strikingly elegant and commanding, with a face of the first order of masculine beauty, animated, and expressing high intellect. His voice was clear and musical, and gave a fascinating power to his eloquence. If to these attractions we add a diction of great force, parity, variety, and splendor, a wit prompt, pure, and brilliant, and an imagination both vivid and playful, we have some idea of the character of the man who was the charm of every social circle, and who was regarded by all who knew him with singular affection and veneration.²

THE BLIND PREACHER.³

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having

¹ This admirable address has been republished in England, and also in France and Germany.

² I trust I shall be pardoned for introducing an anecdote of a personal character, to show Mr. Wirt's estimation of the educational profession. I had seen him two or three times at his house in Washington, before he removed to Baltimore, in 1828; and a few days after he had settled in that city he called at my school, to place his three boys under my care. On taking leave of me, he most cordially invited me to visit his family at all times, concluding with this remark:—"There are three persons, Mr. Cleveland, to whom my house is always open, and with whom I wish to be on intimate terms of friendship and social intercourse,—my clergyman, the teacher of my children, and my physician." Accepting his cordial invitation, I had every opportunity of observing his character in private and social intercourse; and I can truly say that it fell short in nothing that the most ardent admirer of his talents, eloquence, and public character could desire. How few parents, comparatively, have such a right sense of what is due to the teacher of their children, or indeed any just appreciation of the moral dignity of the educational profession!

³ The "Blind Preacher," thus described by Mr. Wirt in 1803, was the Rev. James Waddel, born in Ireland in 1739, and brought here in his infancy by his parents, who settled in Delaware County, Pennsylvania. He became a fine classical scholar,

frequently seen such objects before in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human, solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring,

and first concluded to devote his life to teaching. But, his views undergoing a change, he determined to enter the ministry, and he was licensed in 1761, and settled over a Presbyterian church in Lancaster County. In 1776, he removed to Virginia; and, his salary being small, he received some pupils for classical instruction in his own house. He resided in Louisa County for twenty years, and died there. He lost his eyesight the latter part of his life. Patrick Henry pronounced him the greatest orator he ever heard. The late Dr. Archibald Alexander married one of his daughters, and hence the middle name of the Rev. James Waddel Alexander, D.D., of New York. To the latter Mr. Wirt stated, in 1830, that, so far from having colored too highly the picture of his eloquence, he had fallen below the truth.

frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious, standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau:—"Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and, slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher," then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice,—“but

Jesus Christ, like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

British Spy.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.¹

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him;" and the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls "the small, sweet courtesies of life,"—those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little, kind acts of attention,—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life and to your sex its sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum-total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the Upas-tree around you, and in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the kindly juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feeling and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it, and, if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no farther effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter: it flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you!

COMMON SENSE.²

Common sense is a much rarer quality than genius. This may sound to you a little paradoxical at first, but you will find it true; for common sense is not, as superficial thinkers are apt to suppose, a mere negative faculty: it is a *positive faculty*, and one of the highest power. It is this faculty that instructs us when to

¹ From a letter to his daughter Laura.

² From a letter to his daughter Elizabeth.

speak, when to be silent, when to act, when to be still; and, moreover, it teaches us *what to speak* and *what to suppress*, *what to do* and *what to forbear*. Now, pause a moment to reflect on the number of faculties which must be combined to constitute this common sense: a rapid and profound foresight to calculate the consequences of what is to be said or done, a rapid circumspection and extensive comprehension so as to be sure of taking in all the circumstances which belong to the case and missing no figure in this arithmetic of the mind, and an accuracy of decision which must be as quick as lightning, so as not to let the occasion slip. See what a knowledge of life, either by experience or intuition, and what a happy constitutional poise between the passions and the reason, or what a powerful self-command all enter into the composition of that little, demure, quiet, unadmired, and almost despised thing called common sense. It pretends to no brilliancy, for it possesses none; it has no ostentation, for it has nothing to show that the world admires. The powerful and constant action of the intellect, which makes its nature, is unobserved even by the proprietor; for every thing is done with intuitive ease, with a sort of unconscious felicity. See, then, the quick and piercing sagacity, the prophetic penetration, the wide comprehension, and the prompt and accurate judgment, which combine to constitute common sense, which is as inestimably valuable as the solar light and as little thought of.

BURR AND BLANNERHASSET.¹

Let us put the case between Burr and Blannerhasset. Let us compare the two men and settle this question of precedence between them. It may save a good deal of troublesome ceremony hereafter.

Who Aaron Burr is, we have seen in part already. I will add that, beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the main-spring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurements which he can contrive, men of all ranks and descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank and titles and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses he presents the object adapted to his taste. His recruiting-officers are appointed. Men are engaged throughout the continent. Civil life is, indeed, quiet upon its surface,

¹ Read an interesting article in the "North American Review," (lxxii. 112, July, 1851,) upon the Life and Character of Blannerhasset.

but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which, with the slightest touch of his match, produce an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and, in the autumn of 1806, he goes forth for the last time to apply this match. On this occasion he meets with Blannerhasset.

Who is Blannerhasset? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind; if it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blannerhasset's character, that, on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our Western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and, lo! the desert smiled. Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shennstone might have envied blooms around him. Music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhasset, found but little difficulty in changing

the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage,—a daring and desperate thirst for glory, an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene: it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain: he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music: it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel-smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another,—this man, thus ruined and undone and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason,—this man is to be called the principal offender, while *he* by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent,—a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and, having already ruined Blannerhasset in fortune, character, and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

EVERY ONE THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.

Allow me, young gentlemen, to impress upon your minds this truth:—*the education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly his own work.* You must be awakened to the

important truth that, if you aspire to excellence, you must become active and vigorous co-operators with your teachers, and work out your own distinction with an ardor that cannot be quenched, a perseverance that considers nothing done while any thing yet remains to be done. Rely upon it that the ancients were right,—*Quisque suæ fortunæ faber*: both in morals and intellect we give their final shape to our own characters, and thus become emphatically the architects of our fortunes. How else should it happen that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the walls of the same school—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you shall observe the *mediocre* plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family and a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly, their own. *They* are the architects of their respective fortunes. And of this be assured,—I speak from observation a certain truth,—*There is no excellence without great labor*. It is the *fiat* of Fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius unexerted is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. It is the capacity for high and long-continued exertion, the vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, the careering and wide-sweeping comprehension of mind, and those long reaches of thought that

“—— pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks.”

This is the prowess and these the hardy achievements which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

But how are you to gain the nerve and the courage for enterprises of this pith and moment? I will tell you. As Milo gained that strength which astounded Greece,—*by your own self-discipline*. You have it in your power, indeed, to make yourselves just what you please; and of the truth of this hypothesis, to an extent quite incredible to yourselves at this time, observation and experience leave no doubt in my own mind. You may, if you please, become literary fops and dandies, and acquire the

affected lisp and drawling nonchalance of the London cockney, or you may learn to wield the Herculean club of Dr. Johnson. You may skim the surface of science, or fathom its depths. You may become florid declaimers or cloud-compelling reasoners. You may dwindle into political ephemera, or plume your wings for immortality with Franklin, Hamilton, Jay, Jefferson, the Adamses, and a host of living worthies. You may become dissolute voluptuaries and debauchees, and perish in disgrace, or you may climb the steepes of glory, and have your names given, by the trumpet of Fame, to the four quarters of the globe. In short, you may become a disgrace and a reproach to this institution, or her proudest boast and honor; you may make yourselves the shame or the ornament of your families, and a curse or a blessing to your country.¹

Address at Rutgers College, 1880.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, 1773—1811.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, son of the Hon. R. Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Taunton, Massachusetts, December 9, 1773. He entered Harvard College in 1788, and graduated with high honor in 1792, delivering an English poem on *The Nature and Progress of Liberty*. For some years after, he had no fixed employment, but sustained himself chiefly by his pen, writing prologues for the theatre, and poems and editorials for the newspapers. In June, 1798, at the request of the "Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society," soon to celebrate its anniversary, he wrote his celebrated political song of *Adams and Liberty*. Political excitement ran very high at the time; for, as the French, whom the anti-Federalists of the day much favored, had behaved towards us in a very insulting manner, it was thought by many that a war would result. But happily this was averted by the firmness of President Adams, whose course Washington himself so much approved, that he consented, if it should become necessary, once more to take the command of the army.

In 1799, Paine entered the law-office of Judge Parsons, at Newburyport, and in 1802 was admitted to the bar; but, though for a short time he gave promise of

¹ "We have remarked of Wirt that his life is peculiarly fraught with materials for the edification of youth. His career is full of wholesome teaching to the young votary who strives for the renown of an honorable ambition. Its difficulties and impediments, its temptations and trials, its triumphs over many obstacles, its rewards, both in the self-approving judgment of his own heart and in the success won by patient labor and well-directed study, and the final consummation of his hopes, in an old age not less adorned by the applause of good men than by the serene and cheerful temper inspired by a devout Christian faith,—all these present a type of human progress worthy of the imitation of the young and gifted, in which they may find the most powerful incentives towards the accomplishment of the noblest ends of a generous love of fame."—*Kennedy's Life*.

great eminence in his profession, he soon relaxed into his former indolent habits, living from year to year on a very precarious support, and died on the 11th of November, 1811, leaving a wife and two children entirely destitute. His father, however, took them to his house, and made liberal provision for them. His works in prose and verse were collected, two years after his death, in one octavo volume of 464 pages, and were highly lauded at the time. Of all his writings, however, none are now read but his celebrated political song of

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstain'd from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended.

'Mid the reign of mild Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd,
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And barter'd their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And Society's base threats with wide dissolution,
May Peace, like the dove who return'd from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.
For though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

'Tis the fire of the flint, each American warms;
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision,
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
While with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak ;
 Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourish'd ;
 But long e'er our nation submits to the yoke,
 Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourish'd.
 Should invasion impend,
 Every grove would descend
 From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend.
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm ;
 Lest our Liberty's growth should be check'd by corrosion ;
 Then let clouds thicken round us ; we heed not the storm ;
 Our realm fears no shock but the earth's own explosion.
 Foes assail us in vain,
 Though their fleets bridge the main,
 For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Should the Tempest of War overshadow our land,
 Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder ;
 For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,¹
 And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder !
 His sword from the sleep
 Of its scabbard would leap,
 And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep !
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice ;
 No intrigues can her sons from their government sever ;
 Her pride is her Adams ; her laws are his choice,
 And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers forever.
 Then unite heart and hand,
 Like Leonidas' band,
 And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
 That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN, 1774—1839.

JOHN SULLIVAN, a gentleman of liberal education and of cultivated manners, came to this country from Ireland about the year 1730, and settled in Berwick, Maine. He left two sons, George and James. James entered the legal profession, and became Governor of Massachusetts. He died in 1808, leaving five sons and

¹ The following anecdote is related of this ode :—Paine had written all he intended, and, being at the house of Major Russell, the editor of the "Boston Centinel," showed him the verses. They were highly approved, but pronounced imperfect, as the name of Washington was omitted. Paine was just then on the point of helping himself to some of the drinks upon the sideboard, when Major Russell pleasantly interposed, and said that he must take nothing till he had written a stanza introducing the name of Washington. Paine walked back and forth a few minutes, when he suddenly called for a pen, and immediately wrote this brilliant stanza, second to none in the ode.

one daughter. The second of these sons, William, the subject of this notice, was born at Saco, Maine, on the 12th of November, 1774, graduated at Harvard in 1792, and was admitted to the bar in 1795. He devoted himself assiduously to his profession, and became eminently successful in it, enjoying, from his unsullied purity and integrity of character, the highest confidence of his fellow-citizens.

About the time of his entering upon his professional career, the country was divided into two great political parties,—the “*Federalists*” and the “*Republicans*,”—whose zeal for their respective causes engendered the bitterest feelings of animosity. Mr. Sullivan early took sides with the Federalists, became a prominent member of the party, and was consequently brought in contact with all its leading and best men. He early visited Philadelphia, and enjoyed the friendship of Washington and many others who subsequently rose to the highest distinction in the country.

Though for many years Mr. Sullivan’s time was much engrossed by his professional duties, he never gave up entirely his literary pursuits; and so strong was his attachment to letters, that during the last ten years of his life he declined all professional engagements, devoting himself, with great ardor, from twelve to fourteen hours daily, to studies chiefly pertaining to history and moral philosophy. But his intense application without sufficient exercise undermined his constitution, and he died on the 3d of September, 1839, aged sixty-four years.

Mr. Sullivan’s publications, besides his occasional Addresses and Essays, were,—
 1. *The Political Class-Book: intended to instruct the Higher Classes in Schools in the Origin, Nature, and Use of Political Power*: 2. *The Moral Class-Book, or the Law of Morals*: 3. *Historical Class-Book*; containing sketches of ancient history to the end of the Western Roman Empire, 476 A.D.: 4. *Historical Causes and Effects from the Fall of the Roman Empire, 476, to the Reformation, 1517*. These are all admirable works for schools, full of sound instruction, and pervaded by a pure moral tone that cannot fail to exert a happy influence on the youthful mind. But the work most likely to perpetuate his name is the volume entitled *The Public Men of the Revolution; including Events from the Peace of 1783 to the Peace of 1815: in a Series of Letters*. This is a work which all should read who desire an accurate acquaintance with these eventful times, and to learn those stern facts which too many of our historians, for the sake of popularity, have cautiously avoided.

THE “FEDERALISTS.”

The intelligent and honest men who hazarded their lives in the field, or councils, or in both, to free this country from the monarchy and tyranny of Great Britain; the men who united to form for thirteen free, sovereign, and independent States an elective, national, republican government; the men who thus resisted English monarchy and tyranny, and who thus formed this republican and national union, were **FEDERALISTS**.

The President of the convention which framed this constitution must have been well informed, by the discussions which he heard,

of the true meaning and practical application of every sentence and phrase in that instrument. He was the first President of the United States, selected to execute the powers which that instrument conferred. The Senate and House of Representatives were composed of men, many of whom had been zealous patriots throughout the Revolutionary struggle, and most of whom had been members of the national or state conventions, or who were otherwise informed of the true meaning and intent of the constitution. The first Vice-President was a man who had devoted himself to the cause of the Revolution, and who may be said to have stood second to no one in efforts, as a civilian, to free the country from foreign dominion, and to enable it to govern itself as a republic. The President, the Vice-President, and a large majority of both branches of Congress, were **FEDERALISTS**.

This new form of government was organized. All the various powers delegated by the constitution were defined by wise laws, and carried into effect. The whole country arose, almost miraculously, from a state of confusion, despondency, idleness, and imminent peril, to one of peace, confidence, industry, security, and unexampled prosperity. The wreck and ruin which the Revolutionary struggle brought on, both of private and public credit, disappeared; and all the benefits, which those who led the country through the Revolution had desired or imagined, were fully realized. The people of the United States, in their new and flourishing republic, took their place among the nations of the earth. This was the achievement of **FEDERALISTS**.

In the first twelve years of the national administration, the wars of Europe hazarded the peace of the United States. The aggressions of the belligerents, the insolent and seductive character of French enthusiasm, secret combinations, and claims for gratitude (to revolutionary France) called for all the firmness, wisdom, and personal influence of **WASHINGTON**, and for the best exertions of his political associates, to save the United States from the loss of all the benefits which had been acquired by previous toils and sacrifices. Compensation for wrongs was amicably made by one of the belligerents, and a treaty, highly beneficial and honorable, was negotiated and ratified. With another, peace and compensation were sought, and insolently denied; all connection by treaty was annulled; the attitude of war was assumed; and then the rights of the country were immediately recognised even by fraudulent and unprincipled France. The prosperity of the country and the benefits of enriching neutrality were secured, amidst all the desolating conflicts of Europe. This was the work of **FEDERALISTS**.

THE WASHINGTON ADMINISTRATION.

In the discretionary exercise of executive power, the Washington administration was wise and tolerant. In filling offices, the President preferred, when he could, the Revolutionary chiefs, of whose integrity and ability he had ample proofs. No one will say that such men did not deserve the honors and emoluments of office, which their own perilous efforts helped to establish. He did not, like some of his successors, *profess to ask*: Is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the constitution? He appointed men that were so. He displaced no man for the expression of his opinions, even in the feverish excitement of French delusion.

With regard to all other foreign governments,—the judiciary; the national bank; the Indian tribes; the mint; in his deportment to his own ministers; his communications to Congress; his construction of the constitution; his sacred regard for it; his devotion to the whole Union; his magnanimity and forbearance; his personal dignity;—in all these, and in relation to all other subjects, how great and honorable was his example, how transcendently above all praise that man can bestow! And yet how utterly have his views and his example been disregarded within these thirty years!

August, 1833.

LYMAN BEECHER.

THIS venerable and eloquent clergyman was born at New Haven, on the 12th of October, 1775. After going through the usual course of preparatory studies, he entered Yale College, and, after graduating, he studied divinity under Dr. Dwight. He entered the ministry in 1798, and in the following year was settled at East Hampton, Long Island. Here, in 1806, (two years after Hamilton was killed by Burr,) he preached that admirable sermon, entitled *Remedy for Duelling*, which, had he published nothing else, is enough to preserve his name to posterity.¹ In 1810, he took charge of the First Congregational Church in Litchfield, Connecticut, where he remained about sixteen years, and preached with great success, exerting, as such a mind of course must, a commanding influence upon his ministerial brethren, and the church at large.² During this period, he assisted in the establishment of the Connecticut Missionary Society, the Connecticut Education Society, the American Bible Society, and other associations of a similar character. In 1826, he accepted the call to the Hanover Street Church, Boston, where

¹ While at East Hampton, he published three other discourses,—*The History of East Hampton*; *The Government of God Desirable*; and a *Funeral Sermon*.

² While at Litchfield, he published sermons on the *Reformation of Morals*; *Building up of Waste Places*; *A Funeral Discourse*; *The Bible a Code of Laws*; *The Faith once Delivered to the Saints*; *The Designs, Rights, and Duties of Local Churches*; and *The Means of National Prosperity*.

his labors for two or three years were most arduous and unremitted in the cause of religion, and the revival of the early Puritan faith, in that great literary and commercial city. Among other labors, he assisted in establishing *The Spirit of the Pilgrims*, (a monthly religious journal,) and preached, and prepared for the press, *Six Sermons on the Nature, Occasions, Signs, Evils, and Remedy of Intemperance*,¹ of the power and eloquence of which it is enough to say that, notwithstanding all that has been written and published since on this great theme, these sermons yet remain unrivalled.² In 1832, he was called to the Presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati; and for ten years, in conjunction with his academic duties, he sustained the pastoral care of the Second Presbyterian Church in that city. He resigned the pastoral office in 1844, and the Presidency of the Seminary in 1847, and returned to Boston in 1850, where he now resides. Such is the brief chronological outline of Dr. Beecher's life.³

Dr. Beecher's chief publications consist of sermons and addresses, and a work on *Political Atheism*. A collection of his writings, in four compact duodecimo volumes, was published in Boston, in 1852.

THE SIN OF TRAFFICKING IN ARDENT SPIRITS.

Has not God connected with all lawful avocations the welfare of the life that now is, and of that which is to come? And can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes; which

¹ It has been well said: "Had Dr. Beecher no other distinction, his connection with the great moral movement of our age—the Temperance Reform (of which he may be considered one of the founders, if not the founder)—would entitle him to an enviable eminence in the history of his times."

² The following racy criticism upon Dr. Beecher's writings appeared in the "Bibliotheca Sacra," 1852:—"His mind is thoroughly of the New England stamp; and, whatever subject it touches, its constant struggle is for *definiteness, clearness, and utility*. Beautiful tropes which adorn nothingness and cover up emptiness,—fine language which would express a thought handsomely, if there were any thought there to be expressed by it,—for such things as these you will look in vain among Dr. Beecher's works. In his style there is conciseness and pungency, brilliancy and vigor, clearness and sharpness, rhetoric and logic, in remarkable combination."

³ In the progress of his life, he writes:—"I have laid no plans of my own, but simply consecrated myself to Christ and his cause, confiding in his guidance and preservation; and meeting, as I might be able, such exigencies as his providence placed before me, which has always kept my head, hands, and heart full."—*Brief Memoirs of the Class 1797, of Yale College*.

"He has devoted his long life, with prodigious activity and vigor, to the promotion of religion, learning, and the larger humanities of life. As a preacher he was very effective, possessing surpassing powers of statement, illustration, and argument."—*Goodrich's Recollections*.

Of the many anecdotes illustrative of his ready wit, the following is told. Going home one evening, with a volume of "Rees's Encyclopædia" under his arm, a skunk crossed his path, when the Doctor quickly threw the book at him. Upon this the animal retorted, and with such effect that he reached home in a very sorry plight. Some time after, he was assailed, rather abusively, by a controversialist, and a friend advised the Doctor to reply. "No," said he, "I once discharged a quarto at a skunk, and I got the worst of it, and I do not wish to try it again."

peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with the victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appall the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every dwelling built by blood the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house? and who would dwell in it? What if, in every part of the dwelling,—from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers,—babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings, were heard day and night? What if the cold blood oozed out, and stood in drops upon the walls; and, by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance should stand upon the walls in horrid sculpture, within and without the building! who would rear such a building? What if at eventide, and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane; following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce; walking upon the waves; flitting athwart the deck; sitting upon the rigging, and sending up, from the hold within and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings! Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?

APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

Could I call around me in one vast assembly the temperate young men of our land, I would say,—Hopes of the nation, blessed be ye of the Lord now in the dew of your youth. But look well to your footsteps; for vipers, and scorpions, and adders surround your way. Look at the generation who have just preceded you: the morning of their life was cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own; but behold them bitten, swollen, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and vicious, with halting step dragging onward to meet an early grave! Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set never to rise. No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, and to harder and harder fare, as improvidence dries up their resources. And now, who are those that wait on their footsteps with muffled faces and sable garments? That is a father—and that is a mother—whose gray hairs are coming with sorrow to the grave. That is a sister, weeping over evils which she cannot arrest; and there is the broken-hearted wife; and there are the children, hapless innocents, for whom their father has provided the inheritance only of dishonor, and nakedness, and woe. And

is this, beloved young men, the history of your course? In this scene of desolation, do you behold the image of your future selves? Is this the poverty and disease which, as an armed man, shall take hold on you? And are your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and children, to succeed to those who now move on in this mournful procession, weeping as they go? Yes: bright as your morning now opens, and high as your hopes beat, this is your noon, and your night, unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds, and of thick darkness. If you frequent places of evening resort for social drinking; if you set out with drinking, daily, a little, temperately, prudently, it is yourselves which, as in a glass, you behold.

THE DUELLIST UNFIT FOR OFFICE.

And now, let me ask you solemnly,—with these considerations in view, will you persist in your attachment to these guilty men? Will you any longer, either deliberately or thoughtlessly, vote for them? Will you renounce allegiance to your Maker, and cast the Bible behind your back? Will you confide in men void of the fear of God and destitute of moral principle? Will you intrust *life* to MURDERERS, and *liberty* to DESPOTS? Are you patriots, and will you constitute those legislators who despise you, and despise equal laws, and wage war with the eternal principles of justice? Are you Christians, and, by upholding duellists, will you deluge the land with blood, and fill it with widows and with orphans? Will you aid in the prostration of justice, in the escape of criminals, in the extinction of liberty? Will you place in the chair of state, in the senate, or on the bench of justice, men who, if able, would murder you for speaking truth? Shall your elections turn on expert shooting, and your deliberative bodies become an host of armed men? Will you destroy public morality by tolerating, yea, by rewarding, the most infamous crimes? Will you teach your children that there is no guilt in murder? Will you instruct them to think lightly of duelling, and train them up to destroy or be destroyed in the bloody field? Will you bestow your suffrage, when you know that by withholding it you may arrest this deadly evil; when this, too, is the only way in which it can be done, and when the present is perhaps the only period in which resistance can avail; when the remedy is so easy, so entirely in your power; and when God, if you do not punish these guilty men, will most inevitably punish you?

Had you beheld a dying father conveyed bleeding and agonizing to his distracted family, had you heard their piercing shrieks and witnessed their frantic agony, would you reward the savage man

who had plunged them in distress? Had the duellist destroyed your neighbor; had your own father been killed by the man who solicits your suffrage; had your son, laid low by his hand, been brought to your door pale in death and weltering in blood; would you then think the crime a small one? Would you honor with your confidence, and elevate to power by your vote, the guilty monster? And what would you think of your neighbors if, regardless of your agony, they should reward him? And yet such scenes of unutterable anguish are multiplied every year. Every year the duellist is cutting down the neighbor of somebody. Every year, and many times in the year, a father is brought dead or dying to his family, or a son laid breathless at the feet of his parents; and every year you are patronizing by your votes the men who commit these crimes, and looking with cold indifference upon, and even mocking, the sorrows of your neighbour. Beware, —I admonish you to beware, and especially such of you as have promising sons preparing for active life, lest, having no feeling for the sorrows of another, you be called to weep for your own sorrow; lest your sons fall by the hands of the very murderer for whom you vote, or by the hand of some one whom his example has trained to the work of blood.

THE EAST AND THE WEST ONE.

What will become of the West if her prosperity rushes up to such a majesty of power, while those great institutions of learning and religion linger which are necessary to form the mind, and the conscience, and the heart of that vast world? It must not be permitted. And yet what is done must be done quickly; for population will not wait, and commerce will not cast anchor, and manufactures will not shut off the steam nor shut down the gate, and agriculture, pushed by millions of freemen on their fertile soil, will not withhold her corrupting abundance.

We must educate! we must educate! or we must perish by our own prosperity. If we do not, short from the cradle to the grave will be our race. If, in our haste to be rich and mighty, we outrun our literary and religious institutions, they will never overtake us, or only come up after the battle of liberty is fought and lost, as spoils to grace the victory, and as resources of inexorable despotism for the perpetuity of our bondage. And let no man at the East quiet himself and dream of liberty whatever may become of the West. Our alliance of blood, and political institutions, and common interests, is such that we cannot stand aloof in the hour of her calamity, should it ever come. Her destiny is our destiny; and the day that her gallant ship goes down, our little boat sinks in the vortex!

I would add, as a motive to immediate action, that if we do fail in our great experiment of self-government, our destruction will be as signal as the birthright abandoned, the mercies abused, and the provocation offered to beneficent Heaven. The descent of desolation will correspond with the past elevation. No punishments of Heaven are so severe as those for mercies abused; and no instrumentality employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the wrath of man. No spasms are like the spasms of expiring liberty, and no wailings such as her convulsions extort. It took Rome three hundred years to die; and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given to us more bone and sinew and vitality. May God hide me from the day when the dying agonies of my country shall begin! O thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and common interest, and perils, live forever,—one and undivided!

Plea for the West, 1835.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

It is now¹ more than half a century since James Kirke Paulding made his first appearance as an author. He is of the old Dutch stock, and was born in Pleasant Valley, a town in Dutchess County, New York, on the 22d of August, 1778. All the advantages of education which he had were such only as a country school could afford; and at about the age of eighteen, through the assistance of one of his brothers, he obtained a place in a public office in New York City. His sister had married Peter Irving, a merchant of high character, who was afterwards a representative to Congress, and through him he became acquainted with his younger brother, Washington Irving, with whom he contracted an intimate friendship. This resulted in the publication, in 1807, of a series of papers, written sometimes by one and sometimes by the other, and sometimes jointly by both, called *Salmagundi*,²—the principal object of which was to satirize the follies of fashionable life. Contrary to the expectation of the authors, it became very popular, and had a wide circulation, though at this day most of its wit and satire is little appreciated.

The success of this work probably decided the authors to a literary life, who, however, in future pursued their avocations separately. In 1817, Mr. Paulding published the *Lay of a Scotch Fiddle*, a satirical poem, and *Jokely*, a burlesque of "Rokeby," in six cantos; and the next year, a prose pamphlet entitled *The United States and England*, which was called forth by a criticism in the "London Quarterly" on "Inchiquin's Letters," written by Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia.¹ In 1815, he passed part of the summer in a tour through Virginia,

¹ 1859.

² A word of French derivation, meaning a medley, a mixture of various ingredients.

³ See note on page 103 for an account of Inchiquin's Letters.

where he wrote and afterwards published his *Letters from the South*, containing sketches of scenery, manners, and character.¹ In 1816, he published *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, the most popular of his satires; in 1818, *The Backwoodsman*, a descriptive poem; in the next year, the second series of *Salmagundi*, of which he was the sole author; and in 1823, *Konigsmarke*, a novel founded on the history of the Swedish settlements on the Delaware, the title of which was afterwards changed to that of *Old Times in the New World*. In 1824 appeared *John Bull in America, or The New Munchausen*; in 1826, *Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham*; and, in the two following years, *The New Pilgrim's Progress*, and *The Tales of a Good Woman by a Doubtful Gentleman*. In 1831, he published his *Dutchman's Fireside*, the best of his novels. It is a domestic story of the Old French War, and the scene is laid among the sources of the Hudson and the borders of Lake Champlain. In the three following years appeared *Wentward Ho*, a novel founded on forest-life, the scenery of which is chiefly in Kentucky; *Life of Washington*; and *Slavery in the United States*.²

From 1837 to 1841, Mr. Paulding was at the head of the Navy Department of the United States, under the Van Buren administration; since which he has retired from public life, and now resides on the east bank of the Hudson, about eight miles above Poughkeepsie. In 1846, he published a new novel,—*The Old Continental*; and, in 1850, his last work,—*The Puritan's Daughter*, the scenery of which is laid partly in England and partly in the United States.

MURDERER'S CREEK.

Little more than a century ago, the beautiful region watered by this stream³ was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct or incorporated with some other savage nation of the West. Three or four hundred yards from where the stream discharges itself into the Hudson, a white family, of the name of Stacy, had established itself in a log house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacy had made himself useful by his skill in a variety of little arts highly estimated by the savages. In particular, a friendship subsisted between him and an old Indian, called Naoman, who often came to his house and partook of his hospitality. The Indians never forgive injuries nor forget benefits. The family consisted of Stacy, his wife, and two children, a boy and a girl, the former five, the latter three, years old.

¹ A large portion of Letter XI., upon slavery, which, with comments creditable to the author's humanity, pictures a distressing scene of a slave-gang,—men, women, and children,—chained together, and driven southward for a market, was suppressed in a second edition, a little before the time he was made Secretary of the Navy, under Van Buren.

² This book, which does little credit to the author, is now out of print; and I presume another edition will never be called for. How wide the difference between what is written for the times, to please a diseased, popular taste, and that which is written for universal, ever-enduring TRUTH!

³ In Orange County, New York.

One day, Naoman came to Stacy's log hut in his absence, lighted his pipe, and sat down. He looked very serious, sometimes sighed deeply, but said not a word. Stacy's wife asked him what was the matter,—if he was sick. He shook his head, sighed, but said nothing, and soon went away. The next day, he came again and behaved in the same manner. Stacy's wife began to think strange of this, and related it to her husband, who advised her to urge the old man to an explanation the next time he came. Accordingly, when he repeated his visit the day after, she was more importunate than usual. At last the old Indian said, "I am a red man, and the pale faces are our enemies: why should I speak?"—"But my husband and I are your friends: you have eaten salt with us a thousand times, and my children have sat on your knees as often. If you have any thing on your mind, tell it me."—"It will cost me my life if it is known, and the white-faced women are not good at keeping secrets," replied Naoman.—"Try me, and see."—"Will you swear by your Great Spirit that you will tell none but your husband?"—"I have none else to tell."—"But will you swear?"—"I do swear by our Great Spirit I will tell none but my husband."—"Not if my tribe should kill you for not telling?"—"Not if your tribe should kill me for not telling."

Naoman then proceeded to tell her that, owing to some encroachments of the white people below the mountains, his tribe had become irritated, and were resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach; that she must send for her husband, inform him of the danger, and, as secretly and speedily as possible, take their canoe and paddle with all haste over the river to Fishkill for safety. "Be quick, and do nothing that may excite suspicion," said Naoman, as he departed. The good wife sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing; told him the story, and, as no time was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat, which was unluckily filled with water. It took some time to clear it out, and, meanwhile, Stacy recollected his gun, which had been left behind. He proceeded to the house, and returned with it. All this took up considerable time, and precious time it proved to this poor family. The daily visits of old Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of the tribe, who had, accordingly, paid particular attention to the movements of Stacy. One of the young Indians, who had been kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take to the boat, ran to the little Indian village, about a mile off, and gave the alarm. Five Indians collected, ran down to the river, where their canoes were moored, jumped in, and paddled after Stacy, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained on him so fast that twice he dropped his paddle and took up his

gun. But his wife prevented his shooting by telling him that, if he fired and they were afterwards overtaken, they would meet with no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly refrained, and plied his paddle till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do: they were overtaken within a hundred yards from the shore, and carried back with shouts of yelling triumph.

When they got ashore, the Indians set fire to Stacy's house, and dragged himself, his wife and children, to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naoman among them, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief men of the council stated that some of the tribe had undoubtedly been guilty of treason, in apprizing Stacy, the white man, of the designs of the tribe, whereby they took the alarm and wellnigh escaped. He proposed to examine the prisoners, to learn who gave the information. The old men assented to this, and Naoman among the rest. Stacy was first interrogated by one of the old men, who spoke English and interpreted to the others. Stacy refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned; while, at the same moment, two Indians stood threatening the two children with tomahawks, in case she did not confess. She attempted to evade the truth, by declaring she had a dream the night before, which alarmed her, and that she had persuaded her husband to fly. "The Great Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to a white face," said the old Indian. "Woman, thou hast two tongues and two faces. Speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them, ready to execute their bloody orders.

"Wilt thou name," said the old Indian, "the red man who betrayed his tribe? I will ask thee three times." The mother answered not. "Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time." The poor mother looked at her husband and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands, and wept, but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor? 'Tis the third and last time." The agony of the mother waxed more bitter: again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless. A pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

"Stop," cried Naoman. All eyes were turned upon him. "Stop," repeated he, in a tone of authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. I am the traitor. I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire, shared the kindness, of these Christian white people, and it was I that told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branch-

less trunk Cut me down, if you will: I am ready." A yell of indignation sounded on all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank where he sat, shrouded his face with his mantle of skins, and submitted to his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman by a blow of the tomahawk.

But the sacrifice of Naoman and the firmness of the Christian white woman did not suffice to save the lives of the other victims. They perished,—how, it is needless to say; and the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the pleasant stream on whose banks they lived and died, which to this day is called Murderer's Creek.

QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON.

John Bull was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill-pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called *Bullock Island*. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small beer, and was in fact a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle-companion, and passably honest as times go.

But what tarnished all these qualities was a very quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of them; so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country-people his neighbors,—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The squire was as tight a hand to deal with in doors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters. One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan, who was familiarly called BROTHER JONATHAN, about whether churches ought to be called churches or meeting-houses, and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction, (I can't tell which,) fell into a great passion, and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle. So he went to some of his *doctors* and got them to draw up a prescription, made up of *thirty-nine different articles*, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan

swallow, and, finding he made villanous wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him like fury. After this, he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine-knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself in a boat and paddled over the mill-pond to some new lands to which the squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle them, and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But, being a lad of mettle, he took his axe on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and, clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors, and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into *thirteen good farms*; and, building himself a fine frame house, about half finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and, besides, was in great want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay swinging damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads,—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well to do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and, under different pretences, managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and, had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But, for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance, but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody that had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and swore he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone.

While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till at last one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan

started up in a furious passion, and threw the TEA-KETTLE at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged; and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and, before he would let him up, made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan forever.

WILLIAM TUDOR, 1779—1830.

THE family of Tudor is of Welsh origin. John, the first of the name in America, came to Boston early the last century. His son William, having graduated at Harvard College in 1769, commenced the practice of law in Boston, and married Delia Jarvis, a lady of refinement and of taste congenial with his own. Their son William, the subject of this biographical sketch, was born in Boston on the 28th of January, 1779, was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, in Andover, and graduated at Harvard in 1796. Being destined for commercial life, he entered the counting-room of John Codman; and when he was twenty-one, he was sent by him to Paris, as his confidential agent in a matter of great business interest. After being abroad nearly a year, he returned home, and soon after went to Leghorn on commercial business; visiting also France, Germany, and England, and returned to America, confirmed in his love of letters, which, amid all the turmoil of business, he ever continued to cherish. A few of his friends and associates had for some time contemplated the formation of a literary club: he entered warmly into their views, and soon the Anthology Society was formed, of which he was one of the most efficient as well as earliest members.¹

¹ The Monthly Anthology was begun by Mr. Phineas Adams, a graduate of Harvard, and then a schoolmaster in Boston. The first number, under the title of "The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review, edited by Sylvanus Per-se," was published in Boston by E. Lincoln, in November, 1803. At the end of six months, he gave it up to the Rev. William Emerson,* who induced two or three gentlemen to join with him in the care of the work, and thus laid the foundation of the Anthology Club. The club was regularly organized and governed by rules; the number of resident members varied from eight to sixteen. It was one of its rules that every member should write for the work, and nothing was published without the consent of the society. The club met once a week in the evening, and, after deciding on the merits of the manuscripts offered, partook of a plain supper, and enjoyed the full pleasure of a literary chat. The following were the members of the club, some for a short time only, others during the greater part

* Mr. Emerson was pastor of the "First Church" in Boston from 1799 to 1811. It was on his motion, in the Anthology Club, seconded by Wm. Smith Shaw, that the vote to establish a library of periodical publications was adopted; and this constituted the first step towards the establishment of the Boston Athenæum, whose library is now one of the best in the country. While this noble institution endures, it will perpetuate the memory of the "Anthology Club."

In the year 1805, Frederick Tudor, the brother of William, formed the plan of establishing a new branch of commerce, by the transportation of ice to the tropical climates. The plan was, of course, ridiculed by a large portion of the community; but he persevered. William was sent as his agent to the West Indies; and though many obstacles, as might be expected, were encountered, yet the perseverance of Frederick finally triumphed over all. He established the traffic, acquired in it great affluence, and created for his country an important branch of commerce, of which he was unquestionably the author and founder.

On his return from the West Indies, William Tudor rejoined the Anthology Club, was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Legislature for the town of Boston, and, at the request of its authorities, delivered an oration on the 4th of July, 1809. In 1810, he again went to Europe, in the employ of Stephen Higginson, Jr., an eminent Boston merchant, upon commercial business; but returned, the next year, to devote his time to pursuits more kindred to his genius. Indeed, general literature and the political relations of his country now became the chief objects of his attention; and to open a field for the discussion of these subjects, he formed, in 1814, the design of establishing the "North American Review," which still continues a noble monument of his industry, intellectual power, and varied learning. In May, 1815, it first made its appearance.¹ Mr. Tudor took upon

of its existence:—Rev. Drs. Gardiner, Kirkland, and McKean, Professor Sidney Willard, Rev. Messrs. Emerson, Buckminster, S. C. Thacher, and Tuckerman; Drs. Jackson, Warren, Gorham, and Bigelow; Messrs. W. S. Shaw, Wm. Tudor, Peter Thacher, Arthur M. Walter, Edmund T. Dana, Wm. Wells, R. H. Gardiner, B. Welles, J. Savage, J. Field, Winthrop Sargent, Thomas Gray, J. Stickney, Alex. H. Everett, J. Head, Jr., and George Ticknor. This work undoubtedly rendered great service to our literature, and aided in the diffusion of good taste in the community. It was one of the first efforts of regular criticism on American books, and it suffered few productions of the day to escape its notice. The writers, of course, received no pay: they worked in this field for the love of it; for the profits of the Review did not pay for their suppers.

¹The "North American Review" came out, under Mr. Tudor's editorship, in May, 1815. It was published at first every two months; and was thus continued to the twenty-first number, (inclusive,) which was the number for September, 1818. Three numbers constituted a volume: consequently, the first seven volumes are of the bi-monthly issue. With December, 1818, commenced the eighth volume with the quarterly issue. The tenth volume begins with January, 1820, and is called the first of the "new series," probably because it passed over December, in order that the volumes might thenceforth correspond with the years, there being two volumes in the same year. The following have been the editors of this ablest and oldest of American periodicals:—

William Tudor.....	from May, 1815, to March, 1817, inclusive,	4 vols.
Jared Sparks	" May, 1817, to March, 1818,	" 2 "
Edward T. Channing....	" May, 1818, to Sept., 1819,	" 3 "
Edward Everett.....	" Jan., 1820, to Oct., 1823,	" 8 "
Jared Sparks	" Jan., 1824, to April, 1830,	" 13 "
Alex. H. Everett.....	" July, 1830, to Oct., 1835,	" 11 "
John G. Palfrey.....	" Jan., 1836, to Oct., 1842,	" 14 "
Francis Bowen.....	" Jan., 1843, to Oct., 1853,	" 22 "
Andrew P. Peabody.....	" Jan., 1854, to Oct., 1858,	" 10 "

Total volumes to 1858, inclusive... 87

The Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, of Portsmouth, N. H., still continues the editorship of this review, of whom it is praise enough to say that he fully sustains its previous high reputation.

himself, avowedly, the character of editor, and sustained the work with little external aid. Of the first four volumes, three-fourths of the articles are known to be wholly from his pen.

In 1819, Mr. Tudor published *Letters on the Eastern States*; in 1821, a volume of *Miscellanies*; and in 1823, the *Life of James Otis*, a most instructive and interesting piece of biography, which may indeed be regarded as a history of the times. In the same year, he conceived the design of purchasing the summit of Bunker Hill, and erecting thereon a monument commemorative of the battle. Not having the means himself, he communicated his views to some wealthy friends, and the result was the organisation of the "Bunker Hill Monument Association."

In 1823, he was appointed Consul at Lima and the ports of Peru, the duties of which office he discharged with singular ability. There he remained till, in 1827, he received the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Rio Janeiro, where he died on the 9th of March, 1830, of a fever incident to the climate.

In William Tudor, the qualities of the gentleman and the man of business, of the scholar and the man of the world, were so manifestly and so happily blended, that, both in public conduct and private intercourse, his character commanded universal respect and confidence. And when we look at the part he took in sustaining the "Monthly Anthology," at a time when we hardly had any literature of our own, and subsequently as the founder of the "North American Review," and the chief writer of its earlier volumes, we must say that to no one is the cause of American literature more deeply indebted.¹

INFLUENCE OF FEMALES ON SOCIETY.

From an accurate account of the condition of women in any country, it would not be difficult to infer the whole state of society. So great is the influence they exercise on the character of men, that the latter will be elevated or degraded according to the situation of the weaker sex. Where women are slaves, as in Turkey, the men will be the same; where they are treated as moral beings, where their minds are cultivated, and they are considered equals, the state of society must be high, and the character of the men energetic and noble. There is so much quickness of comprehension, so much susceptibility of pure and generous emotion, so much ardor of affection, in women, that they constantly stimulate men to exertion, and have at the same time a most powerful agency in soothing the angry feelings, and in mitigating the harsh and narrow propensities, which are generated in the strife of the passions.

The advantages of giving a superior education to women are not confined to themselves, but have a salutary influence on our sex.

¹ Read an excellent sketch of his life in "The History of the Boston Athenæum," by Hon. Josiah Quincy.

The fear that increased instruction will render them incompetent or neglectful in domestic life, is absurd in theory and completely destroyed by facts. Women, as well as men, when once established in life, know that there is an end of trifling; its solitudes and duties multiply upon them equally fast; the former are apt to feel them much more keenly, and too frequently abandon all previous acquirements to devote themselves wholly to these. But if the one sex have cultivated and refined minds, the other must meet them from shame, if not from sympathy. If a man finds that his wife is not a mere nurse or a housekeeper; that she can, when the occupations of the day are over, enliven a winter's evening; that she can converse on the usual topics of literature, and enjoy the pleasures of superior conversation, or the reading of a valuable book, he must have a perverted taste indeed if it does not make home still dearer, and prevent him from resorting to taverns for recreation. The benefits to her children need not be mentioned; instruction and cultivated taste in a mother enhance their respect and affection for her and their love of home, and throw a charm over the whole scene of domestic life.

CHARACTER OF JAMES OTIS.

James Otis was one of the most able and high-minded men that this country has produced. He was, in truth, one of the master-spirits who began and conducted an opposition which at first was only designed to counteract and defeat an arbitrary administration, but which ended in a revolution, emancipated a continent, and established, by the example of its effects, a lasting influence on all the governments of the civilized world. He espoused the cause of his country not merely because it was popular, but because he saw that its prosperity, freedom, and honor would be all diminished, if the usurpation of the British Parliament was successful. His enemies constantly represented him as a demagogue, yet no man was less so; his character was too liberal, proud, and honest to play that part. He led public opinion by the energy which conscious strength, elevated views, and quick feelings inspire; and was followed with that deference and reliance which great talents instinctively command. These were the qualifications that made him for many years the oracle and guide of the patriotic party. It was not by supple and obscure intrigues, by unworthy flatteries and compliances, by a degrading adoption of plebeian dress, manners, or language, that he obtained the suffrages of the people, but by their opinion of his uprightness, their knowledge of his disinterestedness, and their conviction of his ability. He vindicated the rights of his countrymen, not in the spirit of a factious tribune, aiming to subvert established authority, but as a Roman

senator, who became the voluntary advocate of an injured province. He valued his own standing, and that of his family, in society, and did not wish a change or a revolution. He acknowledged a common interest with his countrymen, and sacrificed in their support all his hopes of personal aggrandizement. Had he taken part with the administration, he might have commanded every favor in their power to bestow; in sustaining that of his native land, he well knew that his only reward would be the good will of its inhabitants, and the sweet consciousness of performing his duty; and that he must be satisfied with the common lot of great patriotism in all ages,—present poverty and future fame.

In fine, he was a man of powerful genius and ardent temper, with wit and humor that never failed: as an orator, he was bold, argumentative, impetuous, and commanding, with an eloquence that made his own excitement irresistibly contagious; as a lawyer, his knowledge and ability placed him at the head of his profession; as a scholar, he was rich in acquisition, and governed by a classic taste; as a statesman and civilian, he was sound and just in his views; as a patriot, he resisted all allurements that might weaken the cause of that country to which he devoted his life, and for which he sacrificed it. The future historian of the United States, in considering the foundations of American independence, will find that one of the corner-stones must be inscribed with the name of JAMES OTIS.

CAUSE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The following authentic anecdote on the origin of American taxation may be gratifying to persons who are fond of tracing the currents of events up to their primitive sources, and who know how often changes in human affairs are first put in motion by very trifling causes. When President Adams was minister at the Court of St. James, he often saw his countryman, Benjamin West, the late President of the Royal Academy. Mr. West always retained a strong and unyielding affection for his native land, which, to borrow a term of his own art, was in fine keeping with his elevated genius. The patronage of the king was nobly bestowed upon him; and it forms a fine trait in the character of both, that, when a malicious courtier endeavored to embarrass him, by asking his opinion on the news of some disastrous event to America, in the presence of the king, he replied that he never could rejoice in any misfortune to his native country; for which answer the king immediately gave him his protecting approbation. Mr. West one day asked Mr. Adams if he should like to take a walk with him, and see the cause of the American Revolution. The minister, having known something of this matter, smiled at the proposal,

but told him that he should be glad to see the cause of that revolution, and to take a walk with his friend West anywhere. The next morning he called, according to agreement, and took Mr. Adams into Hyde Park, to a spot near the Serpentine River, where he gave him the following narrative:—"The king came to the throne a young man, surrounded by flattering courtiers, one of whose frequent topics it was to declaim against the meanness of his palace, which was wholly unworthy a monarch of such a country as England. They said that there was not a sovereign in Europe who was lodged so poorly; that his sorry, dingy, old brick palace of St. James looked like a stable, and that he ought to build a palace suited to his kingdom. The king was fond of architecture, and would therefore more readily listen to suggestions which were, in fact, all true. This spot that you see here was selected for the site, between this and this point, which were marked out. The king applied to his ministers on the subject; they inquired what sum would be wanted by his majesty, who said that he would begin with a million. They stated the expenses of the war, and the poverty of the treasury, but that his majesty's wishes should be taken into full consideration. Some time afterwards, the king was informed that the wants of the treasury were too urgent to admit of a supply from their present means, but that a revenue might be raised in America to supply all the king's wishes. This suggestion was followed up, and the king was in this way first led to consider, and then to consent to, the scheme for taxing the colonies."

FRANCIS S. KEY, 1779—1843.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, the son of an officer in the army of the Revolution, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779. He studied law, and in 1801 established himself in his profession at Fredericktown; but, after a few years, he removed to Washington, D. C., and became District-Attorney for the city, where he lived till his death, January 11, 1843.

A small volume of Mr. Key's poems was published, with an introductory letter by Chief-Justice Taney, in 1857. Besides that stirring national song by which he is chiefly known, it contains many pieces of very great beauty.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.¹

I.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd, at the twilight's last gleaming?

¹ In 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac River, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel with

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming;
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
 Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

II.

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; oh, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

III.

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

IV.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"

a flag of truce to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washington. They did not succeed, and were told that they would be detained till after the attack had been made on Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded, with the British fleet as it sailed up the Patapsco; and when they came within sight of Fort McHenry, a short distance below the city, they could see the American flag distinctly flying on the ramparts. As the day closed in, the bombardment of the fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. It suddenly ceased some time before day; but as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day. At length the light came, and they saw that "our flag was still there," and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment, Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket, and on its back wrote the most of this celebrated song, finishing it as soon as he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the printer, and in an hour after it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song.

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Of Mr. Key's sacred lyrics there are two—exquisite little gems—that should be found in every collection of American poetry.

LIFE.

If life's pleasures cheer thee,
Give them not thy heart,
Lest the gifts ensnare thee
From thy God to part:
His praises speak, his favor seek,
Fix there thy hopes' foundation;
Love him, and he shall ever be
The rock of thy salvation.

If sorrow e'er befall thee,
Painful though it be,
Let not fear appall thee:
To thy Saviour flee:
He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
And calm thy perturbation;
The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
The rock of thy salvation.

Death shall never harm thee,
Shrink not from his blow,
For thy God shall arm thee,
And victory bestow:
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation;
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
The rock of thy salvation.

HYMN.

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God! my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

Lord! this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express;
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise;
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, one of the most prominent journalists of New England, was born at Windham, Connecticut, on the 21st of December, 1779. After working upon a farm till he was sixteen years old, he obtained a situation in the printing-office of David Carlisle, the publisher of "The Farmer's Museum," at Walpole, N. H.; which he left in a few months, and apprenticed himself in the office of the "Greenfield Gazette."

In 1800, he went to Boston, and in 1805 he commenced the publication, on his own account, of a magazine, under the title of *The Polyanthos*. It was suspended in 1807, resumed in 1812, and continued till 1815. In January, 1809, he published the first number of *The Ordeal*, a political weekly, of sixteen pages, octavo, which was discontinued in six months. In 1817, he commenced, with Samuel L. Knapp, a lawyer of Boston, a weekly paper, entitled *The New England Galaxy and Masonic Magazine*, which was conducted with great spirit, talent, and independence, and obtained a large circulation. In 1823, he sold it in order to devote his entire attention to "The Boston Courier," a daily paper which he had commenced in March, 1824. He continued to edit the "Courier" with great ability till 1848, when he sold out his interest in this also.

In 1831, Mr. Buckingham commenced, in conjunction with his son Edwin, *The New England Magazine*,—a monthly of ninety-six pages, octavo, and one of the best of its class ever published in our country, containing articles by some of the best writers and most popular authors of the day. In less than two years his son Edwin died at sea, in a voyage undertaken for the benefit of his health; and, in 1834, the magazine was transferred to Dr. Samuel G. Howe and John O. Sargent.

Mr. Buckingham was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for seven years, (four from Boston and three from Cambridge,) and of the Senate four years from Middlesex County. Since he retired from the press, he has published *Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences*, in two volumes, and *Personal Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life*, also in two volumes. These are very interesting and instructive books, and give us a high opinion of the author, as an industrious and upright man, never discouraged by difficulties; as a writer of pure and nervous English; and as an editor, truthful, independent, courageous, and loving the right more than the expedient. As a legislator, Mr. Buckingham did himself lasting honor by the

ports he presented as chairman of committees on Lotteries, on the Mexican War, on the Fugitive Slave Bill, and on many other questions of public interest.

NATIONAL FEELING—LAFAYETTE.

The incidents of the last few days have been such as will probably never again be witnessed by the people of America,—such as were never before witnessed by any nation under heaven. History cannot produce the record of an event to parallel that which has awakened this universal burst of pleasure, this simultaneous shout of approbation, that echoes through our wide-extended empire.

The multitudes we see are not assembled to talk over their private griefs, to indulge in querulous complaints, to mingle their murmurs of discontent, to pour forth tales of real or imaginary wrongs, to give utterance to political recriminations. The effervescence of faction seems for the moment to be settled, the collision of discordant interests to subside, and hushed is the clamor of controversy. There is nothing portentous of danger to the commonwealth in this general awakening of the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young,—this “impulsive ardor” which pervades the palace of wealth and the hovel of poverty, decrepit age and lisping infancy, virgin loveliness and vigorous manhood. No hereditary monarch *graciously* exhibits his *august* person to the gaze of vulgar subjects. No conquering tyrant comes in his triumphal car, decorated with the spoils of vanquished nations, and followed by captive princes, marching to the music of their chains. No proud and hypocritical hierarch, playing “fantastic airs before high Heaven,” enacts his solemn mockeries to deceive the souls of men and secure for himself the honor of an apotheosis. The shouts which announce the approach of a chieftain are unmingled with any note of sorrow. No love-lorn maiden’s sigh touches his ear; no groan from a childless father speaks reproach; no widow’s curse is uttered, in bitterness of soul, upon the destroyer of her hope; no orphan’s tear falls upon his shield to tarnish its brightness. The spectacle now exhibited to the world is of the purest and noblest character,—a spectacle which man may admire and God approve,—an assembled nation offering the spontaneous homage of a nation’s gratitude to a nation’s benefactor.

There is probably no man living whose history partakes so largely of the spirit of romance and chivalry as that of the individual who is now emphatically the guest of the people. At the age of nineteen years, he left his country and espoused the cause of the American colonies. His motive for this conduct must have been one of the noblest that ever actuated the heart of man. He

was in possession of large estates, allied to the highest orders of French nobility, surrounded by friends and relatives, with prospects of future distinction and favor as fair as ever opened to the ardent view of aspiring and ambitious youth. He was just married to a lady of great worth and respectability, and it would seem that nothing was wanting to a life of affluence and ease. Yet Lafayette left his friends, his wealth, his country, his prospects of distinction, his wife, and all the sources of domestic bliss, to assist a foreign nation in its struggle for freedom, and at a time, too, when the prospects of that country's success were dark, disheartening, and almost hopeless. He fought for that country, he fed and clothed her armies, he imparted of his wealth to her poor. He saw her purposes accomplished, and her government established on principles of liberty. He refused all compensation for his services. He returned to his native land, and engaged in contests for liberty there. He was imprisoned by a foreign government, suffered every indignity and every cruelty that could be inflicted, and lived, after his release, almost an exile on the spot where he was born. More than forty years after he first embarked in the cause of American liberty, he returns to see once more his few surviving companions in arms, and is met by the grateful salutations of the whole nation. It is not possible to reflect on these facts without feeling our admiration excited to a degree that almost borders on reverence. Sober history, it is hoped, will do justice to the name of Lafayette. It is not in the power of fiction to embellish his character or his life.

New England Galaxy, 1826.

THE EVILS OF LOTTERIES.

A lottery is *gaming*. This is against the policy of society, and there are few civilized nations that have not adopted means to restrain or entirely prohibit it; because it is seeking property for which no equivalent is to be paid, and because it leads directly to losses and poverty, and, by exciting bad passions, is the fruitful original of vice and crime.

It is the *worst* species of gaming, because it brings adroitness, cunning, experience, and skill to contend against ignorance, folly, distress, and desperation. It can be carried on to an indefinite and indefinable extent without exposure; and, by a mode of settling the chances by "combination numbers,"—an invention of the modern school of gambling,—the fate of thousands and hundreds of thousands may be determined by a single turn of the wheel.

Lotteries, like other games of chance, are seductive and intoxicating. Every new loss is an inducement to a new adventure;

and, filled with vain hopes of recovering what is lost, the unthinking victim is led on, from step to step, till he finds it impossible to regain his ground, and he gradually sinks into a miserable outcast; or, by a bold and still more guilty effort, plunges at once into that gulf where he hopes protection from the stings of conscience, a refuge from the reproaches of the world, and oblivion from existence.

If we consider the dealing in lottery-tickets as a *calling* or *employment*, so far as the venders are concerned, it deserves to be treated, in legislation, as those acts are which are done to get money by making others suffer; to live upon society by making a portion of its members dishonest, idle, poor, vicious, and criminal. In its character and consequences, the dealing in lottery-tickets is the worst species of gaming, and deserves a *severer* punishment than any fine would amount to. If it involves the moral and legal offences of fraud and cheating, does it not deserve an infamous punishment, if any fraudulent acquisition of mere *property* should be punished with *infamy*? Considered in its complicated wrongs to society, it certainly deserves the severest punishment, because it makes infamous criminals out of innocent persons, and visits severe afflictions on parents, employers, family connections, and others, who in this respect have done no wrong themselves; and thus the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty,—an anomaly which is revolting to all our notions of justice, and to all the moral and natural sympathies of mankind.

Legislative Report, 1833.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON, 1779—1843.

"The element of beauty which in thee
 Was a prevailing spirit, pure and high,
 And from all guile had made thy being free,
 Now seems to whisper thou canst never die!
 For Nature's priests we shed no idle tear:
 Their mantles on a noble lineage fall:
 Though thy white locks at length have press'd the bier
 Death could not fold thee in Oblivion's pall:
 Majestic forms thy hand in grace array'd
 Eternal watch shall keep beside thy tomb,
 And hues aerial, that thy pencil stay'd,
 Its shades with Heaven's radiance illumine:
 Art's meek apostle, holy is thy way,
 From the heart's records ne'er to pass away!"

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON was born at Charleston, S. C., on the 5th of November, 1779. He was sent to New England to receive his education, and graduated at Harvard College in 1800. Throughout his collegiate course, he showed his innate love of nature, music, poetry, and painting; and though, from his strong aspirations after the beautiful, the pure, and the sublime, he led what might be

called an ideal life, yet he was far from being a recluse, but was a popular, high-spirited youth, and passionately fond of society. As a scholar in classical and English literature his rank was high; and on taking his degree he delivered a poem which was much applauded.

On leaving college, he determined to devote his life to the fine arts, and embarked for London in the autumn of 1801. He at once became a student of the Royal Academy, with whose President, Benjamin West, he formed an intimate and lasting friendship. After three years spent in England, he went to Paris, and thence to Italy, where he first met with Coleridge.¹ In 1809, he returned to America, and remained two years in Boston, his adopted home, and there married the sister of Dr. W. E. Channing. In 1811, he went again to England, where his reputation as an artist had been completely established. In 1813, he published a small volume entitled *The Sylphs of the Seasons, and other Poems*, which was republished in this country, and gave him a rank among our best poets. Soon after this he passed through a long and serious illness, from which he had scarcely recovered when he suffered the loss of his wife. These trials, however severe, were truly sanctified to him: he became an earnest and sincere Christian, and to the close of life preserved a beauty and consistency of Christian character rarely equalled.

In 1818, he again returned to America, and again made Boston his home. "There, in a circle of warmly-attached friends, surrounded by a sympathy and admiration which his elevation and purity, the entire harmony of his life and pursuits, could not fail to create, he devoted himself to his art, the labor of his love." In 1830, he married his second wife, the daughter of the late Judge Dana, and removed to Cambridge, and soon after began the preparation of a course of lectures on art. But four of these he completed. His death occurred at his own house, Cambridge, on Sunday morning, July 9, 1843. "He had finished a day and week of labor in his studio, upon his great picture of *Belshazzar's Feast*,² the fresh paint denoting that the last touches of his pencil were given to that glorious but melancholy monument of the best years of his later life."³

¹ In one of his letters he thus writes:—"To no other man do I owe so much, intellectually, as to Mr. Coleridge, with whom I became acquainted in Rome, and who has honored me with his friendship for more than five-and-twenty years. He used to call Rome the silent city; but I never could think of it as such while with him; for, meet him when and where I would, the fountain of his mind was never dry, but, like the far-reaching aqueducts that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living stream seemed specially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered. And when I recall some of our walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese, I am almost tempted to dream that I have once listened to Plato in the groves of the Academy."

² This embodiment of a sublime conception, magnificent even in its unfinished state, may be seen in the Picture Gallery of the Boston Athenæum.

³ Memoir of Allston prefixed to an edition of his works, by Richard Henry Dana, Jr.

"Allston's appearance and manners accorded perfectly with his character. His form was slight and his movements quietly active. The lines of his countenance, the breadth of the brow, the large and speaking eye, and the long, white hair, made him an immediate object of interest. If not engaged in conversation, there was a serene abstraction in his air. When death so tranquilly overtook him, for many hours it was difficult to believe that he was not sleeping, so perfectly did

The Sylphs of the Seasons is Allston's most finished poem. The argument in brief is this. The poet falls asleep, and in his dream finds himself in

"A bright saloon,
That seem'd illumined by the moon,"

where "four damsels stood of faery race,"—the sylphs of the four seasons,—each of whom addresses him, striving by her eloquence to "win his heart and hand." The following is the best portion of

THE ADDRESS OF THE SYLPH OF SPRING.

Then spake the Sylph of Spring serene:—

"'Tis / thy joyous heart, I ween,
With sympathy shall move;
For I, with living melody
Of birds, in choral symphony,
First waked thy soul to poesy,
To piety and love.

"When thou, at call of vernal breeze,
And beckoning bough of budding trees,
Hast left thy sullen fire,
And stretch'd thee in some mossy dell,
And heard the browsing wether's bell,
Blithe echoes rousing from their cell
To swell the tinkling choir;

"Or heard, from branch of flowering thorn,
The song of friendly cuckoo warn
The tardy-moving swain;
Hast bid the purple swallow hail,
And seen him now through ether sail,
Now sweeping downward o'er the vale,
And skimming now the plain;

"Then, catching with a sudden glance
The bright and silver-clear expanse
Of some broad river's stream,
Beheld the boats adown it glide,
And motion wind again the tide,
Where, chain'd in ice by Winter's pride,
Late roll'd the heavy team:

"'Twas mine the warm, awakening hand,
That made thy grateful heart expand,
And feel the high control
Of Him, the mighty Power, that moves
Amid the waters and the groves,
And through his vast creation proves
His omnipresent soul.

the usual expression remain. His torchlight burial, at Mount Auburn, harmonized, in its beautiful solemnity, with the lofty and sweet tenor of his life."—*Tuckerman's Artist Life*.

"Or, brooding o'er some forest rill,
 Fringed with the early daffodil,
 And quivering maiden-hair,
 When thou hast mark'd the dusky bed,
 With leaves and water-rust o'erspread,
 That seem'd an amber light to shed
 On all was shadow'd there ;

"And thence, as by its murmur call'd,
 The current traced to where it brawl'd
 Beneath the noontide ray,
 And there beheld the checker'd shade
 Of waves, in many a sinuous braid,
 That o'er the sunny channel play'd,
 With motion ever gay :

"'Twas I to these the magic gave,
 That made thy heart, a willing slave,
 To gentle Nature bend,
 And taught thee how, with tree and flower,
 And whispering gale, and dropping shower,
 In converse sweet to pass the hour,
 As with an early friend ;

"That made thy heart, like His above,
 To flow with universal love
 For every living thing.
 And, oh, if I, with ray divine,
 Thus tempering, did thy soul refine,
 Then let thy gentle heart be mine,
 And bless the Sylph of Spring."

Of Mr. Allston's fugitive poems, that which has been most praised is his ode
 entitled

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.¹

All hail ! thou noble land,
 Our fathers' native soil !
 Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
 Gigantic grown by toil,
 O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore !
 For thou with magic might
 Canst reach to where the light
 Of Phœbus travels bright
 The world o'er.

The Genius of our clime,
 From his pine-embattled steep,
 Shall hail the guest sublime ;
 While the Tritons of the deep

¹ Written in America, in the year 1810, and in 1817 inserted by Coleridge in the first edition of his "Sibylline Leaves," with the following note:—"This poem, written by an American gentleman, a valued and dear friend, I communicate to the reader for its moral no less than its poetic spirit."—*Editor*.

With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
 Then let the world combine,—
 O'er the main our naval line
 Like the milky-way shall shine
 Bright in fame!

Though ages long have pass'd
 Since our fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O'er untravell'd seas to roam,
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame -
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains?

While the language free and bold
 Which the Bard of Avon sung,
 In which our Milton told
 How the vault of heaven rung
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;—
 While this, with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 From rock to rock repeat
 Round our coast;—

While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts,—
 Between let ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
 Yet still from either beach
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech,
 "We are One."¹

Allston's *Lectures on Art* are very beautiful and instructive; but to be appreciated they must be read as a whole. Of his prose, therefore, I select the following few aphorisms from many that were written on the walls of his studio:—

BENEVOLENCE.

No right judgment can ever be formed on any subject having a moral or intellectual bearing without benevolence; for so strong is man's natural self-bias, that, without this restraining principle, he insensibly becomes a competitor in all such cases presented to his mind; and, when the comparison is thus made personal, unless the odds be immeasurably against him, his decision will rarely be

¹ *Note by the Author.*—This alludes merely to the moral union of the two countries. The author would not have it supposed that the tribute of respect offered in these stanzas to the land of his ancestors would be paid by him if at the expense of the independence of that which gave him birth.

impartial. In other words, no one can see any thing as it really is through the misty spectacles of self-love. We must wish well to another in order to do him justice. Now, the virtue in this good will is not to blind us to his faults, but to our own rival and interposing merits.

TRUTH.

If the whole world should agree to speak nothing but truth, what an abridgment it would make of speech! And what an unravelling there would be of the invisible webs which men, like so many spiders, now weave about each other! But the contest between Truth and Falsehood is now pretty well balanced. Were it not so, and had the latter the mastery, even language would soon become extinct, from its very uselessness. The present superfluity of words is the result of the warfare.

HUMILITY.

The only true independence is in humility; for the humble man exacts nothing, and cannot be mortified,—expects nothing, and cannot be disappointed. Humility is also a healing virtue; it will cicatrize a thousand wounds, which pride would keep forever open. But humility is not the virtue of a fool; since it is not consequent upon any comparison between ourselves and others, but between what we are and what we ought to be,—which no man ever was.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, the son of G. S. Silliman, Esq., a lawyer of distinction, and a Revolutionary patriot and soldier, was born in North Stratford, now Trumbull, Connecticut, on the 8th of August, 1779. In 1792, he entered Yale College, with which from that time he has been almost uninterruptedly connected. In 1799, he was appointed a tutor in the college, and, at the suggestion of its President, Dr. Dwight, he resolved, in 1801, to devote himself to chemistry, and the associated sciences, mineralogy and geology. After studying for some time at New Haven, he spent two seasons in Philadelphia; and in 1803 he visited Europe, both to purchase books and apparatus, and to attend the lectures of the distinguished Professors in Edinburgh and London. He had given a partial preliminary course before he went abroad; and, after his return, he delivered, in 1806 and 1807, his first full course of lectures in Yale College. In 1810, he published an account of his travels, which was received with great favor, and passed through several editions.

In 1818, Professor Silliman founded the "American Journal of Science and Arts,"—a work which has done more than any other to raise the reputation of

our country for science, and to make her known and honored abroad; while it has placed the learned editor in the very front rank of scientific men, and will ever remain a permanent monument to his zeal and perseverance in his favorite studies. Besides communicating with the public on scientific subjects through the press, he has frequently given courses of scientific lectures to popular audiences in our cities and towns, and always with great acceptance. His easy and dignified manners bespeak the gentleman born and bred; while his happy talent at illustration, and tact in communicating knowledge, always render his lectures as pleasing as they are instructive.

In 1853, Prof. Silliman resigned his office as a Professor in Yale College, and was complimented with the title of "Professor Emeritus." He was succeeded in the department of Geology by Prof. James D. Dana, and in that of Chemistry by his son, Prof. Benjamin Silliman, Jr.¹ Notwithstanding his advanced years and laborious life, his vigor of mind and body remains unimpaired, (January, 1859;) and, since his retirement from active duties in college, he has continued to take a deep interest in the progress of science at home and abroad. He has also become conspicuous among American citizens for the earnestness with which he united with others in the recent movements for opposing the further extension of slavery, and showing his warm sympathies with the free settlers of Kansas.

Professor Silliman has fitly been called the "Father of American Periodical Science;" and, although others of his countrymen preceded him in the study of nature, no man probably has done so much as he to awaken and encourage students of science, to collect and diffuse the researches of American naturalists, and to arouse in all classes of the community a respect for learning and a desire for its advancement.²

NATURE OF GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE.

Geological Evidence is the same which is readily admitted as satisfactory in the case of historical antiquities.

When, in 1738, the workmen, in excavating a well, struck upon the theatre of Herculaneum, which had reposed for more than sixteen centuries beneath the lava of Vesuvius; when, in 1748, Pompeii was disencumbered of its volcanic ashes and cinders, and thus two buried cities were brought to light,—had history been quite silent respecting their existence, would not observers say,—and have they not all actually said,—here are the

¹ Prof. Silliman, Jr. has already shown his ability to fill the Professorship his father so long honored, by the two works recently published,—*First Principles of Chemistry*, and *First Principles of Physics or Natural Philosophy*,—both admirable text-books for our schools and colleges.

² The following are the titles of most of Professor Silliman's publications:—*American Journal of Science*, 50 vols., 1818–45: Second Series, by Silliman and Dana, still in progress; 25 vols. down to 1858: *Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland*, in 1805–06, 2 vols.: *Travels in Canada in 1819*: *Henry's Elements of Chemistry*, edited with notes, 3 editions: *Bakewell's Geology*, 3 editions, edited with notes and appendices: *Elements of Chemistry, in the order of Lectures given in Yale College*, 2 vols.: *Visit to Europe in 1851*, 2 vols., six editions.

works of man,—his temples, his forums, his amphitheatres, his tombs, his shops of traffic and of arts, his houses, furniture, pictures, and personal ornaments; here are his streets, with their pavements and wheel-ruts worn in the solid stone, his coins, his grinding-mills, his wine, food, and medicines; here are his dungeons and stocks, with the skeletons of the prisoners chained in their awful solitudes; and here and there are the bones of a victim who, although at liberty, was overtaken by the fiery storm, while others were quietly buried in their domestic retreats. The falling cinders and ashes copied, as they fell, even the delicate outline of female forms, as well as the head and helmet of a sentinel; and, having concreted, they thus remain true volcanic casts, to be seen by remote generations, as now in the Museum of Naples.

Because the soil had formed, and grass and trees had grown, and successive generations of men had unconsciously walked, tilled the ground, or built their houses, over the entombed cities, and because they were covered by volcanic cinders, ashes, and projected stones, does any one hesitate to admit that they were once real cities; that at the time of their destruction they stood upon what was then the upper surface; that their streets once rang with the noise of business, their halls and theatres with the voice of pleasure; that in an evil time they were overwhelmed by a volcanic tempest from Vesuvius, and their name and place for more than seventeen centuries blotted out from the earth and forgotten? The tragical story is legibly perused by every observer, and all alike, whether learned or unlearned, agree in the conclusions to be drawn.

To establish all this, it is of no decisive importance that scholars have gleaned here and there a fragment from the Roman classics to show that such cities once existed, and that they were overthrown by an eruption in the year A.D. 79, which gave occasion for the letter of the younger Pliny, describing the death of his uncle, the great naturalist, while observing the volcanic phenomena.

In such cases, the coincidences of historical and other writings, and the gleanings of tradition, are indeed valuable and gratifying: they are even of great utility, not in proving the events,—for of them there is a physical record that cannot deceive,—but in fixing the order and the time of the occurrences.

The nature of the catastrophe is, however, perfectly intelligible from the appearances themselves, and needs no historical confirmation. No man ever imagined that Herculaneum and Pompeii were created where we now find their ruins; no one hazards the absurd conjecture that they are a *lusus naturæ*; but all unite in giving an explanation consistent alike with geology, history, and common sense.

APPLICATION OF THE EVIDENCE—FOSSIL FISHES OF
MOUNT BOLCA.¹

The one hundred and sixteen species of fishes found in Mount Bolca, embedded in marly limestone and buried under lava, inform us that they were once living and active beings; before those hills were deposited, and when the waters stood over the place where, in the bottom of the sea, the fishes were entombed; the rock that contains their dry skeletons, often entirely perfect, was formed around them, doubtless in the state of a calcareous and argillaceous sediment; this calcareous stratum, being not improbably thrown up by a volcanic heave, first enclosed the fishes, suddenly and without violence. In subsequent periods, it was itself overwhelmed by a submarine eruption of molten volcanic rock, which congealed over the fish-rock, and, this being a very bad conductor of heat, preserved the entombed fossils from injury. Then, again, on the bottom of the sea, the calcareous sediment wrapped around in its soft folds another school of fishes, and again the molten rock flowed over the calcareous marl; and so on in several successions.

But this is not all. This remarkable mountain is eighty miles from the Adriatic, the nearest sea, and it rises two thousand feet in elevation above it. It is plain, then, not only that all these deposits were formed successively beneath a great sea,—for the fishes are all marine,—but the mountain, with the country to which it appertains, has been elevated by forces existing in the earth: it emerged from the surrounding waters, and, ages since, became dry land.

TIMOTHY FLINT, 1780—1840.

THIS early historian and scene-painter of our Western country was born in Reading, Massachusetts, in 1780, and graduated at Harvard College in 1800. After devoting two years to the study of theology, he became pastor of the Congregational Church in Lunenburg, Massachusetts, where he continued till 1814. His health having become impaired by too sedentary pursuits, he deemed it best to seek a milder climate, and in 1815 became a missionary in the Valley of the Mississippi. After passing a winter at Cincinnati, he journeyed through portions of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, and then took up his abode at St. Charles, Missouri, where he remained nearly three years. In 1822, he removed to New Orleans, and the next year went to Alexandria, on the Red River, where he took charge of a literary institution. Here he began to write his *Recollections of Ten*

¹ Near Verona, in Italy.

Years passed in the Valley of the Mississippi, which was published in Boston in 1826, and considered then to be the most important contribution to American geography that had been made. In the following year, he published a novel, entitled *Francis Berrian; or, The Mexican Patriot*,—a story of romantic adventure with the Camanches, connected with the Mexican struggle for independence. This was followed, in 1828, by *Arthur Glenning*,—a very hazardous attempt to write another Robinson Crusoe. *George Mueson, the Young Buckwoodsman*, followed, but without increasing the author's reputation. The last of his novels was *The Shoshonee Valley*, published in Cincinnati in 1830, the scene of which was laid among the Indians of Oregon.

In 1832, Mr. Flint published, in Boston, *Lectures upon Natural History, Geology, Chemistry, the Application of Steam, and Interesting Discoveries in the Arts*. In 1834, he removed to Cincinnati, and became the editor of the "Western Monthly Magazine," which he conducted with much ability, writing more or less for every number, for three years. He then removed to Louisiana, being in quite feeble health, and hoping to be benefited by the Southern climate. But he was disappointed, and in May, 1840, he resolved to try again the air of his own New England. But all was of no avail, and he expired at Reading, Massachusetts, August 18, 1840.

Mr. Flint will always be known as one of the earliest geographers of our country, whose works, from their clear and beautiful descriptions of scenery, and from their pictures of our Western wilds and prairies before they were trodden by the foot of civilized man, will always maintain a position in our early literature, and be read with interest.

INDIAN MOUNDS.

At first the eye mistakes these mounds for hills; but when it catches the regularity of their breastworks and ditches, it discovers at once that they are the labors of art and of men. When the evidence of the senses convinces us that human bones moulder in these masses; when you dig about them, and bring to light domestic utensils, and are compelled to believe that the busy tide of life once flowed here; when you see at once that these races were of a very different character from the present generation,—you begin to inquire if any tradition, if any the faintest records, can throw any light upon these habitations of men of another age. Is there no scope, beside these mounds, for imagination and for contemplation of the past? The men, their joys, their sorrows, their bones, are all buried together. But the grand features of nature remain. There is the beautiful prairie over which they "strutted through life's poor play." The forests, the hills, the mounds, lift their heads in unalterable repose, and furnish the same sources of contemplation to us that they did to those generations that have passed away.

These mounds must date back to remote depths in the olden time. From the ages of the trees on them, we can trace them

back six hundred years, leaving it entirely to the imagination to descend further into the depths of time beyond. And yet, after the rains, the washing, and the crumbling of so many ages, many of them are still twenty-five feet high. Some of them are spread over an extent of acres. I have seen, great and small, I should suppose, a hundred. Though diverse in position and form, they all have a uniform character. They are, for the most part, in rich soils and in conspicuous situations. Those on the Ohio are covered with very large trees. But in the prairie regions, where I have seen the greatest numbers, they are covered with tall grass, and are generally near beaches,—which indicate the former courses of the rivers, in the finest situations for present culture; and the greatest population clearly has been in those very positions where the most dense future population will be.

FASHION AND RUIN *versus* INDUSTRY AND INDEPENDENCE.

I cannot conceive that mere idlers, male or female, can have respect enough for themselves to be comfortable. I have no conception of a beautiful woman, or a fine man, in whose eye, in whose port, in whose whole expression, this sentiment does not stand embodied:—"I am called by my Creator to duties; I have employment on the earth; my sterner but more enduring pleasures are in discharging my duties."

Compare the sedate expression of this sentiment in the countenance of man or woman, when it is known to stand as the index of character and the fact, with the superficial gaudiness of a simple, good-for-nothing belle, who disdains usefulness and employment, whose empire is a ball-room, and whose subjects, dandies as silly and as useless as herself. Who, of the two, has most attractions for a man of sense? The one a helpmate, a fortune in herself, who can aid to procure one if the husband has it not, who can soothe him under the loss of it, and, what is more, aid him to regain it; and the other a painted butterfly, for ornament only during the vernal and sunny months of prosperity, and then not becoming a chrysalis, an inert moth in adversity, but a croaking, repining, ill-tempered termagant, who can only recur to the days of her short-lived triumph, to embitter the misery, and poverty, and hopelessness of a husband, who, like herself, knows not to dig, and is ashamed to beg.

We are obliged to avail ourselves of severe language in application to a deep-rooted malady. We want words of power. We need energetic and stern applications. No country ever verged more rapidly towards extravagance and expense. In a young republic, like ours, it is ominous of any thing but good. Men of thought, and virtue, and example, are called upon to look to this

evil. Ye patrician families, that croak, and complain, and forebode the downfall of the republic, here is the origin of your evils. Instead of training your son to waste his time, as an idle young gentleman at large; instead of inculcating on your daughter that the incessant tinkling of a harpsichord, or a scornful and lady-like toss of the head, or dexterity in waltzing, are the chief requisites to make her way in life; if you can find no better employment for them, teach him the use of the grubbing-hoe, and her to make up garments for your servants. Train your son and daughter to an employment, to frugality, to hold the high front and to walk the fearless step of independence. When your children have these possessions, you may go down to the grave in peace as regards their temporal fortunes.

Western Review, 1835.

THE SHORES OF THE OHIO.

It was now the middle of November. The weather up to this time had been, with the exception of a couple of days of fog and rain, delightful. The sky has a milder and lighter azure than that of the Northern States. The wide, clean sand-bars stretching for miles together, and now and then a flock of wild geese, swans, or sand-hill cranes, and pelicans, stalking along on them; the infinite varieties of form of the towering bluffs; the new tribes of shrubs and plants on the shores; the exuberant fertility of the soil, evidencing itself in the natural as well as cultivated vegetation; in the height and size of the corn, of itself alone a matter of astonishment to an inhabitant of the Northern States; in the thrifty aspect of the young orchards, literally bending under their fruit; the surprising size and rankness of the weeds, and, in the enclosures where cultivation had been for a while suspended, the matted abundance of every kind of vegetation that ensued,—all these circumstances united to give a novelty and freshness to the scenery. The bottom forests everywhere display the huge sycamore, the king of the Western forest, in all places an interesting tree, but particularly so here, and in Autumn, when you see its white and long branches among its red and yellow fading leaves. You may add, that in all the trees that have been stripped of their leaves, you see them crowned with verdant tufts of the viscous or mistletoe, with its beautiful white berries, and their trunks entwined with grape-vines, some of them in size not much short of the human body. To add to this union of pleasant circumstances, there is a delightful temperature of the air, more easily felt than described. There is something, too, in the gentle and almost imperceptible motion,¹ as you sit on the deck of the boat, and see

¹ This was written, of course, before the age of steamboats.

the trees apparently moving by you, and new groups of scenery still opening upon your eye, together with the view of these ancient and magnificent forests which the axe has not yet despoiled, the broad and beautiful river, the earth and the sky, which render such a trip at this season the very element of poetry.

THE INDIAN BELLE AND BEAU.

As regards the vanity of the Indian, we have not often had the fortune to contemplate a young squaw at her toilet; but, from the studied arrangement of her calico jacket, from the glaring circles of vermilion on her plump and circular face, from the artificial manner in which her hair, of intense black, is clubbed in a coil of the thickness of a man's wrist, from the long time it takes her to complete these arrangements, from the manner in which she minces and ambles, and plays off her prettiest airs, after she has put on all her charms, we should clearly infer that dress and personal ornament occupy the same portion of her thoughts that they do of the fashionable woman of civilized society. In regions contiguous to the whites, the squaws have generally a calico shirt of the finest colors.

A young Indian warrior is notoriously the most thorough-going beau in the world. Bond Street and Broadway furnish no subjects that will undergo as much crimping and confinement, to appear in full dress. We are confident that we have observed such a character, constantly occupied with his paints and his pocket-glass, three full hours, laying on his colors, and arranging his tresses, and contemplating, from time to time, with visible satisfaction, the progress of his growing attractions. When he has finished, the proud triumph of irresistible charms is in his eye. The chiefs and warriors, in full dress, have one, two, or three broad clasps of silver about their arms; generally jewels in their ears, and often in their noses; and nothing is more common than to see a thin, circular piece of silver, of the size of a dollar, depending from the nose, a little below the upper lip.

Nothing shows more clearly the influence of fashion: this ornament, so painfully inconvenient as it evidently is to them, and so horridly ugly and disfiguring, seems to be the utmost finish of Indian taste. Painted porcupine-quills are twisted in their hair. Tails of animals hang from their hair behind. A necklace of bear's or alligator's teeth, or of claws of the bald eagle, hangs loosely down, with an interior and smaller circle of large red beads; or, in default of them, a rosary of red hawthorns surrounds the neck. From the knees to the feet, the legs are ornamented with great numbers of little, perforated, cylindrical pieces of silver or brass, that emit a simultaneous tinkle as the person

walks. If to all this he add an American hat, and a soldier's coat of blue, faced with red, over the customary calico shirt of the gaudiest colors that can be found, he lifts his feet high, and steps firmly on the ground, to give his tinklers a uniform and full sound, and apparently considers his appearance with as much complacency as the human bosom can be supposed to feel. This is a very curtailed view of an Indian beau; but every reader competent to judge will admit its fidelity, as far as it goes, to the description of a young Indian warrior when prepared to take part in a public dance.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, 1780—1842.

"Thou livest in the life of all good things;
What words thou speakest for Freedom shall not die;
Thou sleepest not, for now thy love hath wings
To soar where hence thy hope could hardly fly.

"Farewell, good man, good angel now! this hand
Soon, like thine own, shall lose its cunning too;
Soon shall this soul, like thine, bewilder'd stand,
Then leap to thread the free unfathom'd blue.

"When that day comes, oh, may this hand grow cold,
Busy, like thine, for freedom and the right!
Oh, may this soul, like thine, be ever bold
To face dark slavery's encroaching blight!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING was born at Newport, Rhode Island, April 7, 1780. His father was William Channing, Esq., an eminent lawyer, and his mother was the daughter of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He graduated at Harvard University in 1798, with the highest honors of the institution, and, after leaving college, pursued the study of theology. He became distinguished as a preacher, and at nearly the same time received an invitation from two religious societies in Boston to settle with them as their pastor. He accepted the call from the church in Federal Street, which was then the smaller and weaker of the two; and his ordination took place on the 1st of June, 1803.

The society rapidly increased under his charge, his reputation and influence in the community became marked and extensive, and his assistance was soon eagerly sought in a broader sphere of exertion and usefulness. In 1812, he was appointed "Dexter Lecturer on Biblical Criticism" in Harvard University; but the state of his health did not allow him to enter on the duties of the office, and he resigned it the following year. He was then chosen a member of the Corporation of the college, and held a seat in this board till 1826. In 1820, the honorary degree of D.D. was conferred on him. In 1822, he visited Europe for his health, which was somewhat improved by the voyage; but a feeble constitution and liability to disease proved great impediments to his labors through his life, and it is astonishing how much, with such drawbacks, he really accomplished.

In 1830, when the anti-slavery feeling began to take more outward form in Boston, Dr. Channing's sympathies were warmly with it, though he did not then join the ranks of the "abolitionists," technically so called. His interest in the subject, however, increased from year to year, and in 1831 he published his work on slavery, which showed that his whole heart was in the great cause of humanity.¹ In October, 1834, he preached a sermon to his people upon the mob violence exerted in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other cities in the country, against the friends of liberty. In 1837, he addressed his celebrated *Letters to Henry Clay* against that nefarious plot to extend the area of slavery,—the annexation of Texas. In 1840, he reviewed *Joseph John Gurney's Letters on West India Emancipation*; and in 1842, he delivered an address at the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, held August 1, at Lenox, Massachusetts. This was his last public address. His health had been very feeble for a long time, and, being taken with typhus fever, his exhausted frame sunk under it, and he died October 2, 1842. His end was calm and peaceful. Sustained by the consolations of religion, he met, undismayed, his summons into the future world, assured of a happy immortality.

Of the moral purity of Dr. Channing's character, it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. In every relation of life, he deserved unqualified praise. His conduct was a daily exhibition of the characteristic evangelical virtues,—purity of heart, ardent love to God, habitual obedience to his will, benevolence to man, and those amiable qualities which shed a constant sunshine through the breast of their possessor, and strongly endeared him to all within the circle of his friendship and acquaintance. In the latter period of his life, he took a deep and earnest interest in the cause of Freedom, at a time when such a position was uniformly attended, to a greater or less degree, by the coldness or loss of friends, by obloquy, reproach, misrepresentation, ostracism from accustomed social circles, and, in some parts of the country, by mobs and personal violence.²

Dr. Channing's numerous contributions to the "Christian Examiner" and other reviews, together with his sermons, addresses, and miscellaneous works, have been

¹ "There is one word that covers every cause to which Channing devoted his talents and his heart, and that word is FREEDOM. Liberty is the key of his religious, his political, his philanthropic principles. Free the slave, free the serf, free the ignorant, free the sinful. Let there be no chains upon the conscience, the intellect, the pursuits, or the persons of men. Free agency is the prime distinction and privilege of humanity. It is the first necessity of a moral being. Extinguish freedom, and you extinguish humanity. Tyranny is spiritual murder, as sin is moral suicide."—*Discourse of Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D.*

² Though of a frame so attenuated and feeble that one might fear that the very wind would blow him away, he had a high and dauntless soul,—a moral courage that shone most illustrious when such qualities were most needed; and when, in November, 1837, the news of the murder of Owen P. Lovejoy, in Alton, Illinois, for defending his free press, reached Boston, he headed a petition to the civil authorities for the use of Faneuil Hall for a meeting of citizens, to express their disapprobation of such deeds of lawless violence. It is commentary enough upon the character of soul required at that time to head such a petition, to say that, even with the name of Channing in the most conspicuous position, it was refused. Men who thus stand out boldly for the right, regardless of consequences, deserve to be held up as an example for imitation to all coming generations.

collected and published in six volumes, by his nephew, William E. Channing, which have passed through numerous editions. Among the most admired of his general writings are his *Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton*; on *Bonaparte*; on *Fencible*; and on *Self-Culture*. Of the last it has been justly said, that "its direct appeal to whatever of character or manliness there may be in the young, is almost irresistible."

THE PURIFYING INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

We believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity,—that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness and misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars—the

wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life—we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is, in the main, groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the highest office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser pleasures and labors of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling; and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire,—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which—being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts—requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.

BOOKS.

In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am,—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling,—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom,—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

THE MORAL DIGNITY OF THE EDUCATIONAL PROFESSION.

One of the surest signs of the regeneration of society will be the elevation of the art of teaching to the highest rank in the community. When a people shall learn that its greatest benefactors and most important members are men devoted to the liberal instruction of all its classes, to the work of raising to life its buried intellect, it will have opened to itself the path of true glory.

There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth; for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, and character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect.¹ The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed.

Here they should be lavish, whilst they straiten themselves in every thing else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express

¹ "The expression of gratitude is a virtue and a pleasure: a liberal mind will delight to celebrate the memory of its parents; and the teachers of science are the parents of the mind."—GIBSON.

the cruelty or folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect, impoverishes his heart.

MILTON AND JOHNSON.

We have enlarged on Milton's character, not only from the pleasure of paying that sacred debt which the mind owes to him who has quickened and delighted it, but from an apprehension that Milton has not yet reaped his due harvest of esteem and veneration. The mists which the prejudices and bigotry of Johnson spread over his bright name, are not yet wholly scattered, though fast passing away. We wish not to disparage Johnson. We could find no pleasure in sacrificing one great man to the *manes* of another. But we owe it to Milton and to other illustrious names to say that Johnson has failed of the highest end of biography, which is to give immortality to virtue, and to call forth fervent admiration towards those who have shed splendor on past ages. We acquit Johnson, however, of intentional misrepresentation. He did not, and could not, appreciate Milton. We doubt whether two other minds, having so little in common as those of which we are now speaking, can be found in the higher walks of literature. Johnson was great in his own sphere, but that sphere was comparatively "of the earth," whilst Milton's was only inferior to that of angels. It was customary, in the day of Johnson's glory, to call him a giant, to class him with a mighty but still an earth-born race. Milton we should rank among seraphs. Johnson's mind acted chiefly on man's actual condition, on the realities of life, on the springs of human action, on the passions which now agitate society, and he seems hardly to have dreamed of a higher state of the human mind than was then exhibited. Milton, on the other hand, burned with a deep yet calm love of moral grandeur and celestial purity. He thought, not so much of what man is, as of what he might become. His own mind was a revelation to him of a higher condition of humanity, and to promote this he thirsted and toiled for freedom, as the element for the growth and improvement of his nature. In religion, Johnson was gloomy and inclined to superstition, and on the subject of government leaned towards absolute power; and the idea of reforming either never entered his mind but to disturb and provoke it. The church and the civil polity under which he lived seemed to him perfect, unless he may have thought that the former would be improved by a larger infusion of Romish rites and doctrines, and the latter by an enlargement of the royal prerogative. Hence a tame acquiescence in the present forms of religion and government marks his works. Hence we find so little in his writings which is electric and soul-kindling, and

which gives the reader a consciousness of being made for a state of loftier thought and feeling than the present. Milton's whole soul, on the contrary, revolted against the maxims of legitimacy, hereditary faith, and servile reverence for established power. He could not brook the bondage to which men had bowed for ages. "Reformation" was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was the solace of his declining years. The difference between Milton and Johnson may be traced, not only in these great features of mind, but in their whole characters. Milton was refined and spiritual in his habits, temperate almost to abstemiousness, and refreshed himself after intellectual effort by music. Johnson inclined to more sensual delights. Milton was exquisitely alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions, and forms, to natural beauty and grandeur. Johnson, through defect of physical organization, if not through deeper deficiency, had little susceptibility of these pure and delicate pleasures, and would not have exchanged the Strand for the vale of Tempe or the gardens of the Hesperides. How could Johnson be just to Milton?

CHRISTIANITY THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR.

I pass to another topic suggested by Mr. Gurney's book. What is it, let me ask, which has freed the West India slave, and is now raising him to the dignity of a man? The answer is most cheering. The great emancipator has been Christianity. Policy, interest, state-craft, church-craft, the low motives which have originated other revolutions, have not worked here. From the times of Clarkson and Wilberforce down to the present day, the friends of the slave, who have pleaded his cause and broken his chains, have been Christians; and it is from Christ, the divine philanthropist, from the inspiration of his cross, that they have gathered faith, hope, and love for the conflict. This illustration of the spirit and power of Christianity is a bright addition to the evidences of its truth. We have here the miracle of a great nation, rising in its strength, not for conquest, not to assert its own rights, but to free and elevate the most despised and injured race on earth; and as this stands alone in human history, so it recalls to us those wonderful works of mercy and power by which the divinity of our religion was at first confirmed.

It is with deep sorrow that I am compelled to turn to the contrast between religion in England and religion in America. There it vindicates the cause of the oppressed; here it rivets the chain and hardens the heart of the oppressor. At the South, what is the Christian ministry doing for the slave? Teaching the rightfulness of his yoke, joining in the cry against the men

who plead for his freedom, giving the sanction of God's name to the greatest offence against his children. This is the saddest view presented by the conflict with slavery. The very men whose office it is to plead against all wrong, to enforce the obligation of impartial, inflexible justice, to breathe the spirit of universal brotherly love, to resist at all hazards the spirit and evil customs of the world, to live and to die under the banner of Christian truth, have enlisted under the standard of slavery.

Review of Gurney's Letters, 1840.

CHARACTER OF THE NEGRO RACE.

I pass to another topic suggested by Mr. Gurney's book. According to this, and all the books written on the subject, emancipation has borne a singular testimony to the noble elements of the negro character. It may be doubted whether any other race would have borne this trial as well as they. Before the day of freedom came, the West Indies and this country foreboded fearful consequences from the sudden transition of such a multitude from bondage to liberty. Revenge, massacre, unbridled lust, were to usher in the grand festival of emancipation, which was to end in the breaking out of a new Pandemonium on earth. Instead of this, the holy day of liberty was welcomed by shouts and tears of gratitude. The liberated negroes did not hasten, as Saxon serfs in like circumstances might have done, to haunts of intoxication, but to the house of God. Their rude churches were thronged. Their joy found utterance in prayers and hymns. History contains no record more touching than the account of the religious, tender thankfulness which this vast boon awakened in the negro breast. And what followed? Was this beautiful emotion an evanescent transport, soon to give way to ferocity and vengeance? It was natural for masters, who had inflicted causeless stripes, and filled the cup of the slaves with bitterness, to fear their rage after liberation. But the overwhelming joy of freedom having subsided, they returned to labor. Not even a blow was struck in the excitement of that vast change. No violation of the peace required the interposition of the magistrate. The new relation was assumed easily, quietly, without an act of violence; and, since that time, in the short space of two years, how much have they accomplished! Beautiful villages have grown up, little freeholds have been purchased, the marriage tie has become sacred, the child is educated, crime has diminished, there are islands where a greater proportion of the young are trained in schools than among the whites of the slave States. I ask whether any other people on the face of the earth would have received and used the infinite blessing of liberty so well.

Ibid.

EVERY MAN GREAT.

Every man, in every condition, is great. It is only our own diseased sight which makes him little. A man is great as a man, be he where or what he may. The grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. His powers of intellect, of conscience, of love, of knowing God, of perceiving the beautiful, of acting on his own mind, on outward nature, and on his fellow-creatures,—these are glorious prerogatives. Through the vulgar error of undervaluing what is common, we are apt, indeed, to pass these by as of little worth. But, as in the outward creation, so in the soul, the common is the most precious. Science and art may invent splendid modes of illuminating the apartments of the opulent; but these are all poor and worthless, compared with the common light which the sun sends into all our windows, which he pours freely, impartially, over hill and valley, which kindles daily the eastern and western sky: and so the common lights of reason, and conscience, and love, are of more worth and dignity than the rare endowments which give celebrity to a few. Let us not disparage that nature which is common to all men; for no thought can measure its grandeur. It is the image of God, the image even of his infinity, for no limits can be set to its unfolding. He who possesses the divine powers of the soul is a great being, be his place what it may. You may clothe him with rags, may immure him in a dungeon, may chain him to slavish tasks. But he is still great. You may shut him out of your houses; but God opens to him heavenly mansions. He makes no show, indeed, in the streets of a splendid city; but a clear thought, a pure affection, a resolute act of a virtuous will, have a dignity of quite another kind, and far higher than accumulations of brick, and granite, and plaster, and stucco, however cunningly put together.

The truly great are to be found everywhere; nor is it easy to say in what condition they spring up most plentifully. Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. It does not lie in the magnitude of his outward agency, in the extent of the effects which he produces. The greatest men may do comparatively little abroad. Perhaps the greatest in our city at this moment are buried in obscurity. Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul,—that is, in the force of thought, moral principle, and love; and this may be found in the humblest condition of life: A man brought up to an obscure trade, and hemmed in by the wants of a growing family, may, in his narrow sphere, perceive more clearly, discriminate more keenly, weigh evidence more wisely, seize on the right means more decisively, and have more presence of mind in difficulty, than another who has accumulated vast stores of knowledge by laborious study; and he has more of intellectua-

greatness. Many a man, who has gone but a few miles from home, understands human nature better, detects motives and weighs character more sagaciously, than another who has travelled over the known world, and made a name by his reports of different countries. It is force of thought which measures intellectual, and so it is force of principle which measures moral, greatness,—that highest of human endowments, that brightest manifestation of the Divinity. The greatest man is he who chooses the Right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering. I believe this greatness to be most common among the multitude, whose names are never heard. Among common people will be found more of hardship borne manfully, more of unvarnished truth, more of religious trust, more of that generosity which gives what the giver needs himself, and more of a wise estimate of life and death, than among the more prosperous. In these remarks you will see why I feel and express a deep interest in the obscure,—in the mass of men. The distinctions of society vanish before the light of these truths. I attach myself to the multitude, not because they are voters and have political power, but because they are men, and have within their reach the most glorious prizes of humanity.

Address on Self-Culture.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

GULIAN CROMWELIN VERPLANCK is, as his name indicates, of German descent; yet he remarks, in one of his addresses, "I cannot but remember that I have New England blood in my veins; that many of my happiest youthful days were passed in her villages." He was born in the city of New York about the year 1781; graduated at Columbia College in 1801, studied law, and then went abroad, and passed several years in Great Britain and on the continent. On his return, he became interested in politics, and was elected to the State Legislature. He had very early a reputation for scholarship and taste, but published nothing under his own name till 1818, when he delivered an address before the New York Historical Society, which soon passed through several editions. In 1822, he accepted the Professorship of the Evidences of Christianity in the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in New York; and two years after published *Essays on the Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion*, which have been much admired, not only for the clearness of their argument, but for the beauty of their style.

For eight years from 1825 Mr. Verplanck was a member of Congress for the city of New York, and as such secured the respect and admiration of his associates, by his fine manners, dignified bearing, and extensive acquirements. In

1827, he united with Bryant and Sands in the production of an annual called the "Talisman," which was illustrated with engravings, and continued three years. In 1833, he published, in one volume, his *Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Arts, and Literature*, and a *Discourse on the Right Moral Influence and Use of Liberal Studies*, and, in 1834, *Influence of Moral Causes upon Opinion, Science, and Literature*. The last of his literary labors is a splendid edition of Shakspeare, in three large volumes, octavo, begun in 1844 and completed in December, 1846. Besides its judicious selection of notes of the best commentators upon difficult passages, forming a sort of comprehensive commentary, its value is not a little enhanced by the elaborate introductions and critical notes of the editor himself.

Mr. Verplanck now resides, in a green and vigorous old age, at Fishkill Landing, on the banks of the Hudson.

JOHN JAY.

The name of John Jay is gloriously associated with that of Alexander Hamilton in the history of our liberties and our laws. John Jay had completed his academic education in this college several years before the commencement of the Revolution. The beginning of the contest between Great Britain and the colonies found him already established in legal reputation, and, young as he still was, singularly well fitted for his country's most arduous services, by a rare union of the dignity and gravity of mature age with youthful energy and zeal. At the age of thirty, he drafted, and in effect himself formed, the first constitution of the State of New York, under which we lived for forty-five years, which still forms the basis of our present State government, and from which other States have since borrowed many of its most remarkable and original provisions. At that age, as soon as New York threw off her colonial character, he was appointed the first Chief Justice of the State. Then followed a long, rapid, and splendid succession of high trusts and weighty duties, the results of which are recorded in the most interesting pages of our national annals. It was the moral courage of Jay, at the head of the Supreme Court of his own State, that gave confidence and union to the people of New York. It was from his richly-stored mind that proceeded, while representing this State in the Congress of the United States, (over whose deliberations he for a time presided,) many of those celebrated state papers whose grave eloquence commanded the admiration of Europe, and drew forth the eulogy of the master orators and statesmen of the times,—of Chatham and Burke; whilst, by the evidence which they gave to the wisdom and talent that guided the councils of America, they contributed to her reputation and ultimate triumph as much as the most signal victories of her arms. As our minister at Madrid and

Paris, his sagacity penetrated, and his calm firmness defeated, the intricate wiles of the diplomatists and cabinets of Europe, until, in illustrious association with Franklin and John Adams, he settled and signed the definitive treaty of peace, recognising and confirming our national independence. On his return home, a not less illustrious association awaited him, in a not less illustrious cause,—the establishment and defence of the present national constitution, with Hamilton and Madison. The last Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the old confederation, he was selected by Washington as the first Chief Justice of the United States under the new constitution.

His able negotiation and commercial treaty with Great Britain, and his six years' administration as Governor of this State, completed his public life.

After a long and uninterrupted series of the highest civil employments, in the most difficult times, he suddenly retired from their toils and dignities, in the full vigor of mind and body, at a time when the highest honors of the nation still courted his acceptance, and at an age when, in most statesmen, the objects of ambition show as gorgeously, and its aspirations are as stirring, as ever. He looked upon himself as having fully discharged his debt of service to his country; and, satisfied with the ample share of public honor which he had received, he retired with cheerful content, without ever once casting a reluctant eye towards the power or dignities he had left. For the last thirty years of his remaining life, he was known to us only by the occasional appearance of his name, or the employment of his pen, in the service of piety or philanthropy. A halo of veneration seemed to encircle him, as one belonging to another world, though yet lingering amongst us. When, during the last year, the tidings of his death came to us, they were received through the nation, not with sorrow or mourning, but with solemn awe, like that with which we read the mysterious passage of ancient Scripture,—“And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him.”

Address Delivered at Columbia College, 1880.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Next in rank and in efficacy to that pure and holy source of moral influence—the Mother—is that of the Schoolmaster. It is powerful already. What would it be if in every one of those school districts, which we now count by annually increasing thousands, there were to be found one teacher well informed without pedantry, religious without bigotry or fanaticism, proud and fond of his profession, and honored in the discharge of its duties? How wide would be the intellectual, the moral influence of such a body

of men! Many such we have already amongst us, men humbly wise and obscurely useful, whom poverty cannot depress, nor neglect degrade. But to raise up a body of such men, as numerous as the wants and the dignity of the country demand, their labors must be fitly remunerated, and themselves and their calling cherished and honored.

The schoolmaster's occupation is laborious and ungrateful; its rewards are scanty and precarious. He may indeed be, and he ought to be, animated by the consciousness of doing good,—that best of all consolations, that noblest of all motives. But that, too, must be often clouded by doubt and uncertainty. Obscure and inglorious as his daily occupation may appear to learned pride or worldly ambition, yet, to be truly successful and happy, he must be animated by the spirit of the same great principles which inspired the most illustrious benefactors of mankind. If he bring to his task high talent and rich acquirement, he must be content to look into distant years for the proof that his labors have not been wasted, that the good seed which he daily scatters abroad does not fall on stony ground and wither away, or among thorns, to be choked by the cares, the delusions, or the vices of the world. He must solace his toils with the same prophetic faith that enabled the greatest of modern philosophers,¹ amidst the neglect or contempt of his own times, to regard himself as sowing the seeds of truth for posterity and the care of Heaven. He must arm himself against disappointment and mortification, with a portion of that same noble confidence which soothed the greatest of modern poets when, weighed down by care and danger, by poverty, old age, and blindness, still

“In prophetic dream he saw
The youth unborn, with pious awe,
Imbibe each virtue from his sacred page.”

He must know, and he must love to teach his pupils, not the meagre elements of knowledge, but the secret and the use of their own intellectual strength, exciting and enabling them hereafter to raise for themselves the veil which covers the majestic form of Truth. He must feel deeply the reverence due to the youthful mind, fraught with mighty though undeveloped energies and affections, and mysterious and eternal destinies. Thence he must have learned to reverence himself and his profession, and to look upon its otherwise ill-requited toils as their own exceeding great reward.

If such are the difficulties and the discouragements, such the duties, the motives, and the consolations, of teachers who are

¹ Bacon, “*Serere posteris ac Deo immortalis.*”

worthy of that name and trust, how imperious, then, the obligation upon every enlightened citizen who knows and feels the value of such men, to aid them, to cheer them, and to honor them! Thus shall we best testify our gratitude to the teachers and guides of our own youth, thus best serve our country, and thus most effectually diffuse over our land light, and truth, and virtue.¹

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, 1782—1851.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, author of the splendid work on the birds of America, was born in New Orleans on the 4th of May, 1780, of French parents, and received his education at Paris. Returning in his eighteenth year, he settled on a farm, purchased for him by his father, a few miles north of Philadelphia, where the Perkioming falls into the Schuylkill, and here commenced that series of drawings of the numerous birds with which the woods around him were filled,—drawings which finally resulted in his magnificent collection of *The Birds of America*. Here, too, he was married, and here was born his eldest son. He soon engaged in commercial business; but, being unsuccessful, he resolved to seek his fortunes in the West. As early as 1810, he sailed down the Ohio in an open boat, with his wife and child, in search of a congenial spot in those then almost wilderness regions in which to fix his home and pursue the researches to which he gave all his energies.

¹ From *A Tribute to the Memory of Daniel H. Barnes*, delivered at the annual meeting of the High School Society, November, 1829. Mr. Barnes originated, and conducted for some years with great reputation, the High School of New York; was a classical scholar of high attainments, a member of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and said to be at that time the first conchologist in the United States. He was elected President of Columbia College in Washington, D. C., but declined the appointment, preferring to remain in the institution (the High School) to which he had been devoted from its foundation.

In "Harper's Magazine" for January, 1859, is a long and admirably-written article upon the teacher's office, from which I must make a short extract:—"The ideal view of the teacher's office is one of the noblest and grandest that can enter the human mind. Call it the highest of earthly offices,—call it the chieftainship among those intellectual and moral forces that have the stability, welfare, glory of society committed to their guidance and support,—and the language, so far from approaching the borders of extravagance and bombast, is justified by the decisions of the most sober reason. . . . Men are opening their eyes to the fact that education does a much grander work for man as man than for man as artisan, physician, lawyer, statesman; and the truth is slowly vindicating itself that it is a mightier instrumentality for the family than for the state. We hail this as a significant indication of a brighter era. Of all causes that have tended to enfeeble the power of the teacher and to restrict the scope of education, the general sentiment that the whole system was simply designed to make respectable citizens has been most pernicious. Happily for the age, a broader and sounder view is taking hold on the public mind. It is one step toward freedom from the bondage of a material civilization; and, if faithfully pursued, we shall soon see teaching regarded as the apostleship of God's providence."

From that time, his career was one of adventure, romantic incident, and varied fortune. Hardly a region in the United States was left unvisited by him, and the most inaccessible haunts of nature were continually disturbed by this adventurous and indefatigable ornithologist, to whom a new discovery or a fresh experience was only the incentive to greater ardor and renewed efforts in his favorite department of science.

In 1824, he visited Philadelphia with his drawings; but, not receiving much encouragement, he went to New York, where he "met with a kindness well suited to elevate his depressed spirits." In 1826, he sailed for Europe, where his work—*The Birds of America*¹—procured him a generous reception from the most distinguished men of science and letters. In 1829, he returned home; and, after other explorations of the woods in various parts of the country for four years, he published the second volume of his great work in 1834,² the third in 1835, and the fourth and last in 1838.³ In 1839, he purchased a beautiful place on the Hudson, a little above New York, and commenced a smaller edition of his *Birds*, which was completed in 1844, in seven imperial octavo volumes. In this delightful suburban residence he spent the latter years of his life, and died on the 27th of January, 1851, leaving behind him a name which is a rich legacy to science and art.⁴

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Where is the person who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person; so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling, admiration!

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and

¹ It was published in numbers, each containing five colored plates of large folio size. The first of these appeared in 1825, and the first volume in 1829.

² In this year (1834) he completed his *Ornithological Biography*, in two volumes.

³ The whole work has four hundred and thirty-five plates, and contains one thousand and sixty-five distinct specimens, from the humming-bird to the eagle. The subscription-price for the four volumes was one thousand dollars. The number of subscribers was about one hundred and seventy.

⁴ "I cannot but think that his countrymen made too little account of his death. It was perhaps, however, not to be expected that the multitude, who knew nothing of his services, should pay him their tributes of gratitude and respect; but it was to be supposed that our scientific societies and our artist associations would at least propose a monument to one who was so rare an ornament to both. Yet, if they were neglectful, there are those who will not be, and who will long cherish his name; and, in the failure of all human memorials, as it has been elsewhere said, the little wren will whisper it about our homes, the robin and the reed-bird pipe it from the meadows, the ring-dove will coo it from the dewy depths of the woods, and the mountain-eagle scream it to the stars."—*Homes of American Authors*.

blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. * * *

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left. In this manner it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following with great precaution the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step; in a word, it is where nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and, opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking-bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard. But where is that favored land? It is, reader, in Louisiana. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the mocking-bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight; for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and, again bouncing

upwards, opens his bill and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that, to enrich her hopes, he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

THE WOOD-THRUSH.

This bird is my greatest favorite of the feathered tribes of our woods. To it I owe much. How often has it revived my drooping spirits, when I have listened to its wild notes in the forest, after passing a restless night in my slender shed, so feebly secured against the violence of the storm as to show me the futility of my best efforts to rekindle my little fire, whose uncertain and vacillating light had gradually died away under the destructive weight of the dense torrents of rain that seemed to involve the heavens and the earth in one mass of fearful murkiness:—how often, after such a night, when, far from my dear home, and deprived of the presence of those nearest to my heart, wearied, hungry, drenched, I have been obliged to wait with the patience of a martyr for the return of day, silently counting over the years of my youth, doubting, perhaps, if ever again I should return to my home and enbrace my family:—how often, as the first glimpses of morning gleamed doubtfully amongst the dusky masses of the forest-trees, has there come upon my ear, thrilling along the sensitive cords which connect that organ with the heart, the delightful music of this harbinger of day!—and how fervently, on such occasions, have I blessed the Being who formed the wood-thrush, and placed it in those solitary forests, as if to console me amidst my privations, to cheer my depressed mind, and to make me feel, as I did, that man never should despair, whatever may be his situation, as he can never be certain that aid and deliverance are not at hand.

The wood-thrush seldom commits a mistake after such a storm; for no sooner are its sweet notes heard than the heavens gradually clear, the bright refracted light rises in gladdening rays from beneath the distant horizon, the effulgent beams increase in their intensity, and the great orb of day at length bursts on the sight. The gray vapor that floats along the ground is quickly dissipated, the world smiles at the happy change, and the woods are soon heard to echo the joyous thanks of their many songsters. At that moment all fears vanish, giving place to an inspiring hope. The hunter prepares to leave his camp. He listens to the wood-thrush, while he thinks of the course which he ought to pursue; and, as the bird approaches to peep at him, and learn somewhat his intentions, he raises his mind toward the Supreme Disposer of events. Seldom, indeed, have I heard the song of this thrush, without feeling all that tranquillity of mind to which the secluded situation in which it delights is so favorable. The thickest and darkest woods always appear to please it best. The borders of murmuring streamlets, overshadowed by the dense foliage of the lofty trees growing on the gentle declivities, amidst which the sunbeams seldom penetrate, are its favorite resorts. There it is that the musical powers of this hermit of the woods must be heard to be fully appreciated and enjoyed.

DANIEL WEBSTER, 1782—1852.

THIS most distinguished of all American statesmen and orators, the son of Ebenezer and Abigail Webster, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782. It was early remarked that he had uncommon endowments, and in his fourteenth year he was placed in Phillips Exeter Academy, at that time under the care of Dr. Benjamin Abbot, to prepare for college. He entered Dartmouth College in 1797; and when he graduated in 1801, a high future was predicted for him by the more sagacious of his classmates. He immediately entered upon his legal studies, and, in 1805, began the practice of his profession in the village of Boscawen, whence he removed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in September, 1807. Here he resided nine years, enjoying the friendship and profiting by the rivalry of such men as Samuel Dexter, Joseph Story, Jeremiah Smith, and Jeremiah Mason.

It was in the extra session of the thirteenth Congress, which met in May, 1813, that Mr. Webster commenced his political career, as a representative from New Hampshire. He was placed on the Committee of Foreign Affairs,—an evidence of the high estimation in which he was held, our country being then at war with Great Britain. He delivered his maiden speech on the 10th of June, 1813, and at once assumed a front rank amongst debaters. His speeches—chiefly on

topics connected with the war—were characterized by masterly vigor, and by an uncommon acquaintance with constitutional learning and with the history of the Government.

In August, 1816, Mr. Webster removed to Boston, and took the place which belonged to his commanding talent and legal eminence. In 1818, he made his brilliant and powerful speech in the celebrated Dartmouth College case, which ranked him among the very first jurists of the country. In 1820, he was elected a member of the convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts. In December of the same year, he delivered his eloquent *Discourse in Commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims*. Two years afterwards, he was re-elected to Congress from Boston; and on the 19th of January, 1823, (little more than a month after he took his seat,) he made his celebrated speech on the Greek Revolution, which gave him high reputation as a statesman and an orator. In this, as in his Plymouth oration, he showed his warm sympathies on the side of freedom. In 1825, he delivered an oration on the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, and, the next year, a eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson,—both of which are among his happiest efforts.

In 1828, Mr. Webster took his seat in the Senate of the United States, in which he remained twelve years. During this time, the most important questions were considered, and measures of the highest moment were brought forward, in the discussion of which he always took a leading part. In 1830, he made what is justly considered the greatest of his Congressional efforts,—his reply to Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina. This gentleman, in a speech on a resolution moved by Mr. Foote, of Connecticut, relative to the survey of the public lands, had indulged in some personalities against Mr. Webster, had commented with severity on the political course of the New England States, and had laid down, in an authoritative manner, his views of the doctrine of “nullification.” Mr. Webster felt it his duty to defend himself, to vindicate New England, and to point out the fallacies of “nullification.” This he did in a speech which, for beauty, perspicuity, and strength of style, for sound logic, keen sarcasm, true patriotism, and lofty eloquence combined, has hardly its equal in the English language.

In 1839, Mr. Webster visited Europe. His fame had, of course, preceded him, and he was everywhere received with the attention due to his character, talents, and eloquence. On the accession of General Harrison to the Presidency, in 1841, he was appointed Secretary of State. While in this office, he was the means of settling the Northeastern boundary question with Great Britain, and the result of his labors, on the whole, met the approbation of the public.¹ About this time, his fame as a public man received its first stain in his “Creole Letter” of instructions to Mr. Everett, then our minister to England, demanding of the British Government some slaves which had escaped to one of their islands.² It need

¹ It has been thought by many, fully competent to judge in the case, that he here made a great mistake, and gave to England what, according to the terms of an early treaty with her, she had no right to,—a large slice of the State of Maine, (about five thousand square miles,) which never, probably, would have been given had the disputed territory lain on our Southern confines.

² The brig “Creole” sailed from Richmond in October, 1841, with one hundred and thirty-five slaves, bound for New Orleans. When a few days from port, the slaves rose, murdered a passenger who claimed the ownership of most of them, took possession of the vessel, and steered her for the port of Nassau, in the Bri-

hardly be said that the demand was never complied with. Mr. Harrison's cabinet was broken up in 1842; but Mr. Webster remained in office till the spring of 1843, during which time steps were taken which led to the recognition of the independence of the Sandwich Islands by the principal maritime powers. With the commencement of Mr. Polk's administration, in 1845, Mr. Webster returned to the Senate of the United States, in which he continued through 1850. In 1846, he opposed our infamous Mexican war, but, with an inconsistency unworthy of his great powers, voted for supplies to carry it on.

On the 7th of March, 1850, he made his celebrated speech on the "Compromise Measures," including the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill. When the news first came that Mr. Webster had given his support to that bill, the people of the North could hardly believe it. But when the news was confirmed, the scorn, the mortification, the indignation that were felt, can only be realized by those who were conversant at the time with public affairs.¹ The speech itself, in point of style and argument, is altogether the weakest of all his efforts. How could it be otherwise? How could Daniel Webster, with his great heart, true humanity, and ~~great~~ intellect, be eloquent in supporting such a measure? But this was not the worst, even: he went about from place to place,—to Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany, &c.,—endeavoring to show the people the rightfulness and the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill. Alas, that such a mind should have labored in such a work!²

In June, 1852, the Whig Convention met at Baltimore, to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. That he was immeasurably superior to any of the names before the Convention, in every great quality requisite for a President, no one ever

tish island of New Providence. It is deeply to be regretted for Mr. Webster's fame that he should have penned such a letter to our minister as he did, demanding of England a surrender of these slaves,—a letter so weak in argument and so unfeeling in sentiment. Let us suppose that a number of Englishmen, taken by the Algerines and reduced to slavery, had found such means to escape as did the slaves of the "Creole," and had taken shelter in our country: what would our Government say to a demand from Algiers to give them up?

¹ It was soon after he had delivered this speech, that Whittier wrote his poem entitled "Ichabod," justly admired for its deep feeling, regretful tenderness, and sublime pathos.

² The following remarks show the light in which this portion of Mr. Webster's history is viewed from the stand-point of liberty by that eminent Christian jurist, Judge Jay, who loved *truth* above all other things; whose writings, it has been justly remarked, "are uniformly characterized by the candor of a philosopher, the accuracy of a statesman, the courtesy of a gentleman, and the charity of a Christian;" and who well understood the meaning of the words of the Apostle that "charity rejoiceth in the TRUTH:"—

"Of all the traitors to the cause of humanity, Mr. Webster is to me one of the most revolting. After the most solemn pledges never to consent to the introduction of slavery into the Territories, he refused to apply the Wilmot Proviso to New Mexico and California, under the impudent pretext that to apply it would be 'to re-enact the laws of God,' it being *physically* impossible that slavery could exist in those Territories. Afterwards, becoming desperate in the Presidential canvass, he went about making speeches in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law, and insulting every lawyer who denied that it was constitutional. But his most heinous sin was his arming this law with the terrors of constructive treason. The Christiana treason trials were instituted in obedience to orders from the *State Department*, and Castner Hanway was tried for his life for levying war against the United States, because he refused to aid in catching a fugitive slave!!"

doubted. But of the two hundred and ninety-three votes he got but thirty-three, and that only once. Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot; but the South, for whom he had made such sacrifices, never gave him a single vote, and General Scott proved the "available" man.¹ On Mr. Webster's return to Boston from Washington, July 9, the citizens gave him a grand public reception. It was kind in them thus to administer a balm to his wounded spirit, and to ease his fall. He then returned to his farm at Marshfield, where he died Sunday, October 24, 1852. The news of his death excited profound sorrow throughout the country, and demonstrations of mourning appeared in all quarters, evincing how complete a hold he had upon the affections of his countrymen, who were willing, for a time at least, to forget his errors and lapses, in the recollection of his transcendent abilities exerted so many years for good.²

Of the character of Mr. Webster as a jurist, a statesman, an orator, there can be but one opinion with all candid minds:—that he was head and shoulders above all his contemporaries,—"*Facile primus inter pares*." As a jurist, if exceeded by some in depth of professional reading, he was still master of all the learning required for the discussion of every question, however abstruse; while for a memory that grasped every detail, for a skill that nothing could elude, for a compactness and clearness of statement that made his statements arguments, for rare condensation and surpassing logic, he must always rank as the first of his age.

As a statesman, few have equalled him. He could study and judge subjects in all their relations and details, with a large and liberal comprehensiveness, with a wide range of political knowledge, and sound views of constitutional interpretation; and had he always followed the instincts of his own heart, and the promptings of his own enlightened conscience, and not looked at what he thought would be most conducive to his interests in his Presidential aspirations, he would have left a fame surpassed by that of no man, living or dead.

As an orator, Mr. Webster had none of the graces of the finished rhetorician;

¹ No one now doubts that, had Mr. Webster, with his giant mind and powerful eloquence, exerted all his abilities to defeat, as he did to carry through, the "Compromise Bill," he would have succeeded; would have reversed the whole current of public affairs; would have carried with him the sound judgment and enthusiastic feeling of the whole North; and thus would have been borne onward, on the mighty wave of popular enthusiasm, into the Presidential chair. What an opportunity for good forever lost! Let his fate be a warning to all aspirants for political distinction, and impress upon them the truth that it is infinitely better to be right, than to possess the highest office in the gift of the people.

"High worth is elevated place: 'tis more;
It makes the post stand candidate for thee;
Makes more than monarchs,—makes an honest man."

² I have looked on many mighty men,—King George, the "first gentleman in England;" Sir Astley Cooper, the Apollo of his generation; Peel, O'Connell, Palmerston, Lyndhurst,—all nature's noblemen; I have seen Cuvier, Guizot, Arago, Lamartine, marked in their persons by the genius which has carried their names over the world; I have seen Clay, and Calhoun, and Pinckney, and King, and Dwight, and Daggett, who stand as high examples of personal endowment in our annals; and yet not one of these approached Mr. Webster in the commanding power of their personal presence. There was a grandeur in his form, an intelligence in his deep, dark eye, a loftiness in his expansive brow, a significance in his arched lip, altogether beyond those of any other human being I ever saw."—*Goodrich's Recollections*.

but he had what is infinitely better,—a vigor, precision, and perspicuity of style, and a rich imagination, united to a manliness of person and grandeur of mien, that riveted the attention of his audience, and produced an overwhelming effect on a deliberative assembly. Witness his discourse at Plymouth, his address at Bunker Hill, his remarkable speech at Salem on the trial of Knapp for murder, his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, and his reply to Hayne.

Mr. Webster's works, with a life by Edward Everett, have been published in six volumes, octavo,—volumes full of thought, pregnant with instruction, abounding in knowledge, beautified, adorned, and commended by a style that unites, in a remarkable degree, the four highest qualities,—perspicuity, beauty, precision, and strength.

OUR COUNTRY IN 1920.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be past. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity; they exist only in the all-creating power of God who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote every thing which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of one hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you

welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!

Oration at Plymouth, 1820.

ADDRESS TO THE SURVIVING SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death, —all these you have witnessed; but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and He has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

ENGLAND.

She has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circle the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

THE MORNING.

The air is tranquil, and its temperature mild. It is morning, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects, and on so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the "morning of life." But the morning itself few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of day,"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

I know the morning,—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them; and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there

was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country; and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!

THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it,—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action, noble, sublime, God-like action.

JUSTICE.

Justice is the great interest of man on earth. It is the ligament which holds civilized beings and civilized nations together. Where her temple stands, and so long as it is duly honored, there is a foundation for social security, general happiness, and the improvement and progress of our race.

DEATH THE GREAT LEVELLER.

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations,—the relation between the Creator and the created.

PURPOSE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

Let it not be supposed that our object in erecting this edifice is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his

who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

CRIME REVEALED BY CONSCIENCE.

The deed¹ was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder,—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

Ah, gentlemen! that was a dreadful mistake! Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that

¹ The murder of Joseph White, Esq., of Salem, Mass., April 6, 1830.

those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will be* confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide,—and suicide is confession.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. President,—I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts,—she needs none. There she is,—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history: the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will

stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

Speech in reply to Hayne.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

Mr. President,—I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union that we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings ; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While

the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards*; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*

JOSEPH STORY, 1782—1845.

THIS eminent jurist and scholar was born in Marblehead, Mass., September 18, 1782, and graduated at Harvard College, in 1798. He studied law under Judge Putnam, and established himself in the practice of it at Salem. He soon entered into political life, and was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1805. In 1809, he was chosen by the Democratic party a representative to Congress from Essex, South District. In 1811, he was nominated by President Madison to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and he then severed himself entirely from all political connections. In 1830, he was appointed Dane Professor in the Law School of Harvard University, on the munificent foundation of his friend, Hon. Nathan Dane, of Beverly; and he continued to discharge the duties of this office with great ability and success till the day of his death, which took place on the 10th of September, 1845.

For profound legal learning, acuteness of intellect, soundness of judgment, and general knowledge, Judge Story has had few superiors in our country. As a teacher of jurisprudence, he brought to the important duties of the Professor's chair, besides his exuberant learning, great patience, a strong delight in the subjects which he expounded, a copious and persuasive eloquence, and a contagious enthusiasm, which filled his pupils with love for the law, and for the master who taught it so well.

As an author, Judge Story began his career early in life, by publishing an ex-

cellent edition of Abbott on the *Law of Shipping*. Soon after his appointment to the Dane Professorship, he published his *Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States*, in three volumes, octavo. These were followed by a succession of treatises on different branches of the law, the extent and excellence of which, with the vast amount of legal learning displayed in them, leave it a matter of astonishment that they could be prepared, within the short space of twelve years, by a man who was all the while discharging, with great assiduity, the onerous duties of a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a Professor in the Law School of the University. But in his devotion to the science of the law, he did not forget the claims of literature and general scholarship; and his addresses on public occasions, his contributions to the "North American Review," and other miscellaneous writings, show a mind imbued with sound and varied learning.

As a man, and a member of society, he was remarkable for his domestic virtues, his warm affections and generous temper, and the purity, elevation, and simplicity of his life. The members of the Suffolk Bar, in their resolutions upon the occasion of his death, declare "that the death of one so great as a judge, as an author, as a teacher, and so good as a man, is a loss which is irreparable to the bar, to the country, and to mankind."

THE IMPORTANCE OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

The importance of classical learning to professional education is so obvious, that the surprise is that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judgment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments, but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. Until the eighteenth century, the mass of science, in its principal branches, was deposited in the dead languages, and much of it still reposes there. To be ignorant of these languages is to shut out the lights of former times, or to examine them only through the glimmerings of inadequate translations. What should we say of the jurist who never aspired to learn the maxims of law and equity which adorn the Roman codes? What of the physician who could deliberately surrender all the knowledge heaped up for so many centuries in the Latinity of continental Europe? What of the minister of religion who should choose not to study the Scriptures in the original tongue, and should be content to trust his faith and his hopes, for time and for eternity, to the dimness of translations which may reflect the literal import, but rarely can reflect, with unbroken force, the beautiful spirit of the text?

I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties, of monumental trophies and triumphal arches, of palaces of princes and temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions in which wisdom speaks as with a voice from heaven; of those sublime efforts of poetical genius which still

freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigor; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms and chained senates to the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay! as one remembers the face of a dead friend, by gathering up the broken fragments of his image; as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told; as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet; as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight.

FREE SCHOOLS.

I know not what more munificent donation any government can bestow than by providing instruction at the public expense, not as a scheme of charity, but of municipal policy. If a private person deserves the applause of all good men, who founds a single hospital or college, how much more are they entitled to the appellation of public benefactors who, by the side of every church in every village, plant a school of letters! Other monuments of the art and genius of man may perish, but these, from their very nature, seem, as far as human foresight can go, absolutely immortal. The triumphal arches of other days have fallen; the sculptured columns have crumbled into dust; the temples of taste and religion have sunk into decay; the pyramids themselves seem but mighty sepulchres hastening to the same oblivion to which the dead they cover have long since passed. But here, every successive generation becomes a living memorial of our public schools, and a living example of their excellence. Never, never may this glorious institution be abandoned or betrayed by the weakness of its friends or the power of its adversaries! It can scarcely be abandoned or betrayed while New England remains free, and her representatives are true to their trust. It must forever count in its defence a majority of all those who ought to influence public affairs by their virtues or their talents; for it must be that here they first felt the divinity of knowledge stir within them. What consolation can be higher, what reflection prouder, than the thought that in weal and in woe our children are under the public guardianship, and may here gather the fruits of that learning which ripens for eternity!

THE DANGERS THAT THREATEN OUR REPUBLIC.

The fate of other republics—their rise, their progress, their decline, and their fall—are written but too legibly on the pages of history, if, indeed, they were not continually before us in the

startling fragments of their ruins. Those republics have perished, and have perished by their own hands. Prosperity has enervated them, corruption has debased them, and a venal populace has consummated their destruction. The people, alternately the prey of military chieftains at home and of ambitious invaders from abroad, have been sometimes cheated out of their liberties by servile demagogues, sometimes betrayed into a surrender of them by false patriots, and sometimes they have willingly sold them for a price to the despot who has bidden highest for his victims. They have disregarded the warning voice of their best statesmen, and have persecuted and driven from office their truest friends. They have listened to the counsels of fawning sycophants or base calumniators of the wise and the good. They have revered power more in its high abuses and summary movements than in its calm and constitutional energy, when it dispensed blessings with an unseen but a liberal hand. They have surrendered to faction what belonged to the common interests and common rights of the country. Patronage and party, the triumph of an artful popular leader, and the discontents of a day, have outweighed, in their view, all solid principles and institutions of government. Such are the melancholy lessons of the past history of republics down to our own. * * *

If our Union should once be broken up, it is impossible that a new constitution should ever be formed, embracing the whole territory. We shall be divided into several nations or confederacies, rivals in power, pursuits, and interests; too proud to brook injury, and too near to make retaliation distant or ineffectual. Our very animosities will, like those of all other kindred nations, become more deadly, because our lineage, our laws, and our language are the same. Let the history of the Grecian and Italian republics warn us of our dangers. The National Constitution is our last and our only security. United, we stand; divided, we fall.

Let, then, the rising generation be inspired with an ardent love of their country, an unquenchable thirst for liberty, and a profound reverence for the Constitution and the Union. Let the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils, and sufferings, and blood of their ancestors; and capable, if wisely improved and faithfully guarded, of transmitting to their latest posterity all the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, of property, of religion, and of independence. The structure has been erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity, its foundations are solid, its compartments are beautiful as well as useful, its arrangements are full of wisdom and order, and its defences are impregnable from without. It has been reared for immortality, if the work of

man may justly aspire to such a title. It may, nevertheless, perish in an hour, by the folly, or corruption, or negligence of its only keepers, **THE PEOPLE**. Republics are created by the virtue, public spirit, and intelligence of the citizens. They fall when the wise are banished from the public councils because they dare to be honest, and the profligate are rewarded because they flatter the people in order to betray them.

Conclusion of his Exposition of the Constitution.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"What! Irving! thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain!
 You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
 And the gravest sweet humor that ever was there
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair.
 Nay, don't be embarrass'd, nor look so beseeching,
 I sha'n't run directly against my own preaching,
 And, having just laugh'd at their Raphaels and Dantes,
 Go to settling yon up beside matchless Cervantes;
 But allow me to speak what I honestly feel;—
 To a true poet heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
 Throw in all of Addison minus the chill,
 With the whole of that partnership's stock and good will,
 Mix well, and, while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell.
 The 'fine old English gentleman:'—simmer it well:
 Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
 That only the finest and clearest remain:
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves;
 And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
 A name either English or Yankee—just Irving."

James Russell Lowell's Fable for the Critics.

THIS most justly celebrated and widely-known of all American prose-writers was born in the city of New York, on the 3d of April, 1783. After receiving an ordinary school-education, he commenced, at the age of sixteen, the study of the law. In 1804, in consequence of ill health, he sailed for Bordeaux, and thence roamed over the most beautiful portions of Southern Europe, visited Switzerland, sojourned in Paris, passed through Holland to England, and returned home in 1806 and again resumed the study of the law. He was admitted to the bar in November of that year, but never practised. Shortly after, he joined Mr. Paulding in writing *Salmagundi*, the first number of which appeared in 1807. It was a miscellany full of humor and fun, which captivated the town, and decided the fortunes of the authors. In December of the following year, he published *The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*,—a most original and humorous work; and, a few years after, he edited the "*Analectic Magazine*." In the autumn of 1814, he joined the military staff of the Governor of New York, as aide-de-camp, and secretary, with the title of colonel. At the close of the war, he embarked for Liverpool, with a view of making a second tour of Europe; but, financial troubles intervening, and the remarkable success which attended his literary enterprises being an encouragement to pursue a vocation which necessity, no less than taste, now urged him to follow, he embarked in the career of author-

ship. In 1818 appeared the papers called the *Sketch-Book*, transmitted from London, where he wrote them, to New York, which at once attracted universal admiration, not here only, but in England, where they were republished in 1820. After residing a few years in England, Mr. Irving again visited Paris, and returned to England to bring out *Bracebridge Hall*, in London, May, 1822. The next winter he passed in Dresden, and in the following spring put *Tales of a Traveller* to press. He soon after went to Madrid, and wrote *The Life of Columbus*, which appeared in 1828. In the spring of that year, he visited the south of Spain, and the result was the *Chronicles of the Conquest of Grenada*, which was published in 1829. The same year, he revisited that region, and collected the materials for his *Alhambra*. In July, he went to England, being appointed Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy in London, which office he held until the return of Mr. McLane, in 1831.

While in England, Mr. Irving received one of the twenty-guinea gold medals provided by George IV. for eminence in historical composition, and the degree of LL.D. from the University of Oxford. His return to New York, in 1832, was greeted by a festival, at which were gathered his surviving friends, and all the illustrious men of his native metropolis. The following summer, he accompanied one of the commissioners for removing the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi. The fruit of this excursion was his graphic *Tour of the Prairies*. Soon after appeared *Abbotsford* and *Newstead Abbey*, and *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*. In 1836, he published *Astoria*, and in 1837, *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*. In 1839, he entered into an engagement, which lasted two years, with the proprietors of the Knickerbocker Magazine, to furnish, monthly, articles for that periodical. Early in 1842, he was appointed minister to Spain; and on his return to this country, in 1846, he began the publication of a revised edition of his works, to the list of which he afterwards added a *Life of Goldsmith*. He has recently published a *Life of Washington*, in five volumes, which promises to be the most popular life of that illustrious statesman whose name he wears.

After the genial lines of James Russell Lowell, above quoted, so happily descriptive of Mr. Irving's style, we will add nothing but a short quotation from a beautifully-written and appreciative sketch of his life, in the "Homes of American Authors:"—"The eminent success which has attended the late republication of Irving's works teaches a lesson that we hope will not be lost on the cultivators of literature. It proves a truth which all men of enlightened taste intuitively feel, but which is constantly forgotten by aspirants for literary fame, and that is,—the permanent value of a direct, simple, and natural style. It is not only the genial philosophy, the humane spirit, the humor and pathos, of Irving, which endear his writings and secure for them an habitual interest, but it is in the refreshment afforded by a constant recurrence to the unalloyed, unaffected, clear, flowing style in which he invariably expresses himself."¹

¹ Read "Homes of American Authors;" "North American Review," ix. 322, xxviii. 103, xxix. 293, xxxv. 265, xli. 1, xliv. 200; "Edinburgh Review," xxxiv. 160, xxxvii. 337. But for a full account of Irving's writings, with well-selected criticisms upon his works, both from English and American Reviews, consult that admirable book,—*Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors*. See p. 771 of this book.

COLUMBUS FIRST DISCOVERS LAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the head, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships: not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail, and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man at such a moment, or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they

like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of Oriental civilization.

Life of Columbus.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

I sought the village church. It is an old low edifice of gray stone, on the brow of a small hill, looking over fertile fields, towards where the proud towers of Warwick Castle lift themselves against the distant horizon.

A part of the churchyard is shaded by large trees. Under one of them my mother lay buried. You have no doubt thought me a light, heartless being. I thought myself so; but there are moments of adversity which let us into some feelings of our nature to which we might otherwise remain perpetual strangers.

I sought my mother's grave: the weeds were already matted over it, and the tombstone was half hid among nettles. I cleared them away, and they stung my hands; but I was heedless of the pain, for my heart ached too severely. I sat down on the grave, and read over and over again the epitaph on the stone.

It was simple, but it was true. I had written it myself. I had tried to write a poetical epitaph, but in vain: my feelings refused to utter themselves in rhyme. My heart had gradually been filling during my lonely wanderings; it was now charged to the brim, and overflowed. I sank upon the grave, and buried my face in the tall grass, and wept like a child. Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom, of my mother. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! how heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone, when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts, when we find how hard it is to meet with true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes, then it is that we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. "O my mother!" exclaimed I,

burying my face again in the grass of the grave, "oh that I were once more by your side, sleeping, never to wake again on the cares and troubles of this world!"

I am not naturally of a morbid temperament, and the violence of my emotion gradually exhausted itself. It was a hearty, honest, natural discharge of grief which had been slowly accumulating, and gave me wonderful relief. I rose from the grave as if I had been offering up a sacrifice, and I felt as if that sacrifice had been accepted.

I sat down again on the grass, and plucked, one by one, the weeds from her grave; the tears trickled more slowly down my cheeks, and ceased to be bitter. It was a comfort to think that she had died before sorrow and poverty came upon her child, and that all his great expectations were blasted.

I leaned my cheek upon my hand, and looked upon the landscape. Its quiet beauty soothed me. The whistle of a peasant from an adjoining field came cheerily to my ear. I seemed to respire hope and comfort with the free air that whispered through the leaves, and played lightly with my hair, and dried the tears upon my cheek. A lark, rising from the field before me, and leaving as it were a stream of song behind him as he rose, lifted my fancy with him. He hovered in the air just above the place where the towers of Warwick Castle marked the horizon, and seemed as if fluttering with delight at his own melody. "Surely," thought I, "if there was such a thing as transmigration of souls, this might be taken for some poet let loose from earth, but still revelling in song, and carolling about fair fields and lordly towers."

At this moment the long-forgotten feeling of poetry rose within me. A thought sprang at once into my mind. "I will become an author!" said I. "I have hitherto indulged in poetry as a pleasure, and it has brought me nothing but pain: let me try what it will do when I cultivate it with devotion as a pursuit."

The resolution thus suddenly aroused within me heaved a load from off my heart. I felt a confidence in it from the very place where it was formed. It seemed as though my mother's spirit whispered it to me from the grave. "I will henceforth," said I, "endeavor to be all that she fondly imagined me. I will endeavor to act as if she were witness of my actions; I will endeavor to acquit myself in such a manner that, when I revisit her grave, there may at least be no compunctious bitterness with my tears."

I bowed down and kissed the turf in solemn attestation of my vow. I plucked some primroses that were growing there, and laid them next my heart. I left the churchyard with my spirit once more lifted up, and set out a third time for London in the character of an author.

Bracebridge Hall.

THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT.

The moon, which then was invisible, has gradually gained upon the nights, and now rolls in full splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up, the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver, the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

I have sat for hours at my window inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the checkered features of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight when every thing was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate and in such a place? The temperature of an Andalusian midnight, in summer, is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, that render mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather-stain, disappears, the marble resumes its original whiteness, the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams, the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

At such time I have ascended to the little pavilion, called the Queen's Toilette, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the *tocador*, and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map below me, all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping as it were in the moonshine.

Sometimes I would hear the faint sounds of ~~castanets~~ from some party of dancers lingering in the Alameda; at other times I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar, and the notes of a single voice rising from some solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier serenading his lady's window,—a gallant custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline, except in the remote towns and villages of Spain.

Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and sensation which steal away existence in a Southern climate,—and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

The Alhambra.

THE GRAVE.

The love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved are softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No: there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved,—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness, of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities! The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence!

Awake in the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth,—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet,—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious

word, and every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

Sketch-Book.

PORTRAIT OF A DUTCHMAN.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of,—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one by talking faster than they think; and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by-the-way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter; and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about!"

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's

ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the back of his back-bone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face—that infallible index of the mind—presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller,—a true philosopher; for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

Knickerbocker.

JOSEPH S. BUCKMINSTER, 1784—1812.

JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, May 26, 1784. His ancestors, both by his father's and his mother's side, for several generations, were clergymen. His father, Dr. Buckminster, was for a long time a minister of Portsmouth, and was esteemed one of the most eminent clergymen of the State. His mother, the only daughter of Dr. Stevens, of Kittery, was a woman of an elegant and cultivated mind; and, though dying while the subject of this memoir was very young, she had made such impressions on his mind and heart as deeply and permanently affected his character.

Mr. Buckminster was a striking example of the early development of talents. There was no period, after his earliest infancy, when he did not impress on all who saw him a conviction of the certainty of his future eminence. He received

his education preparatory for college at Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, under the care of the venerable Dr. Benjamin Abbot, for whom all his pupils ever entertained the highest veneration.¹ At the age of thirteen he entered Harvard University, nearly a year in advance, and at once took the highest rank as a scholar, which he continued to maintain throughout his whole collegiate career.

In 1800, he received the honors of the University, and entered at once upon the study of theology, for which he had an inclination at an early age. In October, 1804, he was invited to preach before the Brattle Street Church, Boston, and he was ordained as their pastor January 30, 1805.

But a cloud was soon to overshadow this fair prospect; for, in October of that year, he was attacked by a fit of epilepsy, brought on by too intense application to his studies. In the spring of 1806, the increase of this fatal malady induced his friends to insist upon his taking a voyage to Europe; and, accordingly, he embarked in May for Liverpool. After travelling through Great Britain and a considerable portion of Western Europe, he returned home in September of the next year. He was welcomed by his congregation with unabated affection, and resumed the duties of his office with redoubled activity, and for a few years he continued to labor with unwearied industry, continually filling a larger space in the public eye, when, in the midst of all his usefulness, he was suddenly cut down. A violent attack of his old disorder at once made a total wreck of his intellect, and, after lingering for a few days, during which he had not even a momentary interval of reason, he sank under its force, June 9, 1812, having just completed his twenty-eighth year.

Few men ever died more lamented by the community in which they lived than Mr. Buckminster. His death was felt by all classes, and all sects of Christians, to be a great public loss. His life was one of uniform purity and rectitude, of devotion to his Master's service, of disinterested zeal for the good of mankind. As a scholar, Professor Norton remarks, "There is no question that he was one of the most eminent men whom our country has produced. In the time which was left him by his many interruptions, he had acquired such a variety of knowledge, that one could hardly converse with him on any subject connected with his profession, or with the branches of elegant literature, without having some new ideas suggested, without receiving some information, or being at least directed how to obtain it. Yet he did not labor to acquire learning merely for the sake of exhibiting it to the wonder of others; but his studies were all for profit and usefulness. Of his public discourses I do not fear speaking with exaggerated praise. To listen to them was the indulgence and gratification of our best affections. It was to follow in the triumph of religion and virtue."²

¹ Dr. Johnson has very justly said, "Not to mention the school or master of distinguished men is a kind of historical fraud by which honest fame is injuriously diminished."

² Read a memoir prefixed to his works, 2 vols., Boston, 1839; also an article in the "North American Review," x. 204; but, above all, "Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D.D., and of his Son, Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster," by his sister, Eliza Buckminster Lee. Also a very fine article in the "Christian Examiner" for September, 1849.

USES OF SICKNESS.

Sickness teaches us not only the uncertain tenure, but the utter vanity and unsatisfactoriness, of the dearest objects of human pursuit. Introduce into the chamber of a sick and dying man the whole pantheon of idols which he has vainly worshipped,—fame, wealth, pleasure, beauty, power,—what miserable comforters are they all! Bind a wreath of laurel round his brow, and see if it will assuage his aching temples. Spread before him the deeds and instruments which prove him the lord of innumerable possessions, and see if you can beguile him of a moment's anguish; see if he will not give you up those barren parchments for one drop of cool water, one draught of pure air. Go, tell him, when a fever rages through his veins, that his table smokes with luxuries, that the wine moveth itself aright and giveth its color in the cup, and see if this will calm his throbbing pulse. Tell him, as he lies prostrate, helpless and sinking with debility, that the song and dance are ready to begin, and that all without him is life, alacrity, and joy. Nay, more, place in his motionless hand the sceptre of a mighty empire, and see if he will be eager to grasp it. This, my friends, this is the school in which our desires must be disciplined, and our judgments of ourselves and the objects of our pursuit corrected.

TEMPTATIONS OF THE YOUNG.

It is true that every age and employment has its snares; but the feet of the young are most easily entrapped. Issuing forth, as you do, in the morning of life, into the wide field of existence, where the flowers are all open, it is no wonder that you pluck some that are poisonous. Tasting every golden fruit that hangs over the garden of life, it is no wonder that you should find some of the most tempting hollow and mouldy. But the peculiar characteristic of your age, my young friends, is impetuosity and presumptuousness. You are without caution, because without experience. You are precipitate, because you have enjoyed so long the protection of others that you have yet to learn to protect yourselves. You grasp at every pleasure because it is new, and every society charms with a freshness which you will be surprised to find gradually wearing away. Young as you are upon the stage, there seems to be little for you to know of yourselves; therefore you are contented to know little, and the world will not let you know more till it has disappointed you oftener.

Entering, then, into life, you will find every rank and occupation environed with its peculiar temptations; and, without some other and higher principle than that which influences a merely

worldly man, you are not a moment secure. You are poor, and you think pleasure and fashion and ambition will disdain to spread their snares for so ignoble a prey. It is true, they may. But take care that dishonesty does not dazzle you with an exhibition of sudden gains. Take care that want does not disturb your imagination by temptations to fraud. Distress may drive you to indolence and despair, and these united may drown you in intemperance. Even robbery and murder have sometimes stalked in at the breach which poverty or calamity has left unguarded. You are rich, and you think that pride and a just sense of reputation will preserve you from the vices of the vulgar. It is true, they may; and you may be ruined in the progress of luxury, and lost to society, and, at last, to God, while sleeping in the lap of the most flattering and enervating abundance.

The last resource against temptation is prayer. Escaping, then, from your tempter, fly to God. Cultivate the habit of devotion. It shall be a wall of fire around you, and your glory in the midst of you. To this practice the uncorrupted sentiments of the heart impel you, and invitations are as numerous as they are merciful to encourage you. When danger has threatened your life, you have called upon God. When disease has wasted your health, and you have felt the tomb opening under your feet, you have called upon God. When you have apprehended heavy misfortunes or engaged in hazardous enterprises, you have, perhaps, resorted to God to ask his blessing. But what are all these dangers to the danger which your virtue may be called to encounter on your first entrance into life? In habitual prayer you will find a safeguard. You will find every good resolution fortified by it, and every seduction losing its power, when seen in the new light which a short communion with Heaven affords. In prayer you will find that a state of mind is generated which will shed a holy influence over the whole character; and those temptations to which you were just yielding will vanish, with all their allurements, when the day-star of devotion rises in your hearts.

ACTIVE AND INACTIVE LEARNING.

The history of letters does not, at this moment, suggest to me a more fortunate parallel between the effects of active and of inactive learning than in the well-known characters of Cicero and Atticus. Let me hold them up to your observation, not because Cicero was faultless, or Atticus always to blame, but because, like you, they were the citizens of a republic. They lived in an age of learning and of dangers, and acted upon opposite principles when Rome was to be saved, if saved at all, by the virtuous energy of her most accomplished minds. If we look now for

Atticus, we find him in the quiet of his library, surrounded with books, while Cicero was passing through the regular course of public honors and services, where all the treasures of his mind were at the command of his country. If we follow them, we find Atticus pleasantly wandering among the ruins of Athens, purchasing up statues and antiques, while Cicero was at home, blasting the projects of Catiline, and at the head of the senate, like the tutelary spirit of his country, as the storm was gathering, secretly watching the doubtful movements of Cæsar. If we look to the period of the civil wars, we find Atticus always reputed, indeed, to belong to the party of the friends of liberty, yet originally dear to Sylla and intimate with Cælius, recommending himself to Cæsar by his neutrality, courted by Antony, and connected with Octavius; poorly concealing the epicureanism of his principles under the ornaments of literature and the splendor of his benefactions; till at last this inoffensive and polished friend of successive usurpers hastens out of life to escape from the pains of a lingering disease. Turn now to Cicero, the only great man at whom Cæsar always trembled, the only great man whom falling Rome did *not* fear. Do you tell me that his hand once offered incense to the dictator? Remember, it was the gift of gratitude only, and not of servility; for the same hand launched its indignation against the infamous Antony, whose power was more to be dreaded, and whose revenge pursued him till this father of his country gave his head to the executioner without a struggle, for he knew that Rome was no longer to be saved. If, my friends, you would feel what learning, and genius, and virtue should aspire to in a day of peril and depravity, when you are tired of the factions of the city, the battles of Cæsar, the crimes of the triumvirate, and the splendid court of Augustus, do not go and repose in the easy chair of Atticus, but refresh your virtues and your spirits with the contemplation of Cicero.¹

Phi Beta Kappa Oration.

¹ "If I should attempt to fix the period at which I first felt all the power of Mr. Buckminster's influence, it would be at the delivery of his oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in August, 1809; at which time I had been two years in college, but still hardly emerged from boyhood. That address—although the standard of merit for such performances is higher now than it was then—will, I think, still be regarded as one of the very best of its class, admirably appropriate, thoroughly meditated, and exquisitely wrought. It unites sterling sense, sound and various scholarship, precision of thought, the utmost elegance of style, without pomp or laborious ornament, with a fervor and depth of feeling truly evangelical. These qualities, of course, are preserved in the printed text of the oration. But the indescribable charm of his personal appearance and manner,—the look, the voice, the gesture and attitude, the unstudied outward expression of the inward feeling,—of these no idea can be formed by those who never heard him."

—EDWARD EVERETT.

LEVI FRISBIE, 1784—1822.

LEVI FRISBIE, whose father, of the same name, was a clergyman of Ipswich, Massachusetts, was born in that ancient town in the year 1784. After completing his preparatory studies at Andover Academy, Mr. Frisbie entered Harvard University in 1798. As a student, he was among the most distinguished in his class for talents and acquisitions, for correctness of conduct, integrity, and manliness. Soon after leaving college, he commenced the study of the law; but his fair prospects were soon clouded by an affection of his eyes, which so deprived him of their use for the purpose of study that he was never after able to employ them except for very short periods.

Being thus unable to pursue his professional studies, he accepted the place of Latin tutor in Harvard University in 1805, in which he continued till 1811, when he was appointed Professor of the Latin Language, which chair he held till 1817. On the 5th of November of that year, he was inaugurated as Professor of Moral Philosophy; and the address which he delivered upon the occasion is one that shows his eminent fitness for that high office, as a scholar of enlarged views, refined taste, deep thought, and elevated Christian principles. But, alas! "Death loves a shining mark." Professor Frisbie had given but two courses of lectures when symptoms of that insidious but fatal disease—consumption—appeared, and on the 9th of July, 1822, after a lingering illness, he breathed his last.

Of his character, one who was associated with him in the faculty of the college, and his most intimate friend,¹ thus writes:—"If those who knew him best were called upon to mention any virtue of which he was particularly distinguished, I believe they would unite in naming INTEGRITY. He was a man who, if ever ANY one could, might have told the world his purposes, and risen in their respect. If you were to determine whether he would pursue any particular course of conduct or aim at any particular object, you had only to determine whether he would think that object right, and that course of conduct his duty, and you were sure that no selfish or mean passion, and no sinister purpose, would interfere to lead insensibly his judgment astray. There were no false appearances about him. He had nothing of that disguise and cunning which are sometimes mistaken for policy. His conduct lay before you in broad daylight; and you never were at a loss for his motives, and you never perceived any but what were honorable. His notions of right and wrong were founded upon the laws of religion and of God and not upon the maxims of the world. He compared his actions, not with the opinions and sentiments of the day, but with the eternal principles of morality."²

THE RECIPROCAL INFLUENCE OF MORALS AND LITERATURE.

In no productions of modern genius is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature more distinctly seen than in those of the

¹ Professor Andrews Norton,—one of Harvard's most distinguished sons,—in his "Address at the Interment of Professor Frisbie."

² In 1817, Professor Frisbie was married to Miss Catharine Saltonstall Mellen, daughter of John Mellen, Esq., of Cambridge.

author of *Childe Harold*. His character produced the poems, and it cannot be doubted that his poems are adapted to produce such a character. His heroes speak a language supplied not more by imagination than consciousness. They are not those machines that, by a contrivance of the artist, send forth a music of their own, but instruments through which he breathes his very soul, in tones of agonized sensibility that cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who hear. The desolate misanthropy of his mind rises, and throws its dark shade over his poetry like one of his own ruined castles; we feel it to be sublime, but we forget that it is a sublimity it cannot have till it is abandoned by every thing that is kind, and peaceful, and happy, and its halls are ready to become the haunts of outlaws and assassins. Nor are his more tender and affectionate passages those to which we can yield ourselves without a feeling of uneasiness. It is not that we can here and there select a proposition formally false or pernicious, but that he leaves an impression unfavorable to a healthful state of thought and feeling, peculiarly dangerous to the finest minds and most susceptible hearts. They are the scene of a summer evening, where all is tender, and beautiful, and grand; but the damps of disease descend with the dews of heaven, and the pestilent vapors of night are breathed in with the fragrance and balm, and the delicate and fair are the surest victims of the exposure.

Although I have illustrated the moral influence of literature, principally from its mischiefs, yet it is obvious, if what I have said be just, it may be rendered no less powerful as a means of good. Indeed, the fountains of literature into which an enemy has sometimes infused poison naturally flow with refreshment and health. Cowper and Campbell have led the muses to repose in the bowers of religion and virtue; and Miss Edgeworth has so cautiously combined the features of her characters that the predominant expression is ever what it should be. She has shown us not vices ennobled by virtues, but virtues degraded and perverted by their union with vices. The success of this lady has been great; but, had she availed herself more of the motives and sentiments of religion, we think it would have been greater. She has stretched forth a powerful hand to the impotent in virtue; and had she added, with the Apostle, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth," we should almost have expected miracles from its touch.

The incorporating of religion with morality is a means of practical influence, and extends to every order in society. It is not the fountain which plays only in the gardens of the palace, but the rain of heaven, which descends alike upon the enclosures of the rich and the poor, and refreshes the meanest shrub no less than the fairest flower. The sages of antiquity seem to have

believed that morality had nothing to do with religion; and Christians of the Middle Ages, that religion had nothing to do with morality; but, at the present day, we acknowledge how intimate and important is their connection. It is not views of moral fitness, by which the minds of men are at first to be affected, but by connecting their duties with the feelings and motives, the hopes and fears, of Christianity. Both are necessary: the latter, to prompt and invigorate virtue; the former, to give it the beauty of knowledge and taste. It is heat that causes the germ to spring and flourish in the heart; but it is light that imparts verdure to its foliage, and their hues to its flowers.

TACITUS—LIVY.

The moral sensibility of Tacitus is, we think, that particular circumstance by which he so deeply engages his reader, and is perhaps distinguished from every other writer in the same department of literature; and the scenes he was to describe peculiarly required this quality. His writings comprise a period the most corrupt within the annals of man. The reigns of the Neros, and many of their successors, seemed to have brought together the opposite vices of extreme barbarism and excessive luxury; the most ferocious cruelty and slavish submission; voluptuousness the most effeminate, and sensuality worse than brutal. Not only all the general charities of life, but the very ties of nature, were annihilated, by a selfishness the most exclusively individual. The minions of power butchered the parent, and the child hurried to thank the emperor for his goodness. The very fountains of abomination seemed to have been broken up, and to have poured over the face of society a deluge of pollution and crimes. How important, then, was it for posterity that the records of such an era should be transmitted by one in whose personal character there should be a redeeming virtue, who would himself feel, and awaken in his readers, that disgust and abhorrence which such scenes ought to excite! Such a one was Tacitus. There is in his narrative a seriousness approaching sometimes almost to melancholy, and sometimes bursting forth in expressions of virtuous indignation. He appears always to be aware of the general complexion of the subjects of which he is treating; and even when extraordinary instances of independence and integrity now and then present themselves, you perceive that his mind is secretly contrasting them with those vices with which his observation was habitually familiar. * * *

We have mentioned what appear to us the most striking characteristics of Tacitus. When compared with his great predecessor, he is no less excellent, but essentially different. Livy is

only a historian ; Tacitus is also a philosopher. The former gives you images ; the latter, impressions. In the narration of events, Livy produces his effect by completeness and exact particularity ; Tacitus, by selection and condensation. The one presents to you a panorama : you have the whole scene, with all its complicated movements and various appearances, vividly before you. The other shows you the most prominent and remarkable groups, and compensates in depth what he wants in minuteness. Livy hurries you into the midst of the battle, and leaves you to be borne along by its tide ; Tacitus stands with you upon an eminence where you may have more tranquillity for distinct observation ; or, perhaps, when the armies have retired, walks with you over the field, points out to you the spot of each most interesting particular, and shares with you those solemn and profound emotions which you have now the composure to feel.

MORAL TASTE.

Sensibility to beauty is in some degree common to all ; but it is infinitely varied, according as it has been cultivated by habit and education. To the man whose taste has been formed on just principles, and who has been led to perceive and relish what is truly beautiful, a new world is opened. He looks abroad over nature, and contemplates the productions of art, with sentiments to which those who are destitute of this faculty are strangers. He perceives in the works of God, and in the contrivances of man, all the *utility* for which they were destined and adapted, in common with others ; but besides this, his heart is filled with sentiments of the *beautiful* or the *grand*, according to the nature of the object. It is in literature that taste, in the more common use of the word, has its most extensive sphere, and most varied gratifications ; yet, whether it be exercised on nature, the fine arts, or literature, we are aware how much depends on associations with life, feeling, and human character. Why does the traveller wander with such peculiar interest over the mountains and plains of Italy and Greece, but because every spot is consecrated by the memory of great events, or presents to him the memorials of departed genius ? It is for this reason that poetry peoples even solitude and desolation with imaginary life ; so that, in ancient days, every forest had its dryads, every fountain its nymphs, and the voice of the naiades was heard in the murmuring of the streams. It is partly in reference to the same principle that deserts and mountains, where all is barrenness and solitude, raise in the mind emotions of sublimity. It is a feeling of vastness and desolation that depends in a great degree on the absence of every thing having life or action. The mere modifications of nature are

beautiful; the human form from its just proportions, the human face from the harmonious combination of features and coloring; but it is only when this form is living and moving, and when this face is suffused with emotion and animated with intelligence, when the attitude and the look alike express the workings of the heart and mind, that we feel the perfect sentiment of beauty.

Thus inanimate nature, and literature in its transcripts of the aspects of nature, become most interesting by association with life and action, and, above all, with man. It is from descriptions of man, considered as a moral being, that even literary taste receives many of its highest gratifications. There is a moral as well as natural beauty and grandeur. A rational agent, animated by high principles of virtue, exhibiting the most generous affections, and preferring on all occasions what is just to what is expedient, is the noblest picture which the hand of genius can present. Very few indeed are insensible to those fine touches of moral feeling which are given in our best writers; but their full effect requires not only an improved mind, but a heart in harmony with whatever is most excellent in our natures, and a lively susceptibility to moral greatness. This susceptibility is *moral taste*.

From Professor Frisbie's beautiful and finished fugitive poetry we select the following little gem:—

A DREAM.

TO * * * *.

Stay, stay, sweet vision, do not leave me;
Soft sleep, still o'er my senses reign;
Stay, loveliest phantom, still deceive me;
Ah, let me dream that dream again!

Thy head was on my shoulder leaning;
Thy hand in mine was gently press'd;
Thine eyes, so soft and full of meaning,
Were bent on me, and I was blest.

No word was spoken: all was feeling,
The silent transport of the heart;
The tear, that o'er my cheek was stealing,
Told what words could ne'er impart.

And could this be but mere illusion?
Could fancy all so real seem?
Sure fancy's scenes are wild confusion;
And can it be I did but dream?

I'm sure I felt thy forehead pressing,
Thy very breath stole o'er my cheek;
I'm sure I saw those eyes confessing
What the tongue could never speak.

Ah, no! 'tis gone, 'tis gone, and never
Mine such waking bliss can be:
Oh, I would sleep, would sleep forever,
Could I thus but dream of thee!

JOHN PIERPONT.

JOHN PIERPONT was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 6th of April, 1785, and received his collegiate education at Yale College, where he graduated in 1804. The next year he went to South Carolina, and was private tutor in the family of Colonel William Allston, where he commenced his legal studies. In 1809, he returned home, entered the celebrated law-school of his native town, and in 1812, having been admitted to the bar of Essex County, Massachusetts, opened an office in Newburyport. He soon, however, as other poets have done, abandoned the law, determining to find his pleasure and his occupation in literary pursuits; and in 1816 he published *The Airs of Palestine*, which was received with very great favor. At the close of that year, he entered the theological school of Harvard University, determined to devote himself to the ministry, and in April, 1819, was ordained as pastor of the Hollis Street Church, in Boston. In 1835 and 1836, he visited Europe for his health, going through the principal cities of England, France, and Italy, and extending his tour to the East, visiting Athens, Corinth, Constantinople, and Asia Minor. Soon after his return home, he collected and published, in 1840, all his poems, in one volume, in the preface to which he says, "If poetry is always fiction, there is no poetry in this book. It gives a true, though an all too feeble, expression of the author's feelings and faith,—of his love of right, freedom, and man, and of his correspondent and most hearty hatred of every thing that is at war with them; and of his faith in the providence and gracious promises of God." The longest poem of the volume is *The Airs of Palestine*. The subject is music, principally as connected with sacred history, but with occasional digressions into the land of mythology and romance. It has no unity of plan, but consists of a succession of brilliant pictures. Though this subject, so congenial to the "poet's verse," had been often handled, from Pindar to Gray, yet our author, nothing daunted, did not shrink from trying his own powers upon it. It is enough to say that he has succeeded. For beauty of language, finish of versification, richness of classical and sacred allusions, and harmony of numbers, we consider that it takes rank among the very first of American poems and will be among those that will survive their century. But Mr. Pierpont has aimed at something more than gratifying his own scholarly tastes and charming his readers with the love of the beautiful. He is a reformer, a whole-hearted and a fearless one; and a large number of his fugitive pieces have been written to promote the holy causes of temperance and freedom. Mr. Pierpont has also prepared an excellent series of reading-books for schools:—*The Little Learner*, *The Young Reader*, *Introduction to National Reader*, *National Reader*, and *The American First Class Book*.

CLASSICAL AND SACRED THEMES FOR MUSIC.

Where lies our path?—though many a vista call,
 We may admire, but cannot tread them all.
 Where lies our path?—a poet, and inquire
 What hills, what vales, what streams, become the lyre?
 See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow;
 See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow;
 There Ossa rises; there Olympus towers;
 Between them, Tempè breathes in beds of flowers,
 Forever verdant; and there Peneus glides
 Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.
 Your theme is Music: yonder rolls the wave
 Where dolphins snatch'd Arion from his grave,
 Enchanted by his lyre: Cithæron's shade
 Is yonder seen, where first Amphion play'd
 Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,
 Charm'd stones around him, and gave cities birth.
 And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps
 O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,
 Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,
 Was still melodious, and expired in song.
 There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell;
 There be thy path,—for there the muses dwell.
 No, no,—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine:
 Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine.
 There, purer streams through happier valleys flow,
 And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.
 I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;
 I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
 I love to wet my foot on Hermon's dews;
 I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse;
 In Carmel's holy grotts I'll court repose,
 And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS.

While thus the shepherds watch'd the host of night,
 O'er heaven's blue concave flash'd a sudden light.
 The unrolling glory spread its folds divine
 O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine;
 And, lo! descending angels, hovering there,
 Stretch'd their loose wings, and in the purple air
 Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold:
 When that high anthem, clear, and strong, and bold,
 On wavy paths of trembling ether ran:—
 "Glory to God,—Benevolence to man,—
 Peace to the world:"—and in full concert came,
 From silver tubes and harps of golden frame,
 The loud and sweet response, whose choral strains
 Linger'd and languish'd on Judea's plains.
 Yon living lamps, charm'd from their chambers blue
 By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew:

All?—all, but one, that hung and burn'd alone,
 And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone.
 Chaldaea's sages saw that orb afar
 Glow unextinguish'd;—'twas Salvation's Star.

LICENSE-LAWS.

"We license thee for so much gold,"¹
 Says Congress,—they're our servants there,—
 "To keep a pen where men are sold
 Of sable skin and woolly hair;
 For 'public good' requires the toil
 Of slaves on freedom's sacred soil."

"For so much gold we license thee"—
 So say our laws—"a draught to sell,
 That bows the strong, enslaves the free,
 And opens wide the gates of hell;
 For 'public good' requires that some
 Should live, since many die, by rum."

Ye civil fathers! while the foes
 Of this destroyer seize their swords,
 And Heaven's own hail is in the blows
 They're dealing,—will ye cut the cords
 That round the falling fiend they draw,
 And o'er him hold your shield of law?

And will ye give to man a bill
 Divorcing him from Heaven's high sway;
 And, while God says, "Thou shalt not kill,"
 Say ye, for gold, "Ye may,—ye may"?
 Compare the body with the soul!
 Compare the bullet with the bowl!

In which is felt the fiercer blast
 Of the destroying angel's breath?
 Which binds its victim the more fast?
 Which kills him with the deadlier death?
 Will ye the felon fox restrain,
 And yet take off the tiger's chain?

The living to the rotting dead
 The God-contemning Tuscan² tied,
 Till, by the way, or on his bed,
 The poor corpse-carrier droop'd and died,—
 Lash'd hand to hand, and face to face,
 In fatal and in loathed embrace.

Less cutting, think ye, is the thong
 That to a *breathing* corpse, for life,

¹ Four hundred dollars is the sum prescribed by Congress—the local legislature of the District of Columbia—for a license to keep a prison-house and market for the sale of men, women, and children. See Jay's "View of the Action of the Federal Government in Behalf of Slavery," p. 87.

² Mezentius. See Virgil, *Æneid*, viii. 481–491.

Lashes, in torture loathed and long,
 The drunkard's child, the drunkard's wife?
 To clasp *that* clay, to breathe *that* breath,
 And no escape! Oh, that is death!

Are ye not fathers? When your sons
 Look to you for their daily bread,
 Dare ye, in mockery, load with stones
 The table that for them ye spread?
 How can ye hope your sons will live,
 If ye, for fish, a serpent give?

O holy God! let light divine
 Break forth more broadly from above,
 Till we conform our laws to thine,
 The perfect law of truth and love;
 For truth and love alone can save
 Thy children from a hopeless grave.

HYMN.¹

O Thou, to whom in ancient time
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
 Whom kings adored in song sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

Not now on Zion's height, alone,
 Thy favor'd worshipper may dwell;
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
 Sat, weary, by the Patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
 The incense of the heart—may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this, thy house, whose doors we now
 For social worship first unfold,
 To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
 While circling years on years are roll'd.

To thee shall Age, with snowy hair,
 And Strength and Beauty, bend the knee,
 And Childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou, to whom in ancient time
 The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
 To thee, at last, in every clime
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

¹ Written for the Opening of the Independent Congregational Church in Barton Square, Salem, December 7, 1824.

MY CHILD.

I cannot make him dead!
 His fair sunshiny head
 Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
 Yet, when my eyes, now dim
 With tears, I turn to him,
 The vision vanishes,—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
 And through the open door,
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
 I'm stepping toward the hall
 To give the boy a call;
 And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
 A satchell'd lad I meet,
 With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair,
 And, as he's running by,
 Follow him with my eye,
 Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
 Under the coffin-lid;
 Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
 My hand that marble felt;
 O'er it in prayer I knelt;
 Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead!
 When passing by the bed,
 So long watch'd over with parental care,
 My spirit and my eye
 Seek it inquiringly,
 Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
 Of day, from sleep I wake,
 With my first breathing of the morning air
 My soul goes up, with joy,
 To Him who gave my boy;
 Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there

When at the day's calm close,
 Before we seek repose,
 I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
 Whate'er I may be *saying*,
 I am, in spirit, praying
 For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
 The form I used to see
 Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear;
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe lock'd;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
 He lives; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair;
 In dreams I see him now;
 And, on his angel brow,
 I see it written, “Thou shalt see me *there!*”

Yes, we all live to God!
 FATHER, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit-land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 ’Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there!*

NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.¹

O no, no—let *me* lie
 Not on a field of battle, when I die!
 Let not the iron tread
 Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head:
 Nor let the reeking knife,
 That I have drawn against a brother’s life,
 Be in my hand when Death
 Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
 His heavy squadron’s heels,
 Or gory fellows of his cannon’s wheels.

From such a dying bed,
 Though o’er it float the stripes of white and red,
 And the bald Eagle brings
 The cluster’d stars upon his wide-spread wings,
 To sparkle in my sight,
 O, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that Beauty’s eye
 Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
 And brazen helmets dance,
 And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:
 I know that bards have sung,
 And people shouted till the welkin rung,
 In honor of the brave
 Who on the battle-field have found a grave;
 I know that o’er their bones
 Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
 Some of these piles I’ve seen:
 The one at Lexington, upon the green
 Where the first blood was shed
 That to my country’s independence led;
 And others, on our shore,
 The “Battle Monument” at Baltimore,
 And that on Bunker’s Hill.
 Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still;
 Thy “Tomb,” Themistocles,
 That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,

¹ To fall on the battle-field fighting for my dear country,—that would not be hard.—*The Neighbors.*

And which the waters kiss
 That issue from the gulf of Salamis.
 And thine, too, have I seen,
 Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
 That, like a natural knoll,
 Sheep climb and nibble over, as they stroll,
 Watch'd by some turban'd boy,
 Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
 I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
 And hears, as life ebbs out,
 The conquer'd flying, and the conqueror's shout.
 But, as his eyes grow dim,
 What is a column or a mound to him?
 What, to the parting soul,
 The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
 Of drums? No: let me die
 Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
 And the soft summer air,
 As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,
 And from my forehead dries
 The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies
 Seem waiting to receive
 My soul to their clear depth! Or let me leave
 The world when round my bed
 Wife, children, weeping friends are gatheréd,
 And the calm voice of prayer
 And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
 To go and be at rest
 With kindred spirits—spirits who have bless'd
 The human brotherhood
 By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

And in my dying hour,
 When riches, fame, and honor have no power
 To bear the spirit up,
 Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
 That all must drink at last,
 O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
 Then let my soul run back,
 With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
 And see that all the seeds
 That I have scatter'd there, in virtuous deeds
 Have sprung up, and have given,
 Already, fruits of which to taste is heaven!
 And though no grassy mound
 Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground
 Where my remains repose,
 Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those
 Whom I have striven to bless,
 The wanderer reclaim'd, the fatherless,
 May stand around my grave,
 With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,
 And breathe an humble prayer
 That they may die like him whose bones are mouldering there.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH, 1785—1842.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH was born in Scituate, Massachusetts, January 13, 1785. Having learned the art of printing in his native State, he removed to New York in 1809, and was for some years editor of a newspaper there. Afterwards, he published a weekly miscellany, called "The Ladies' Literary Gazette;" and in 1823, in conjunction with Mr. George P. Morris, he established "The New York Mirror," long the most popular journal of literature and art in this country. In the latter years of his life he suffered from paralysis; and he died in New York, December 9, 1842, much respected for his moral worth and poetic talent.

Mr. Woodworth published, in 1813, an *Account of the War with Great Britain*, and in 1818, a volume of *Poems, Odes, and Songs, and other Metrical Effusions*. From the latter we select the well-known song, by far the best of his lyrics, and which will ever hold its place among the choice songs of our country, called

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in the well.

ANDREWS NORTON, 1786—1853.

REV. ANDREWS NORTON, D.D., was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, on the 31st of December, 1786, and graduated at Harvard College in 1804. He studied theology, but never became a settled clergyman; and in 1809, he was elected tutor in Bowdoin College, which situation he held for two years. In 1811, he was appointed tutor and librarian in Harvard; and, in 1813, he succeeded Rev. Dr. Channing as Biblical lecturer. Upon the organization of the theological department, in 1819, he was appointed "Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature," and fulfilled its duties till 1830, when he was compelled by ill health to resign it. He continued to reside in Cambridge till his death, which took place on the 18th of September, 1853. Dr. Norton was married, in 1821, to Miss Catherine Eliot, daughter of Samuel Eliot, Esq., of Boston.

Dr. Norton was a profound and accurate scholar, an eminent theologian, and for talent, acquirements, and influence, one of the first men in New England. He wrote occasionally for the literary and theological journals published in his vicinity, and is the author of several theological works. His greatest and most matured work is on the *Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels*,—the first volume of which appeared in 1837, and the second and third in 1844. He also published *A Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrine of Trinitarians concerning the Nature of God and the Person of Christ*, and some other religious tracts of a controversial nature. His contributions to the literary and religious journals of his time, though not numerous, were of a very able character. He was the editor of the "General Repository and Review," which was published in Cambridge, and was continued for three years, from 1812. To the new series of the "Christian Disciple," in 1819, he contributed many valuable papers. In the early volumes of the "Christian Examiner," the articles on the "Poetry of Mrs. Hemans," on "Pollok's Course of Time," on the "Future Life of the Good," and on the "Punishment of Sin," and in the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes, a series of articles on the Epistle to the Hebrews, are from his pen. In the "North American Review," his most noticeable articles are those on "Franklin," in September, 1818; on "Byron," in October, 1825; on Rev. William Ware's "Letters from Palmyra," in October, 1837; and a Memoir of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, in January, 1845. He has also written some verses of a devotional cast, of great beauty and sweetness.¹

¹ "Mr. Norton's writings are all impressed with the same strongly-marked qualities, bearing the image of the man; the same calm but deep tone of religious feeling; the same exalted seriousness of view, as that of man in sight of God and on the borders of eternity; the same high moral standard, the same transparent clearness of statement; the same logical closeness of reasoning; the same quiet earnestness of conviction; the same sustained confidence in his conclusions, resting as they did, or as he meant they should, on solid grounds and fully-examined premises; the same minute accuracy and finish; the same strict truthfulness and sincerity, saying nothing for mere effect. And the style is in harmony with the thought,—pure, chaste, lucid, aptly expressive, unaffected, uninvolved, English undefiled; scholarly, yet never pedantic, strong, yet not hard or dry; and, when the subject naturally called for it, clothing itself in the rich hues and the beautiful forms of poetic fancy, that illumined, while it adorned, his thought."—*Christian Examiner*, November, 1853.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE OF THE WISE AND GOOD.

The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labors. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruit of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid up in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them while on earth.

Creatures of imitation and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support and countenance even in our virtues. We recur for them, most securely, to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon it which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no service which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow-creatures better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. If he do not confer upon them this benefit; if he leave a character dark with vices in the sight of God, but dazzling with shining qualities in the view of men, it may be that all his other services had better have been forborne, and he had passed inactive and unnoticed through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true Christian *liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself*; and it is thus, in one respect, that he dieth not for himself.

REFORMERS.

It is delightful to remember that there have been men who, in the cause of truth and virtue, have made no compromises for their own advantage or safety; who have recognised "the hardest duty as the highest;" who, conscious of the possession of great talents, have relinquished all the praise that was within their grasp, all the applause which they might have so liberally received, if they had not thrown themselves in opposition to the errors and vices of their fellow-men, and have been content to take obloquy and insult instead; who have approached to lay on the altar of God "their last infirmity." They, without doubt, have felt that deep conviction of having acted right which supported the martyred philosopher of Athens, when he asked, "What disgrace is it to me if others are unable to judge of me, or to treat me as they ought?" There is something very solemn and sublime in the feeling produced by considering how differently these men have been estimated by their contemporaries, from the manner in which they are regarded by God. We perceive the appeal which lies from the ignorance, the folly, and the iniquity of man, to the throne of Eternal Justice. A storm of calumny and reviling has too often pursued them through life, and continued, when they could no longer feel it, to beat upon their graves. But it is no matter. They had gone where all who have suffered and all who have triumphed in the same noble cause receive their reward; and where the wreath of the martyr is more glorious than that of the conqueror.

SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

The rain is o'er. How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing: fresh and fair
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The soften'd sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool; the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest to gaze below a while,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth ; from off the scene
 Its floating veil of mist is flung,
 And all the wilderness of green
 With trembling drops of light is hung.
 Now gaze on nature—yet the same—
 Glowing with life, by breezes fann'd,
 Luxuriant, lovely, as she came
 Fresh in her youth from God's own hand !
 Hear the rich music of that voice
 Which sounds from all below, above :
 She calls her children to rejoice,
 And round them throws her arms of love.
 Drink in her influence—low-born care,
 And all the train of mean desire,
 Refuse to breathe this holy air,
 And mid this living light expire !

FORTITUDE.

Faint not, poor traveller, though thy way
 Be rough, like that thy SAVIOUR trod ;
 Though cold and stormy lower the day,
 This path of suffering leads to God.
 Nay, sink not ; though from every limb
 Are starting drops of toil and pain ;
 Thou dost but share the lot of Him
 With whom his followers are to reign.
 Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone,
 Must bear the sorrows that assail ;
 Look upward to the eternal throne,
 And know a Friend who cannot fail.
 Bear firmly ; yet a few more days,
 And thy hard trial will be past ;
 Then, wrapt in glory's opening blaze,
 Thy feet will rest on heaven at last.
 Christian ! thy Friend, thy Master, pray'd
 When dread and anguish shook his frame ;
 Then met his sufferings undismay'd :
 Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?
 O ! think'st thou that his Father's love
 Shone round him then with fainter rays
 Than now, when, throned all height above,
 Unceasing voices hymn his praise ?
 Go, sufferer ! calmly meet the woes
 Which God's own mercy bids thee bear ;
 Then, rising as thy SAVIOUR rose,
 Go ! his eternal victory share.

RICHARD H. DANA.

RICHARD H. DANA, eminent alike as a poet and essayist, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 15th of November, 1787. His father, Francis Dana, was minister to Russia during the Revolution, and subsequently member of the Massachusetts Convention for adopting the United States Constitution, member of Congress, and chief-justice of his native State. At the age of ten, the son went to Newport, Rhode Island, the residence of his maternal grandfather, the Hon. William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Here he remained till he entered Harvard College; on leaving which, he entered upon the study of the law. After admission to the Boston bar, he was for a time in the office of Gen. Robert Goodloe Harper, of Baltimore. Eventually, however, he concluded to return to his native town and there enter upon the practice of his profession. But he soon found it too laborious for his health and not congenial to his tastes: accordingly he gave it up, and made an arrangement with his relative, Prof. Edward T. Channing, to assist him in conducting the "North American Review," which had then been established about two years. In 1821, he published his *Idle Man*, in numbers, in which were some of his most admirable tales. But the general tone of it was too high to be popular, and the publication was relinquished. His first poem, *The Dying Raven*, he published in 1825, in the "New York Review," then edited by the poet Bryant. Two years after, he published *The Buccaneer, and other Poems*, and in 1833, his *Poems and Prose Writings*. His lectures on Shakspeare, which have been delivered in many cities of the Union, he has not given to the press. In 1850, Baker & Scribner published a complete edition of his *Poems and Prose Writings*, in two volumes.¹ Of late years Mr. Dana has given us nothing new; nor need he, to be secure of his immortality. He lives a life of quiet domestic retirement, his summer residence being a picturesque spot on the shores of Cape Ann, while during the winter months he lives in Boston.

The longest poem of Mr. Dana is *The Buccaneer*. It is a tale of piracy and murder, and of a terrible supernatural retribution. The character of the Buccaneer, Matthew Lee, is drawn in a few bold and masterly lines. Disappointed in an effort to engage in honest trade, he makes up his mind to devote his life to piracy. A young bride, whose husband has fallen in the Spanish war, seeks a passage in his ship to some distant shore. The ship is at sea. The murderer is

¹ "In Mr. Dana's poetry the moral and religious element is as strongly marked as in his prose, and constitutes that indwelling power which elevates the whole to so high a sphere. Inasmuch as religious truth touches the soul so closely, affects its most hidden and secret life, and excites its profoundest and loftiest emotions, no mind which has not been moved by such truths can fully appreciate the highest products of literature or art, much less produce them."—*North American Review*, January, 1851.

"We admire Mr. Dana more than any other American poet, because he has aimed not merely to please the imagination, but to rouse up the soul to a solemn consideration of its future destinies. We admire him because his poetry is full of benevolent, domestic feeling; but, more than this, because it is full of religious feeling. The fountain which gushes here has mingled with the 'well of water springing up to everlasting life.'"—REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

meditating his deed of death. The fearful scene follows. How strong, distinct, and terrible is the description of the pirate's feelings, and

THE SCENE OF DEATH.

He cannot look on her mild eye,—
 Her patient words his spirit quell.
 Within that evil heart there lie
 The hates and fears of hell.
 His speech is short; he wears a surly brow.
 There's none will hear the shriek. What fear ye now?
 The workings of the soul ye fear;
 Ye fear the power that goodness hath;
 Ye fear the Unseen One, ever near,
 Walking his ocean path.
 From out the silent void there comes a cry:—
 "Vengeance is mine! Thou, murderer, too shalt die!"
 Nor dread of ever-during woe,
 Nor the sea's awful solitude,
 Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego.
 Then, bloody hand,—to blood!
 The scud is driving wildly overhead;
 The stars burn dim; the ocean moans its dead.
 Moan for the living,—moan our sins,—
 The wrath of man, more fierce than thine.
 Hark! still thy waves! The work begins:
 Lee makes the deadly sign.
 The crew glide down like shadows. Eye and hand
 Speak fearful meanings through the silent band.
 They're gone. The helmsman stands alone,
 And one leans idly o'er the bow.
 Still as a tomb the ship keeps on;
 Nor sound nor stirring now.
 Hush! hark! as from the centre of the deep,
 Shrieks! fiendish yells! They stab them in their sleep!
 The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
 The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,
 The panting, throttled prayer for life,
 The dying's heaving sigh,
 The murderer's curse, the dead man's fix'd, still glare,
 And fear's and death's cold sweat,—they all are there!
 On pale, dead men, on burning cheek,
 On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,
 On hands that with the warm blood reek,
 Shines the dim cabin-lamp.
 Lee look'd. "They sleep so sound," he, laughing, said,
 "They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid."
 A crash! They've forced the door; and then
 One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream
 Comes thrilling 'bove the growl of men.
 'Tis hers! O God, redeem

From worse than death thy suffering, helpless child!
That dreadful shriek again,—sharp, sharp, and wild!

It ceased.—With speed o' th' lightning's flash,
A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,
Shoots by.—A leap!—a quick, short splash!
'Tis gone!—and nothing there!
The waves have swept away the bubbling tide.
Bright-crested waves, how calmly on they ride!

She's sleeping in her silent cave,
Nor hears the loud, stern roar above,
Nor strife of man on land or wave.
Young thing! her home of love
She soon has reach'd! Fair, unpolluted thing,
They harm'd her not! Was dying suffering?

Oh, no!—To live when joy was dead;
To go with one lone, pining thought,—
To mournful love her being wed,—
Feeling what death had wrought;
To live the child of woe, nor shed a tear,
Bear kindness, and yet share not joy or fear;

To look on man, and deem it strange
That he on things of earth should brood,
When all the throng'd and busy range
To her was solitude,—
Oh, this was bitterness! Death came and press'd
Her wearied lids, and brought the sick heart rest.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

Husband and wife! No converse now ye hold,
As once ye did in your young day of love,
On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
Its silent meditations and glad hopes,
Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies;
Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
Full, certain, and possess'd. Domestic cares
Call you not now together. Earnest talk
On what your children may be moves you not.
Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence;
Not like to that in which ye rested once
Most happy,—silence eloquent, when heart
With heart held speech, and your mysterious frames,
Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat
Touch'd the soft notes of love.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingle spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind, the Father of all thought,—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?

And do our loves all perish with our frames?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,

And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
 Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
 Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
 Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech,
 And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
 That to the cheek do give its living glow,
 And vision in the eye the soul intense
 With that for which there is no utterance,—
 Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—
 To live in it, and, when that dies, go out
 Like the burnt taper's flame?

Oh, listen, man!¹

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
 Hymn it around our souls; according harps,
 By angel fingers touch'd when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great immortality;
 Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
 Join in this solemn, universal song.
 Oh, listen ye, our spirits; drink it in
 From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
 Is floating in day's setting glories; Night,
 Wrapp'd in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:
 Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one great mystic instrument, are touch'd
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
 The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Why is it that I linger round this tomb?
 What holds it? Dust that cumber'd those I mourn.
 They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
 And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell
 In love,—their God's and angels'. Mutual love,
 That bound them here, no longer needs a speech
 For full communion; nor sensations strong,
 Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
 To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.

I thank thee, Father,
 That at this simple grave on which the dawn
 Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
 No close, thou kindly unto my dark mind
 Hast sent a sacred light, and that away

¹ "We scarcely know where, in the English language, we could point out a finer extract than this, of the same character. It has a softened grandeur worthy of the subject; especially in the noble paragraph commencing 'Oh, listen, man?'"

—REV. G. B. CHEEVER.

From this green hillock, whither I had come
In sorrow, thou art leading me in joy.

THE DEATH OF SIN AND THE LIFE OF HOLINESS.

Blinded by passion, man gives up his breath,
Uncall'd by God. We look, and name it death.
Mad wretch! the soul hath no last sleep; the strife
To end itself but wakes intenser life
In the self-torturing spirit. Fool, give o'er!
Hast thou once been, yet think'st to be no more?
What! life destroy itself? Oh, idlest dream,
Shaped in that emptiest thing,—a doubter's scheme!
Think'st in a universal soul will merge
Thy soul, as rain-drops mingle with the surge?
Or, scarce less skeptic, sin will have an end,
And thy purged spirit with the holy blend
In joys as holy? Why a sinner now?
As falls the tree, so lies it. So shalt thou.
God's Book, rash doubter, holds the plain record.
Dar'st talk of hopes and doubts against that Word?
Or palter with it in a quibbling sense?
That Book shall judge thee when thou passest hence.
Then, with thy spirit from the body freed,
Then shalt thou know, see, feel, what's life indeed.

Bursting to life, thy dominant desire
Shall upward flame, like a fierce forest fire;
Then, like a sea of fire, heave, roar, and dash,—
Roll up its lowest depths in waves, and flash
A wild disaster round, like its own woe,—
Each wave cry, "Woe forever!" in its flow,
And then pass on,—from far adown its path
Send back commingling sounds of woe and wrath,—
Th' indomitable Will shall know no sway;
God calls,—man, hear him; quit that fearful way!

Come, listen to His voice who died to save
Lost man, and raise him from his moral grave;
From darkness show'd a path of light to heaven;
Cried, "Rise and walk: thy sins are all forgiven."

Blest are the pure in heart. Wouldst thou be blest?
He'll cleanse thy spotted soul. Wouldst thou find rest?
Around thy toils and cares he'll breathe a calm,
And to thy wounded spirit lay a balm,
From fear draw love, and teach thee where to seek
Lost strength and grandeur,—with the bow'd and meek.

Come lowly; he will help thee. Lay aside
That subtle, first of evils,—human pride.
Know God, and, so, thyself; and be afraid
To call aught poor or low that he has made.
Fear naught but sin; love all but sin; and learn
In all beside 'tis wisdom to discern
His forming, his creating power,—and bind
Earth, self, and brother to th' Eternal Mind.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

"The sun not set yet, Thomas?" "Not quite, sir. It blazes through the trees on the hill yonder as if their branches were all on fire."

Arthur raised himself heavily forward, and, with his hat still over his brow, turned his glazed and dim eyes toward the setting sun. It was only the night before that he had heard his mother was ill, and could survive but a day or two. He had lived nearly apart from society, and, being a lad of a thoughtful, dreamy mind, had made a world to himself. His thoughts and feelings were so much in it that, except in relation to his own home, there were the same vague notions in his brain, concerning the state of things surrounding him, as we have of a foreign land.

He had passed the night between tumultuous grief and numb insensibility. Stepping into the carriage, with a slow, weak motion, like one who was quitting his sick-chamber for the first time, he began his way homeward. As he lifted his eyes upward, the few stars that were here and there over the sky seemed to look down in pity, and shed a religious and healing light upon him. But they soon went out, one after another, and as the last faded from his sight, it was as if something good and holy had forsaken him. The faint tint in the east soon became a ruddy glow, and the sun, shooting upward, burst over every living thing in full glory. The sight went to Arthur's sick heart, as if it were in mockery of his sorrow.

Leaning back in his carriage, with his hand over his eyes, he was carried along, hardly sensible it was day. The old servant, Thomas, who was sitting by his side, went on talking in a low, monotonous tone; but Arthur only heard something sounding in his ears, scarcely heeding that it was a human voice. He had a sense of wearisomeness from the motion of the carriage; but in all things else the day passed as a melancholy dream.

Almost the first words Arthur spoke were those I have mentioned. As he looked out upon the setting sun, he shuddered and turned pale, for he knew the hill near him. As they wound round it, some peculiar old trees appeared, and he was in a few minutes in the midst of the scenery near his home. The river before him, reflecting the rich evening sky, looked as if poured out from a molten mine; and the birds, gathering in, were shooting across each other, bursting into short, gay notes, or singing their evening songs in the trees. It was a bitter thing to find all so bright and cheerful, and so near his own home, too. His horses' hoofs struck upon the old wooden bridge. The sound went to his heart; for it was here his mother took her last leave of him, and blessed him.

As he passed through the village, there was a feeling of strangeness that every thing should be just as it was when he left it. An undefined thought floated in his mind, that his mother's state should produce a visible change in whatever he had been familiar with. But the boys were at their noisy games in the street, the laborers returning together from their work, and the old men sitting quietly at their doors. He concealed himself as well as he could, and bade Thomas hasten on.

As they drew near the house, the night was shutting in about it, and there was a melancholy gusty sound in the trees. Arthur felt as if approaching his mother's tomb. He entered the parlor. There was the gloom and stillness of a deserted house. Presently he heard a slow, cautious step overhead. It was in his mother's chamber. His sister had seen him from the window. She hurried down, and threw her arms about her brother's neck, without uttering a word. As soon as he could speak, he asked, "Is she alive?"—he could not say, *my mother*. "She is sleeping," answered his sister, "and must not know to-night that you are here: she is too weak to bear it now." "I will go look at her, then, while she sleeps," said he, drawing his handkerchief from his face. His sister's sympathy had made him shed the first tears which had fallen from him that day, and he was more composed.

He entered the chamber with a deep and still awe upon him; and, as he drew near his mother's bedside, and looked on her pale, placid face, he scarcely dared breathe, lest he should disturb the secret communion that the soul was holding with the world into which it was soon to enter. His grief, in the loss which he was about to suffer, was forgotten in the feeling of a holy inspiration, and he was, as it were, in the midst of invisible spirits, ascending and descending. His mother's lips moved slightly as she uttered an indistinct sound. He drew back, and his sister went near to her, and she spoke. It was the same gentle voice which he had known and felt from his childhood. The exaltation of his soul left him,—he sunk down,—and his sorrow went over him like a flood.

The next day, as soon as his mother became composed enough to see him, Arthur went into her chamber. She stretched out her feeble hand, and turned toward him, with a look that blessed him. It was the short struggle of a meek spirit. She covered her eyes with her hand, and the tears trickled down between her pale, thin fingers. As soon as she became tranquil, she spoke of the gratitude she felt at being spared to see him before she died.

"My dear mother," said Arthur,—but he could not go on. His voice choked, and his eyes filled. "Do not be so afflicted, Arthur, at the loss of me. We are not to part forever. Remember, too, how comfortable and happy you have made my days.

Heaven, I am sure, will bless so good a son as you have been to me. You will have that consolation, my son, which visits too few sons, perhaps: you will be able to look back upon your conduct, not without pain only, but with a sacred joy. And think hereafter of the peace of mind you give me, now that I am about to die, in the thought that I am leaving your sister to your love and care. So long as you live, she will find you both father and brother to her." She paused for a moment. "I have long felt that I could meet death with composure; but I did not know,—I did not know, till now that the hour is come, how hard a thing it would be to leave my children."

The hue of death was now fast spreading over his mother's face. He stooped forward to catch the sound of her breathing. It grew quick and faint. "My mother!" She opened her eyes, for the last time, upon him; a faint flush passed over her cheek; there was the serenity of an angel in her look; her hand just pressed his. It was all over.

His spirit had endured to its utmost. It sank down from its unearthly height; and, with his face upon his mother's pillow, he wept like a child. He arose with a softened grief, and, stepping into an adjoining chamber, spoke to his aunt. "It is past," said he. "Is my sister asleep? Well, be it so: let her have rest: she needs it." He then went to his own chamber, and shut himself in.

It is an impression, of which we cannot rid ourselves if we would, when sitting by the body of a friend, that he has still a consciousness of our presence; that, though he no longer has a concern in the common things of the world, love and thought are still there. The face which we had been familiar with so long, when it was all life and motion, seems only in a state of rest. We know not how to make it real to ourselves that in the body before us there is not a something still alive.

Arthur was in such a state of mind as he sat alone in the room by his mother, the day after her death. It was as if her soul was holding communion with spirits in paradise, though it still abode in the body that lay before him. He felt as if sanctified by the presence of one to whom the other world had been opened,—as if under the love and protection of one made holy. The religious reflections which his mother had early taught him gave him strength: a spiritual composure stole over him, and he found himself prepared to perform the last offices to the dead.

When the hour came, Arthur rose with a firm step and fixed eye, though his face was tremulous with the struggle within him. He went to his sister, and took her arm within his. The bell struck. Its heavy, undulating sound rolled forward like a sea. He felt a beating through his frame, which shook him so that he

reeled. It was but a momentary weakness. He moved on, passing those who surrounded him as if they had been shadows. While he followed the slow hearse, there was a vacancy in his eye, as it rested on the coffin, which showed him hardly conscious of what was before him. His spirit was with his mother's. As he reached the grave, he shrunk back, and turned pale; but, dropping his head upon his breast, and covering his face, he stood motionless as a statue till the service was over.

It was a gloomy and chilly evening when he returned home. As he entered the house from which his mother had gone forever, a sense of dreary emptiness oppressed him, as if his abode had been deserted by every living thing. He walked into his mother's chamber. The naked bedstead, and the chair in which she used to sit, were all that were left in the room. As he threw himself back into the chair, he groaned in the bitterness of his spirit. A feeling of forlornness came over him, which was not to be relieved by tears. She, whom he watched over in her dying hour, and whom he had talked to as she lay before him in death, as if she could hear and answer him, had gone from him. Nothing was left for the senses to fasten fondly on, and time had not yet taught him to think of her only as a spirit. But time and holy endeavors brought this consolation; and the little of life that a wasting disease left him was passed by him, when alone, in thoughtful tranquillity; and among his friends he appeared with that gentle cheerfulness which, before his mother's death, had been a part of his nature.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE, 1789—1847.

THIS accomplished scholar and poet was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 24th of September, 1789. When he was seven years old, his father, who had been a hardware-merchant, came to Baltimore to better his fortunes. By the mismanagement of a partner in Dublin, he lost nearly all the property he left behind, and died poor in 1802. The following year the widowed mother removed to Augusta, Georgia, and there opened a small shop to gain her living, her son Richard aiding her during the day, and pursuing his studies at night. He early directed his attention to the law, and, in 1809, was admitted to the bar. He rose rapidly in his profession, and was soon elected Attorney-General of the State.

In 1815, when just past the legal age, he was chosen representative to Congress, and served but one term. He was again a member of that body from 1823 to 1835. He then went to Europe, passing most of his time, when abroad, in Italy, in the pursuit of his favorite study, Italian literature. On his return home, he published, in 1842, *Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love*,

Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso, in two volumes.¹ In 1844, he removed to New Orleans, and here acquired the highest rank as a civilian. In the spring of 1847, he was appointed Professor of Constitutional Law in the University of Louisiana. His lectures had been partially prepared, but were never delivered, his useful career being cut short by death on the 10th of September, 1847. His son, William Cummings Wilde, Esq., of New Orleans, is soon to publish the life and works of his father, in which will be his longest poem, *Hesperia*, which he left in manuscript.

JOHN RANDOLPH AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

Among the legislators of that day, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman from Virginia, whom it was superfluous to designate. Whose speeches were universally read? Whose satire was universally feared? Upon whose accents did this habitually listless and unlistening house hang, so frequently, with rapt attention? Whose fame was identified with that body for so long a period? Who was a more dexterous debater, a ripper scholar, better versed in the politics of our own country, or deeper read in the history of others? Above all, who was more thoroughly imbued with the idiom of the English language—more completely master of its strength, and beauty, and delicacy, or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame in words of magic and tones of silver?

Nor may I pass over in silence a representative from New Hampshire, who has almost obliterated all memory of that distinction by the superior fame he has attained as a Senator from Massachusetts. Though then but in the bud of his political life, and hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has achieved. The same vigor of thought; the same force of expression; the short sentences; the calm, cold, collected manner; the air of solemn dignity; the deep, sepulchral, unimpassioned voice; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his frigid irony. The piercing coldness of his sarcasms was indeed peculiar to him; they seemed to be emanations from the spirit

¹ "Wilde's theory about Tasso is, that Tasso was devotedly attached to the Princess Leonora of Ferrara, who seems to have requited his affection, but that the difference in their rank made it necessary for him, by feigning madness, to conceal their attachment; that it was most ignominiously betrayed by a heartless friend, who possessed himself of the secret by means of false keys; and that the subsequent severity of the Duke Alphonso had its origin in his knowledge of the love of the princess. The volume does equal honor to the genius, the learning, and the impartiality of the author. How we could wish that more of our countrymen, whom circumstances enable to reside abroad, would devote their time and wealth to such honorable labors as have engaged the leisure of Mr. Wilde!"—*Democratic Review*, February, 1842.

of the icy ocean. Nothing could be at once so novel and so powerful; it was frozen mercury becoming as caustic as red-hot iron.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scatter'd on the ground to die.
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The softest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept such waste to see—
But none shall drop a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its state is brief—
Restless, and soon to pass away:
But when that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Their track will vanish from the sand:
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none shall thus lament for me.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Wing'd mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.
Wit, sophist, songster, YORICK of thy tribe,
Thou untaught satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day; but all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy JACQUES complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, 1789—1851.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, the celebrated American novelist, was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in the year 1789. His father, William Cooper, an English emigrant, who had settled there many years before, had purchased a large quantity of land on the borders of Lake Otsego, New York, and thither Cooper was removed in his infancy, and there passed his childhood,—in a region that was then an almost unbroken wilderness. At the age of thirteen, he entered Yale College, but left it in three years, and became a midshipman in the United States Navy, in which he continued for six years, making himself, unconsciously, master of that knowledge and imagery which he afterwards employed to so much advantage in his romances of the sea. In 1811, having resigned his post as midshipman, he married Miss Delancey, sister of Rev. Dr. Delancey, with whom, after a brief residence in Westchester County, the scene of one of his finest fictions, he removed to Cooperstown, where, with the exception of his occasional absences in Europe, he passed the greater part of his life, and where he died on the 14th of September, 1851.

Before his removal to Cooperstown, he had written and published a novel of English life, called *Precaution*, which met with but little favor. But *The Spy*, which followed in 1821, at once established his fame, and was soon republished in England and on the Continent. It had its faults, indeed,—defects in plot, and occasional blemishes in the composition; but it was a work of original genius, and was widely read and admired. *The Pioneers*, which appeared in 1823, not only sustained but advanced his reputation; and each succeeding volume of the *Leather-Stocking Tales*, *The Prairie*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, and *The Deerslayer*, was read with increasing interest. Shortly after the success of *The Pioneers* had made Mr. Cooper the first novelist of the country, he achieved a triumph on the sea as signal as that he had already won upon the land. His romance of *The Pilot*, followed at intervals by *The Red Rover*, *The Water-Witch*, *The Two Admirals*, *Wing and Wing*, &c., placed him at the head of nautical novelists, where he still stands, perhaps, without a rival.¹

In the year 1826, Mr. Cooper went to Europe, where his fame had preceded him, and where, while advancing his own reputation by new fictions, he defended

¹ Read articles on his writings in "North American Review," xxiii. 150, xxvii. 139, xlix. 432; "American Quarterly," lvii. 407. In the "Bibliotheca Americana," by O. A. Roobach, is a list of all his works, amounting to forty volumes.

The following, I believe, is a complete list of his novels, with the dates of their publication:—

<i>Precaution</i> , 1821.	<i>The Heidenmauer</i> , 1832.	<i>Wyandotté</i> , 1843.
<i>The Spy</i> , 1821.	<i>The Headsman</i> , 1833.	<i>Afloat and Ashore</i> , 1844.
<i>The Pioneers</i> , 1823.	<i>The Monikins</i> , 1835.	<i>Miles Wallingford</i> , 1844.
<i>The Pilot</i> , 1823.	<i>Homeward Bound</i> , 1838.	<i>The Chainbearer</i> , 1845.
<i>Lionel Lincoln</i> , 1825.	<i>Home as Found</i> , 1838.	<i>Satanstoe</i> , 1845.
<i>Last of the Mohicans</i> , 1826.	<i>The Pathfinder</i> , 1840.	<i>The Red Skins</i> , 1846.
<i>Red Rover</i> , 1827.	<i>Mercedes of Castile</i> , 1840.	<i>The Crater</i> , 1847.
<i>The Prairie</i> , 1827.	<i>The Deerslayer</i> , 1841.	<i>Jack Tier</i> , 1848.
<i>Travelling Bachelor</i> , 1823.	<i>The Two Admirals</i> , 1842.	<i>Oak Openings</i> , 1848.
<i>Went of Wish-ton-Wish</i> , 1829.	<i>Wing and Wing</i> , 1842.	<i>The Sea Lions</i> , 1849.
<i>The Water-Witch</i> , 1830.	<i>Ned Myers</i> , 1843.	<i>The Ways of the Hour</i> , 1850.
<i>The Bravo</i> , 1831.		

that of his country by pamphlets and letters. These again brought upon him a shower of rejoinders, and much of the time when he was abroad was spent in controversial writings. In 1833, he returned home.

Besides his novels, Mr. Cooper was the author of a *History of the United States Navy*, *Gleanings in Europe*, *Sketches of Switzerland*, and several smaller works, which have run through many editions. His mind was always fertile and active, and his mode of treating his subjects full of animation and freshness. He was one of those frank and decided characters who make strong enemies and warm friends,—who repel by the positiveness of their convictions, while they attract by the richness of their culture and the amiability of their lives. He was nicely exact in all his business relations, but generous and noble in the management of his means. His beautiful residence on the Otsego was ever the home of a large and liberal hospitality; and those who knew him best were those who loved him most, and who deplored his loss with the keenest feelings.¹

THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

"Tom," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, with undisturbed composure; "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward; the easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward!"

"The fellow takes it coolly, too! he's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head, to take himself back into blue water."

"'Tis a fin back!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "he will soon make headway, and be off."

"No, sir; 'tis a right whale," answered Tom; "I saw his

¹ "Mr. Cooper's character was peculiar and decided, creating strong attachments and equally strong dislikes. There was no neutral ground in his nature. He had fixed opinions, and was bold and uncompromising in expressing them. He was exact in his dealings and generous in his disposition. His integrity and uprightness no one ever called in question. He had less fear of public opinion, and more self-reliance, than are common in our country; and his courage and truthfulness were worthy of all praise. He was an ardent patriot, and as ready to defend his country when in the right, as to rebuke her when he deemed her in the wrong. He was affectionate in his domestic relations, and his home was the seat of a cordial and generous hospitality."—G. S. HILLARD.

"Mr. Cooper dined with me. He was in person solid, robust, athletic; in voice, manly; in manner, earnest, emphatic, almost dictatorial,—with something of self-assertion bordering on egotism. The first effect was unpleasant, indeed repulsive; but there shone through all this a frankness which excited confidence, respect, and at last affection."—*Goodrich's Recollections*.

spout; he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-butt, that fellow!"

Barnstable laughed, and exclaimed, in joyous tones—

"Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whale-boat sprang forward like a courser for the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game, long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparation to strike the whale as the occasion required. The tub, containing about half of a whale-line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled round when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise, that sounded like the rushing of winds. The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but, when he beheld the creature assuming this formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After this wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of pure air; send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true, for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed for half his

length in the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After this evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and, when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing towards one of the fins, which was, at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted, with singular earnestness,—

“Starn all!”

“Stern all!” echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

“Snub him!” shouted Barnstable; “hold on, Tom; he rises already.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more gradually round the large loggerhead, that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched forward, and, rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to reappear. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point, before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but who cast the waters aside as he forced his way, with prodigious velocity, along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and out through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried,—

"Ay, I've touched the fellow's life! It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean."

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; "feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creater's way, sir," said the cockswain; "you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

The seamen now seized their whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

"Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?" cried Barnstable; "a few sets from your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory,—

"No, sir, no; he's going into his flurry; there's no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off! the creater's in his flurry."

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these efforts subsided, and, when the discolored water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side; and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

THE WRECK OF THE ARIEL.

"Go, my boys, go," said Barnstable, as the moment of dreadful uncertainty passed; "you have still the whale-boat, and she, at least, will take you nigh the shore; go into her, my boys; God

bless you, God bless you all; you have been faithful and honest fellows, and I believe he will not yet desert you; go, my friends, while there is a lull."

The seamen threw themselves, in a mass of human bodies, into the light vessel, which nearly sunk under the unusual burden; but when they looked around them, Barnstable, and Merry, Dillon, and the cockswain, were yet to be seen on the decks of the Ariel. The former was pacing, in deep and perhaps bitter melancholy, the wet planks of the schooner, while the boy hung, unheeded, on his arm, uttering disregarded petitions to his commander to desert the wreck. Dillon approached the side where the boat lay, again and again; but the threatening countenances of the seamen as often drove him back in despair. Tom had seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit, where he continued, in an attitude of quiet resignation, returning no other answers to the loud and repeated calls of his shipmates, than by waving his hand towards the shore.

"Now, hear me," said the boy, urging his request to tears: "if not for my sake, or for your own sake, Mr. Barnstable, or for the hopes of God's mercy, go into the boat, for the love of my cousin Katherine."

The young lieutenant paused in his troubled walk, and, for a moment, he cast a glance of hesitation at the cliffs; but, at the next instant, his eyes fell on the ruin of his vessel, and he answered,—

"Never, boy, never: if my hour has come, I will not shrink from my fate."

"Listen to the men, dear sir: the boat will be swamped alongside the wreck, and their cry is, that without you they will not let her go."

Barnstable motioned to the boat, to bid the boy enter it, and turned away in silence.

"Well," said Merry, with firmness, "if it be right that a lieutenant shall stay by the wreck, it must also be right for a midshipman. Shove off: neither Mr. Barnstable nor myself will quit the vessel."

"Boy, your life has been intrusted to my keeping, and at my hands will it be required," said his commander, lifting the struggling youth, and tossing him into the arms of the seamen. "Away with ye, and God be with you: there is more weight in you now than can go safe to land."

Still, the seamen hesitated; for they perceived the cockswain moving, with a steady tread, along the deck, and they hoped he had relented, and would yet persuade the lieutenant to join his crew. But Tom, imitating the example of his commander, seized the latter, suddenly, in his powerful grasp, and threw him over

the bulwarks with an irresistible force. At the same moment, he cast the fast of the boat from the pin that held it, and, lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest.

"God's will be done with me!" he cried. "I saw the first timber of the Ariel laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer."

But his shipmates were swept far beyond the sounds of his voice before half these words were uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and, as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time: it fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjacent rocks. The cockswain still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves; some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy, as he saw Barnstable issue from the surf, bearing the form of Merry in safety to the sands, where, one by one, several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried, in a similar manner, to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks, with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood, in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene we have related; but, as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly through his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

"When the tide falls," he said, in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, "we shall be able to walk to land."

"There was One, and only One, to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck," returned the cockswain; "and none but such as have this power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands." The old seaman paused, and, turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added, with reverence, "Had you thought more of him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest!"

"Do you still think there is much danger?" asked Dillon.

"To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?"

"'Tis the wind driving by the vessel."

"'Tis the poor thing herself," said the affected cockswain, "giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks, and, in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her timbers in framing!"

"Why, then, did you remain here?" cried Dillon, wildly.

"To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God," returned Tom. "These waves to me are what the land is to you: I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave."

"But I—I," shrieked Dillon, "I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!"

"Poor wretch!" muttered his companion, "you must go, like the rest of us: when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster."

"I can swim," Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. "Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?"

"None: every thing has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God!"

"God!" echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy: "I know no God! there is no God that knows me!"

"Peace!" said the deep tones of the cockswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; "blasphemer, peace!"

The heavy groaning, produced by the water, in the timbers of the Ariel, at that moment, added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea.

The water, thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach, was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places, favorable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the "undertow," Dillon had, unknowingly, thrown his person; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who, at first, had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance; and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a

voice that was driven over the struggling victim, to the ears of his shipmates on the sands,—

“Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! sheer to the southward!”

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction, until his face was once more turned towards the vessel. The current swept him diagonally by the rocks, and he was forced into an eddy, where he had nothing to contend against but the waves, whose violence was much broken by the wreck. In this state he continued still to struggle, but with a force that was too much weakened to overcome the resistance he met. Tom looked around him for a rope, but not one presented itself to his hands: all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment, his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm, and inured to horrors, as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow, as if to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim, as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling, with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet, to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation.

“He will soon know his God, and learn that his God knows him!” murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the *Ariel* yielded to an overwhelming sea, and, after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE, 1789—1841.

“Hillhouse, whose music, like his themes,
Lifts earth to heaven,—whose poet-dreams
Are pure and holy as the hymn
Echoed from harps of seraphim
By bards that drank at Zion's fountains
When glory, peace, and hope were hers,
And beautiful upon the mountains
The feet of angel-messengers.”—HALLACK.

THE Hillhouse family held a high social position in Derry, Ireland, and one of the members emigrated to America and settled in Connecticut in 1720. The father of the poet, Hon. James Hillhouse, who died in 1833, filled various offices in his native State, and was for many years a leading member of Congress.

The subject of the present sketch was born in New Haven, on the 26th of

September, 1789. At the age of fifteen, he entered Yale College, and graduated in 1808, with a high reputation for scholarship. At the Commencement of 1812, he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society a descriptive poem, entitled *The Judgment*, which gained him high reputation. It is in the form of a "vision," and is designed to represent the fearful events of the great day of final retribution.¹

In 1820, he published *Percy's Masque, a Drama in Five Acts*, founded upon the ballad of "The Hermit of Warkworth," by Bishop Percy. In 1822, he was married to Cornelia Lawrence, daughter of Isaac Lawrence, Esq., of New York, and took up his residence in New Haven, at "Sachem's Wood," the name of his beautiful seat,—occupied with the pursuits of a man of taste and fortune.

During the year 1824, *Hadad, a Dramatic Poem*, was written, and the next year was committed to the press. It is based upon the belief in a former intercourse between mankind and the good and evil beings of the spiritual world, and the scene is laid in Judea, in the time of King David. Hadad, a Syrian prince, is in Jerusalem, and falls in love with Tamar, the sister of Absalom; but she will give no encouragement to him unless he renounce his heathenism and conform to the Jewish worship. This is generally considered the most finished of his productions.² In 1839, he published, in Boston, in two volumes, all the above-mentioned poems, with *Demetria, a Tragedy in Five Acts*, founded on an Italian tale of love, jealousy, and revenge; and *Sachem's Wood*, together with several orations which he had delivered on public occasions.

For some time previous to this, the health of Mr. Hillhouse had been failing, and in the autumn of 1840 he left home, for the last time, to visit his friends in Boston. He returned somewhat benefited; but, on the second day of the following January, his disorder assumed an alarming form, which terminated fatally on the evening of the fourth of that month.³

SCENE FROM HADAD.

The garden of ABSALOM'S house on Mount Zion, near the palace, overlooking the city.
TAMAR sitting by a fountain. [Enter HADAD.]

Had. Delicious to behold the world at rest.
Meek Labor wipes his brow, and intermits
The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot;
Herdsmen and shepherds fold their flocks—and, hark!
What merry strains they send from Olivet!
The jar of life is still; the city speaks

¹ "In *Hadad* and *The Judgment* his scriptural erudition and deep perceptions of the Jewish character, and his sense of religious truth, are evinced in the most carefully-finished and nobly-conceived writings."—H. T. TUCKERMAN.

² "Hillhouse's dramatic and other pieces are the first instances, in this country, of artistic skill in the higher and more elaborate spheres of poetic writing. He possessed the scholarship, the leisure, the dignity of taste, and the noble sympathy requisite thus 'to build the lofty rhyme;' and his volumes, though unattractive to the mass of readers, have a permanent interest and value to the refined, the aspiring, and the disciplined mind."—H. T. TUCKERMAN.

³ Read criticisms upon his writings in the "North American Review," January, 1826, by F. W. P. Greenwood, and January, 1840, by John G. Palfrey; also, the leading article in the "New Englander," November, 1858, by H. T. Tuckerman.

In gentle murmurs ; voices chime with lutes
 Waked in the streets and gardens ; loving pairs
 Eye the red west, in one another's arms ;
 And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields
 A glimpse of happiness, which He, who form'd
 Earth and the stars, had power to make eternal.

Tam. Ah, Hadad, meanest thou to reproach the Friend
 Who gave so much, because he gave not all ?

Had. Perfect benevolence, methinks, had will'd
 Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy ;
 Fill'd the whole universe of human hearts
 With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.

Tam. Our Prophet teaches so, till man rebell'd.

Had. Mighty rebellion ! Had he 'leagu'd heaven
 With beings powerful, numberless, and dreadful,
 Strong as the enginery that rocks the world
 When all its pillars tremble ; mix'd the fires
 Of onset with annihilating bolts
 Defensive volley'd from the throne ; this, this
 Had been rebellion worthy of the name,
 Worthy of punishment. But what did man ?
 Tasted an apple ! and the fragile scene,
 Eden, and innocence, and human bliss,
 The nectar-flowing streams, life-giving fruits,
 Celestial shades, and amaranthine flowers,
 Vanish ; and sorrow, toil, and pain, and death,
 Cleave to him by an everlasting curse.

Tam. Ah ! talk not thus.

Had. Is this benevolence ?—

Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me ;
 For I was tutor'd in a brighter faith.
 Our Syrians deem each lucid fount, and stream,
 Forest, and mountain, glade, and bosky dell,
 Peopled with kind divinities, the friends
 Of man, a spiritual race, allied
 To him by many sympathies, who seek
 His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts,
 Cool with their waves, and fan him with their airs.
 O'er them, the Spirit of the Universe,
 Or Soul of Nature, circumfuses all
 With mild, benevolent, and sunlike radiance ;
 Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,
 As spirit does the body, till green herbs,
 And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars rise ;
 And shooting stellar influence through her caves ;
 Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.

Tam. Dreams, Hadad, empty dreams.

Had. These deities

They invoke with cheerful, gentle rites,
 Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines
 With Nature's bounties, fruits, and fragrant flowers.
 Not like yon gory mount that ever reeks—

Tam. Cast not reproach upon the holy altar.

Had. Nay, sweet.—Having enjoy'd all pleasures here
 That Nature prompts, but chiefly blissful love,

At death, the happy Syrian maiden deems
 Her immaterial flies into the fields,
 Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,
 And dwells, a Deity, with those she worshipp'd,
 Till time or fate return her in its course
 To quaff, once more, the cup of human joy.

Tam. But thou believ'st not this?

Had. I almost wish
 Thou didst; for I have fear'd, my gentle Tamar,
 Thy spirit is too tender for a law
 Announced in terror, coupled with the threats
 Of an inflexible and dreadful Being.

Tam. (*In tears, clasping her hands.*)
 Witness, ye heavens! Eternal Father, witness!
 Blest God of Jacob! Maker! Friend, Preserver!
 That, with my heart, my undivided soul,
 I love, adore, and praise thy glorious name,
 Confess thee Lord of all, believe thy laws
 Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.
 O Hadad, Hadad! you misconstrue much
 The sadness that usurps me: 'tis for thee
 I grieve—for hopes that fade—for your lost soul,
 And my lost happiness.

Had. O say not so,
 Beloved princess. Why distrust my faith?
Tam. Thou know'st, alas! my weakness; but remember,
 I never, never will be thine, although
 The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,
 Though Absalom and David called me bride,
 Till sure thou own'st, with truth and love sincere,
 The Lord Jehovah.

HADAD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF DAVID.

'Tis so;—the hoary harper sings aright;
 How beautiful is Zion!—Like a queen,
 Arm'd with a helm, in virgin loveliness,
 Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
 She sits aloft, begirt with battlements
 And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
 The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
 Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods,
 Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
 Wave their dark beauty round the tower of David.
 Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
 The embrasures of alabaster shine;
 Hail'd by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
 To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.
 But not, for thou art fair and turret-crown'd,
 Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and bless'd
 With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,
 Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
 Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern law
 Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,
 And where the Glory hovers, here I war.

HOW PATERNAL WEALTH SHOULD BE EMPLOYED.

The mischievous, and truly American notion, that, to enjoy a respectable position, every man must *traffic*, or *preach*, or *practise*, or *hold an office*, brings to beggary and infamy many who might have lived, under a juster estimate of things, usefully and happily; and cuts us off from a needful, as well as ornamental portion of society. The necessity of laboring for sustenance is, indeed, the great safeguard of the world, the *ballast*, without which the wild passions of men would bring communities to speedy wreck. But man will not labor without a *motive*; and successful accumulation, on the part of the parent, deprives the son of this impulse. Instead, then, of vainly contending against laws as insurmountable as those of physics, and attempting to *drive* their children into lucrative industry, why do not men, who have made themselves opulent, open their eyes, at once, to the glaring fact, that the *cause*—the cause itself—which braced their own nerves to the struggle for fortune, does not *exist* for their offspring? *The father has taken from his son his motive!*—a motive confessedly important to happiness and virtue, in the present state of things. He is bound, therefore, by every consideration of prudence and humanity, neither to attempt to drag him forward without a cheering, animating principle of action—nor recklessly to abandon him to his own guidance—nor to poison him with the love of lucre for itself; but, under new circumstances, with new prospects, at a totally different starting-place from his own, to supply *other motives*—drawn from our sensibility to reputation, from our natural desire to know, from an enlarged view of our capacities and enjoyments, and a more high and liberal estimate of our relations to society. Fearful, indeed, is the responsibility of leaving youth, without mental resources, to the temptations of splendid idleness! Men who have not considered this subject, while the objects of their affection yet surround their table, drop no seeds of generous sentiments, animate them with no discourse on the beauty of disinterestedness, the paramount value of the mind, and the dignity of that renown which is the echo of illustrious actions. Absorbed in one pursuit, their morning precept, their mid-day example, and their evening moral, too often conspire to teach a single maxim, and that in direct contradiction of the inculcation, so often and so variously repeated: “It is better to get wisdom than gold.” Right views, a careful choice of agents, and the delegation, *betimes*, of strict authority, would insure the object. Only let the parent feel, and the son be early taught, that, with the command of money and leisure, to enter on manhood without having mastered every attainable accomplishment, is more disgraceful than thread-bare garments, and we might have the happiness to see in the

inheritors of paternal wealth, less frequently, idle, ignorant prodigals and heart-breakers, and more frequently, high-minded, highly-educated young men, embellishing, if not called to public trusts, a private station.

WILLIAM JAY, 1789—1858.

WILLIAM JAY, the son of that wise statesman and able jurist, John Jay, the first Chief-Justice of the United States, was born in the city of New York, June 16, 1789. In 1807, he graduated at Yale College, and studied law in Albany, but, through infirm health, never practised his profession, and took up his residence at the paternal mansion, in Bedford, Westchester County, New York, which he afterwards inherited. In 1812, he was married to Augusta McKim, daughter of John McKim, Esq., of New York,—a lady in whose character were blended all the Christian virtues. She died in April, 1857.

Soon after his marriage, Mr. Jay was appointed First Judge of the county of Westchester, and he was continued upon the bench by successive Governors, of opposite politics, through the varied changes of party, till 1843. His first appearance as a writer was in his advocacy of the claims of the American Bible Society, which led him into a controversy with Bishop Hobart, and which excited great attention at the time from the ability with which it was conducted. He was always a warm advocate of Sunday-schools, of temperance, and of peace, and he was for many years the President of the American Peace Society, for which he wrote several addresses. In 1833, he published, in two volumes, octavo, *The Life and Writings of John Jay*.

But his distinctive life-work was what he did in behalf of the Anti-Slavery cause. His first publication upon this subject was in 1834, entitled *An Inquiry into the Character and Tendency of the American Colonization and American Anti-Slavery Societies*. This was followed by *A View of the Action of the Federal Government in Behalf of Slavery*. Since that time, his writings upon the subject have been constant and numerous, as occasions and subjects arose upon which he deemed it his duty to let his views be known. The chief of the pamphlets thus written were published in 1853, in a large duodecimo of 670 pages, entitled *Miscellaneous Writings on Slavery*. All his publications on this subject are uniformly characterized by the candor of a philosopher, the accuracy of a statesman, the courtesy of a gentleman, and the charity of a Christian. The extent of his information and the correctness of his assertions, in all historical subjects, were alike remarkable. None of his statements in his carefully-written *History of the Mexican War* have ever been refuted,—a history that will remain an enduring monument to his truthfulness and faithfulness in historic research, to his unbending integrity, and to his pure and elevated Christian principles.

Judge Jay died at his residence in Bedford, Westchester County, New York, on the 14th of October, 1858, leaving an example worthy of all imitation. In the discharge of his judicial duties for thirty years, he showed himself the wise and upright as well as learned judge; while in his private life he was a model of personal excellence,—an exemplification of the true Christian character.

PATRIOTISM.

Counterfeits imply an original. There is such a virtue as patriotism, acknowledged and inculcated by both natural and revealed religion; and it is but a development of that benevolence which springs from moral goodness. To do good unto all men as we have opportunity, is an injunction invested with divine authority. Generally, our ability to do good is confined to our families, neighbors, and countrymen; and the natural promptings of our hearts lead us to select these, in preference to more distant objects, for the subjects of our kind offices. Our benevolence, when directed to our countrymen at large, constitutes PATRIOTISM; and its exercise is as much controlled by the laws of morality as when confined to our neighbors or our families. A voice from heaven has forbidden us "to do evil that good may come." The sentiment, "Our country, right or wrong," is as profligate and impious as would be the sentiment, "Our church, or our party, right or wrong." If it be rebellion against God to violate his laws for the benefit of one individual, however dear to us, not less sinful must it be to commit a similar act for the benefit of any number of individuals. If we may not, in kindness to the highwayman, assist him in robbing and murdering the traveller, what divine law permits us to aid any number of our own countrymen in robbing and murdering other people? He who engages in a defensive war, with a full conviction of its necessity and justice, may be impelled by patriotism, by a benevolent desire to save the lives, and property, and rights of his countrymen. But, if he believes the war to be one of invasion and conquest, and utterly unjust, by taking part in it he assumes its guilt, and becomes responsible for its crimes.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The American people have by acclamation adjudged John Quincy Adams a PATRIOT,—a judgment from which not one politician of any name has dared to appeal. This judgment sets aside, condemns, and repudiates almost every test of patriotism prescribed by the demagogues of the day. It has now been decided, by a tribunal which these men admit to be infallible, that a man may be a patriot, nay, an "illustrious patriot," according to the official gazette, who openly repudiates the sentiment, "Our country, right or wrong;"¹ who, on a question of international law,

¹ In some verses written by Mr. Adams shortly before his death, and entitled "Congress, Slavery, and an Unjust War," are these lines:—

"And say not thou, 'My country, right or wrong,
Nor shed thy blood for an unhallow'd cause.'"

sides with a foreign government against his own ; who gives "aid and comfort" to the enemy by denouncing as unjust the war waged against him, and by striving to withhold supplies from the army sent to fight him ; who mourns over the degeneracy of his country and doubts whether she is to be numbered "among the first liberators or the last oppressors of the race of immortal man ;" who, notwithstanding all "the compromises of the Constitution," denounces human bondage as a crime against God, and proposes so to change the Constitution as to effect the immediate abolition of hereditary slavery throughout the American Confederacy, and, pouring contempt upon the lying Democracy of the day, claims for the black man the same rights of suffrage that are accorded to his white fellow-citizen.

Such is the character of a PATRIOT, as established by the latest decision of the American public. Surely there must have been some potent principle of action which impelled him to pursue a path so divergent from those usually selected by political aspirants,—one, to all appearance, leading him far from popular applause, and yet in the end conducting him to the very pinnacle of fame. There was such a principle, and it is shadowed forth in the moral with which Mr. McDowell "adorned his tale." "His life," said the Virginia eulogist, "has been a continuous and beautiful illustration of the great truth that, while the fear of man is the consummation of all folly, the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom."¹ Unhappy it is for our country, that the reverse of this truth forms the maxim by which so many of our public men apparently govern their conduct. But what was the secret of the great strength of this moral Samson? Since his death, certain letters to his son have been given to the press, and in these we find an answer to the inquiry. It appears that, while at the court of St. Petersburg, in 1811, he commenced a series of letters to his absent child, on the study of the Bible,—*"the divine revelation,"* as he called it. In these he remarks, "I have myself, for many years, made it a practice to read through the Bible once every year. I have always endeavored to read it with the same spirit and temper of mind which I now recommend to you ; that is, with the intention and desire that it may contribute to my advancement in wisdom and virtue. My custom is, to read four or five chapters every morning, immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about half an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day." The following advice to his son seems both indicative of his own future course, and prophetic of its glorious termination :—"Never give way to

¹ From the Eulogy pronounced in the House of Representatives, by Hon. William McDowell, of Virginia.

the pushes of impudence, wrong-headedness, or intractability, which would lead or draw you aside from the dictates of your own conscience and your own sense of right. Till you die, let not your integrity depart from you. Build your house upon the rock, and then let the rains descend, and the flood come, and the winds blow, and beat upon that house, it shall not fall. So promises your blessed Lord and Master." In a most wonderful manner was this promise fulfilled in his own case, even in the present world. But there is a day approaching when the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open, and when every man shall come to judgment. Then will those who have in this life pursued expediency in preference to duty, learn, when too late, that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

THE HIGHER LAW.¹

Human government is indispensable to the happiness and progress of human society. Hence God, in his wisdom and benevolence, wills its existence; and in this sense, and this alone, the powers that be are ordained by him. But civil government cannot exist if each individual may, at his pleasure, forcibly resist its injunctions. Therefore, Christians are required to *submit* to the powers that be, whether a Nero or a slave-catching Congress. But obedience to the civil ruler often necessarily involves rebellion to God. Hence we are warned by Christ and his apostles, and by the example of saints in all ages, in such cases, not to obey, but to submit and suffer. We are to hold fast our allegiance to Jehovah, but at the same time not to take up arms to defend ourselves against the penalties imposed by the magistrate for our disobedience. Thus the divine sovereignty and the authority of human government are both maintained. Revolution is not the abolition of human government, but a change in its form, and its lawfulness depends on circumstances. What was the "den" in which John Bunyan had his glorious vision of the "Pilgrim's Progress"? A prison to which he was confined for years for refusing obedience to human laws. And what excuse did this holy man make for conduct now denounced as wicked and rebellious? "I cannot obey, but I can suffer." The Quakers have from the first refused to obey the law requiring them to bear arms; yet have they never been vilified by our politicians and "cotton clergymen" as rebels against the powers that be, nor sneered at for their acknowledgment of a "higher" than human law. The

¹ From "A Letter to the Hon. Samuel A. Elliot, Representative in Congress from the City of Boston, in Reply to his Apology for Voting for the Fugitive Slave Bill."

Lord Jesus Christ, after requiring us to love God and our neighbor, added, "There is none other commandment greater than these;" no, not even a slave-catching act of Congress, which requires us to hunt our neighbor, that he may be reduced to the condition of a beast of burden. Rarely has the religious faith of the community received so rude a shock as that which has been given it by your horrible law, and the principles advanced by its political and clerical supporters. Cruelty, oppression, and injustice are elevated into virtues; while justice, mercy, and compassion are ridiculed and vilified.

JARED SPARKS.

JARED SPARKS, whose name will ever be inseparably associated with American history, and who has done so much to hand down to posterity the great names and important events of our Revolutionary annals, was born in Willington, Connecticut, in 1789. His father was a poor farmer, and he was apprenticed to a carpenter. But his innate love of books was so strong that he would devote all his leisure time to reading and study; and, finding a number of kind friends ready to aid him in his pursuit of knowledge, he went, in 1809, to Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire. He graduated at Harvard in 1815; was preceptor of Lancaster Academy for one year, and then returned to Cambridge to pursue his theological studies, at the same time discharging the duties of tutor in the college, in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

On the 5th of May, 1819, he was ordained over the First Unitarian Church in Baltimore, and for a number of years he wrote extensively upon subjects of theological controversy, publishing, in 1820, *Letters on the Ministry, Ritual, and Doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, in reply to a sermon by Rev. William E. Wyatt, of St. Paul's Church. About this time he edited a monthly periodical, entitled *The Unitarian Miscellany and Christian Monitor*. While in Baltimore, he commenced the publication of a *Collection of Essays and Tracts in Theology, from Various Authors, with Biographical and Critical Notices*; completed in Boston, in 1826, in six volumes. In 1823 appeared *An Inquiry into the Comparative Moral Tendency of Trinitarian and Unitarian Doctrines*, in a series of Letters to Samuel Miller, D.D., of Princeton. The latter part of that year he removed to Boston, and purchased the "North American Review," of which he became the sole editor, and continued such till 1830. In 1828, "he commenced that noble series of volumes illustrative of American History, to which he has ever since devoted himself, and which have forever associated his own name with the names of the most illustrious of our countrymen."

The first of his historical works was the *Life of John Ledyard*, the American Navigator and Traveller, one volume, octavo, published in 1828; the second, *The Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*, in 12 volumes, 1829 to 1831; the third, *The Life of Gouverneur Morris*, in three volumes, 1832; the fourth, *The*

Life and Writings of Washington, twelve volumes, 1833 to 1840; the fifth, *The Works of Benjamin Franklin, with Notes and a Life of the Author*, ten volumes, 1840; the sixth, *Correspondence of the American Revolution; being Letters of Eminent Men to George Washington, from the time of his taking the command of the army to the end of his Presidency*, four volumes, 1853.

In 1835, Mr. Sparks commenced the *Library of American Biography*, and the first series, in ten volumes, was completed in 1839. The "Second Series," consisting of fifteen volumes, was begun in 1843, and finished in 1846. Of the sixty lives in these twenty-five volumes, Mr. Sparks wrote the biographies of Ethan Allen, Benedict Arnold, Father Marquette, Robert Caveller de la Salle, Count Pulaski, John Ribault, Charles Lee, and John Ledyard. It is to Mr. Sparks, also, that we are indebted for one of the most valuable periodical publications, "The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge," the first volume of which was edited by him in 1830. This is a work of such value as a book of reference that no one who has ever taken it feels that he can do without it.

In 1839, Mr. Sparks was appointed to the M'Lean Professorship of Ancient and Modern History in Harvard University, which chair he held till 1849, when he was elected President of that institution. This high post of honor and responsibility he held till 1852, when he felt obliged to resign it on account of ill health.

Such is a brief outline of the literary labors of this distinguished scholar, who now resides in Cambridge, engaged, it is said, on a *History of the Foreign Relations of the United States during the American Revolution*.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN LEDYARD.

On the margin of the Connecticut River, which runs near the college,¹ stood many majestic forest trees, nourished by a rich soil. One of these Ledyard contrived to cut down. He then set himself at work to fashion its trunk into a canoe, and in this labor he was assisted by some of his fellow-students. As the canoe was fifty feet long, and three wide, and was to be dug out and constructed by these unskilful workmen, the task was not a trifling one, nor such as could be speedily executed. Operations were carried on with spirit, however, till Ledyard wounded himself with an axe, and was disabled for several days. When he recovered, he applied himself anew to his work; the canoe was finished, launched into the stream, and, by the further aid of his companions, equipped and prepared for a voyage. His wishes were now at their consummation, and, bidding adieu to these haunts of the muses, where he had gained a dubious fame, he set off alone, with a light heart, to explore a river with the navigation of which he had not the slightest acquaintance. The dis-

¹ Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

tance to Hartford was not less than one hundred and forty miles; much of the way was through a wilderness, and in several places there were dangerous falls and rapids.

With a bearskin for a covering, and his canoe well stocked with provisions, he yielded himself to the current, and floated leisurely down the stream, seldom using his paddle, and stopping only in the night for sleep. He told Mr. Jefferson in Paris, fourteen years afterwards, that he took only two books with him, a Greek Testament and Ovid, one of which he was deeply engaged in reading when his canoe approached Bellows' Falls, where he was suddenly roused by the noise of the waters rushing among the rocks through the narrow passage. The danger was imminent, as no boat could go down that fall without being instantly dashed in pieces. With difficulty he gained the shore in time to escape such a catastrophe, and, through the kind assistance of the people in the neighborhood, who were astonished at the novelty of such a voyage down the Connecticut, his canoe was drawn by oxen around the fall, and committed again to the water below. From that time, till he arrived at his place of destination, we hear of no accident, although he was carried through several dangerous passes in the river. On a bright spring morning, just as the sun was rising, some of Mr. Seymour's family were standing near his house on the high bank of the small river that runs through the city of Hartford and empties itself into the Connecticut River, when they espied at some distance an object of unusual appearance, moving slowly up the stream. Others were attracted by the singularity of the sight, and all were conjecturing what it could be, till its questionable shape assumed the true and obvious form of a canoe; but by what impulse it was moved forward, none could determine. Something was seen in the stern, but apparently without life or motion. At length the canoe touched the shore directly in front of the house; a person sprang from the stern to a rock in the edge of the water, threw off a bearskin in which he had been enveloped, and behold John Ledyard, in the presence of his uncle and connections, who were filled with wonder at this sudden apparition; for they had received no intelligence of his intention to leave Dartmouth, but supposed him still there, diligently pursuing his studies, and fitting himself to be a missionary among the Indians.

We cannot look back to Ledyard, thus launching himself alone in so frail a bark, upon the waters of a river wholly unknown to him, without being reminded of the only similar occurrence which has been recorded—the voyage down the river Niger, by Mungo Park, a name standing at the very head of those most renowned for romantic and lofty enterprise. The melancholy fate, it is true, by which he was soon arrested in his noble career, adds greatly to

the interest of his situation, when pushing from the shore his little boat Joliba, and causes us to read his last affecting letter to his wife with emotions of sympathy more intense, if possible, than would be felt if the tragical issue were not already known. In many points of character, there was a strong resemblance between these two distinguished travellers, and they both perished, martyrs in the same cause, attempting to explore the hidden regions of Africa.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The acts of the Revolution derive dignity and interest from the character of the actors, and the nature and magnitude of the events. Statesmen were at hand, who, if not skilled in the art of governing empires, were thoroughly imbued with the principles of just government, intimately acquainted with the history of former ages, and, above all, with the condition, sentiments, feelings of their countrymen. If there were no Richelieus nor Mazarins, no Cecils nor Chathams, in America, there were men who, like Themistocles, knew how to raise a small state to glory and greatness.

The eloquence and the internal counsels of the Old Congress were never recorded: we know them only in their results; but that assembly, with no other power than that conferred by the suffrage of the people, with no other influence than that of their public virtue and talents, and without precedent to guide their deliberations—unsupported even by the arm of the law or of ancient usages—that assembly levied troops, imposed taxes, and for years not only retained the confidence and upheld the civil existence of a distracted country, but carried through a perilous war under its most aggravating burdens of sacrifice and suffering. Can we imagine a situation in which were required higher moral courage, more intelligence and talent, a deeper insight into human nature and the principles of social and political organizations, or, indeed, any of those qualities which constitute greatness of character in a statesman? See, likewise, that work of wonder, the Confederation—a union of independent States, constructed in the very heart of a desolating war, but with a beauty and strength, imperfect as it was, of which the ancient leagues of the Amphictyons, the Achæans, the Lycians, and the modern confederacies of Germany, Holland, Switzerland, afford neither exemplar nor parallel.

In their foreign affairs, these same statesmen showed no less sagacity and skill, taking their stand boldly in the rank of nations, maintaining it there, competing with the tactics of practised diplomacy, and extorting from the powers of the Old World not only the homage of respect, but the proffers of friendship.

The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this Revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit or gain that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail, and faction destroy, its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this are our safety and our hope,—the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved, unimpaired, the rich inheritance which they so nobly achieved.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY is the only child of the late Ezekiel Huntley, of Norwich, Connecticut, where she was born on the 1st of September, 1791. In her earliest years she gave evidence of uncommon abilities, and when eight years old began to develop those poetical talents which have since made her name so widely and favorably known. The best advantages of education which could be attained in her childhood and youth were secured to her; and, upon leaving school, she herself engaged in the instruction of a select number of young ladies,—a position to which she had long aspired.

In 1815, Miss Huntley was induced by Daniel Wadsworth, Esq.,—an intelligent and wealthy gentleman of Hartford,—to give a volume of her poems to the public. It was published under the modest title of *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse*, and showed very clearly that an author who had done so well could do still

better.¹ In 1819, she was married to Charles Sigourney, Esq., a leading merchant of Hartford, and a gentleman of education and literary taste. Henceforth her career was to be that of an author. The true interests of her own sex and the good of the rising generation stimulated her efforts in such works as *Letters to Pupils*; *Letters to Young Ladies*; *Whisper to a Bride*; and *Letters to Mothers*. The guidance of the unfolding mind, impressed on her as it was, night and day, by the assiduous home-culture of her own children, called forth the *Child's Book*; *Girl's Book*; *Boy's Book*; *How to be Happy*; and a variety of other juvenile works, which have been deservedly popular.

A conviction of the importance of temperance suggested *Water-Drops*; of the blessings of peace, *Olive-Leaves*. *Scenes in my Native Land* portray some of the attractions of the country that she loves; and *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands* give us life-pictures of a tour in Europe. Those "who go down to the sea in ships" find a companion in her *Sea and Sailor*; the forgotten red man is remembered in *Pocahontas*; the harp of comfort for mourners is hung upon the *Weeping Willow*; while the young and blooming may hear her *Voice of Flowers* among the lilies of the field. *Sayings of the Little Ones*, and *Poems for their Mothers*, express her sympathies for the helpless stranger just entering life; *Past Meridian*,² for the wearied pilgrim trembling at the gates of the west; while *Lucy Howard's Journal* shows the influence of a right home-training on the duties and destinies of woman. Since she entered the field of authorship, between forty and fifty volumes, varying in size, have emanated from her pen; and she yet continues, with unflagging industry, her intellectual labors, enjoying, with unimpaired powers, that happiness of existence which sometimes brightens with age. Every thing that she has written has been pure and elevating in its whole tone and influence: other writers have had more learning, more genius, more power, but none have employed their talents for a higher end,—to make the world wiser, happier, holier. An accomplished critic³ has remarked of her poems that "they express, with great purity and evident sincerity, the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart, and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being, which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principle in art as well as nature. Love and religion are the unvarying elements

¹ This was quite favorably noticed in the very first number of the "North American Review," May, 1815. Little did she then dream that so long a literary life was before her,—a life of pure beneficence,—and that forty-two years after, the same review would notice her forty-second published work (*Past Meridian*) in still warmer terms of praise.

² "Mrs. Sigourney has never before written so wisely, so usefully, so beautifully, as in this volume. In saying so, we yield to none in our high appreciation of her previous literary merit; but, unless we greatly mistake, this is one of the comparatively few books of our day which will be read with glistening eyes and glowing heart, when all who now read it will have gone to their graves. It is written by her in the character of one who has passed the meridian of life, and addresses itself to sensations and experiences which all whose faces are turned westward can understand, and feel with her. It is devotion, philosophy, and poetry, so intertwined that each is enriched and adorned by the association. Above all, it blends with the serene sunset of a well-spent life the young morning beams of the never-setting day."—*North American Review*, January, 1857.

³ Alexander H. Everett.

of her song. If her power of expression was equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton or a Christian Pindar."

WIDOW AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

Deal gently, thou, whose hand hath won
The young bird from its nest away,
Where, careless, 'neath a vernal sun,
She gayly caroll'd, day by day;
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
They pensive list at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her: thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And, like a lamb from fountains clear,
She turns confiding to thy fold;
She round thy sweet domestic bower
The wreath of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when, far away,
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender care decay,—
The soul of woman lives in love:
And shouldst thou, wondering, mark a tear,
Unconscious, from her eyelids break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart may ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare,
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

NIAGARA.

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yes, flow on,
Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet.—And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
Eternally,—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

And who can dare
 To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
 Or love, or sorrow, 'mid the peal sublime
 Of thy tremendous hymn?—Even Ocean shrinks
 Back from thy brotherhood, and his wild waves
 Retire abash'd.—For he doth sometimes seem
 To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
 His wearied billows from their vexing play,
 And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,
 With everlasting, undecaying tide,
 Doth rest not night or day.

The morning stars,
 When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
 Heard thy deep anthem,—and those wrecking fires
 That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
 The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
 Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
 On thine unfathom'd page.—Each leafy bough
 That lifts itself within thy proud domain,
 Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
 And tremble at the baptism.—Lo! yon birds
 Do venture boldly near, bathing their wing
 Amid thy foam and mist.—'Tis meet for them
 To touch thy garment's hem,—or lightly stir
 The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath,—
 Who sport unharm'd upon the fleecy cloud,
 And listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
 Without reproof.—But as for us,—it seems
 Scarce lawful with our broken tones to speak
 Familiarly of thee.—Methinks, to tint
 Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
 Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
 Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
 A wondering witness of thy majesty;
 And while it rushes with delirious joy
 To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
 And check its rapture with the humbling view
 Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
 In the dread presence of the Invisible,
 As if to answer to its God through thee.

A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A butterfly bask'd on a baby's grave,
 Where a lily had chanced to grow:
 "Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
 When she of the blue and sparkling eye
 Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
 And spoke from its shining track:

"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings:
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?"

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touch'd the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence. But there beam'd a smile,
So fix'd, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

ALPINE FLOWERS.

Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white-wing'd messenger
On mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?—

—Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Upstairs a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanch'd amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness,—
Fearless, yet frail,—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencill'd beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain-summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale
And freer dreams of heaven.

CONTENTMENT.

Think'st thou the steed that restless roves
O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves,

With wild, unbridled bound,
Finds fresher pasture than the bee,
On thymy bank or vernal tree,
Intent to store her industry
 Within her waxen round?

Think'st thou the fountain forced to turn
Through marble vase or sculptured urn
 Affords a sweeter draught
Than that which, in its native sphere,
Perennial, undisturb'd and clear,
Flows the lone traveller's thirst to cheer,
 And wake his grateful thought?

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold
 Obtains a richer prize
Than he who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
 Of treasure in the skies?

THE CORAL-INSECT.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock:
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is seal'd, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,
And the mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossom'd sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up;
There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath;
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,

And the gods of ocean have frown'd to see
 The mariner's bed in their halls of glee;
 Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
 The boundless sea for the thronging dead?

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
 Like the tribes whom the desert devour'd in their sin;
 From the land of promise ye fade and die,
 Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye;
 As the kings of the cloud-crown'd pyramid,
 Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,
 Ye slumber unmark'd 'mid the desolate main,
 While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

THE GAIN OF ADVERSITY.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

A Lily said to a threatening Cloud
 That in sternest garb array'd him,
 "You have taken my lord, the Sun, away,
 And I know not where you have laid him."

It folded its leaves, and trembled sore
 As the hours of darkness press'd it,
 But at morn, like a bride, in beauty shone,
 For with pearls the dews had dress'd it.

Then it felt ashamed of its fretful thought,
 And fain in the dust would hide it,
 For the night of weeping had jewels brought,
 Which the pride of day denied it.

THE PRIVILEGES OF AGE.

The aged, especially if their conquest of self is imperfect, are prone to underrate the advantages that remain. Their minds linger among depressing subjects, repining for what "time's effacing fingers" will never restore. Far better would it be to muse on their remaining privileges, to recount them, and to rejoice in them. Many instances have I witnessed, both of this spirit, and the want of it, which left enduring impressions.

I well remember an ancient dwelling, sheltered by lofty, umbrageous trees, and with all the appendages of rural comfort. A fair prospect of hill and dale, and broad river, and distant spire, cheered the vine-covered piazzas, through whose loop-holes, with the subdued cry of the steam-borne cars, the world's great Babel made a dash at the picture without coming too near. Traits of agricultural life, divested of its rude and sordid toils, were pleasantly visible. A smooth-coated and symmetrical cow ruminated over her clover-meal. A faithful horse, submissive to the gentlest

rein, protruded his honest face through the barn window. A few brooding mothers were busy with the nurture of their chickens, while the proud father of the flock told, with a clarion-voice, his happiness. There were trees, whose summer fruits were richly swelling, and bushes of ripening berries, and gardens of choice vegetables. Those who, from the hot and dusty city, came to breathe the pure air of this sylvan retreat, took note of these "creature-comforts," and thought they added beauty to the landscape.

Within the abode, fair pictures and books of no mean literature adorned the parlors; in the carpeted kitchen, ticked the stately old family clock, while the bright dishes stood in orderly array upon the speckless shelves. Visitants could not but admire that union of taste and education which makes rural life beautiful. It might seem almost as an Elysium, where care would delight to repose, or philosophy to pursue her researches without interruption. But to any such remark, the excellent owner was wont mournfully to reply,—

"Here are only two old people together. Our children are married and gone. Some of them are dead. We cannot be expected to have much enjoyment."

Oh, dear friends, but it *is* expected that you *should*. Your very statement of the premises is an admission of peculiar sources of comfort.

"*Two old people together.*" Whose sympathies can be so perfect? And is not sympathy a source of happiness? Side by side ye have journeyed through joys and sorrows. You have stood by the grave's brink when it swallowed up your idols, and the iron that entered into your souls was fused as a living link, that time might never destroy. Under the cloud, and through the sea, you have walked hand in hand, heart to heart. What subjects of communion must you have, with which no other human being could intermeddle!

"*Two old people.*" Would your experience be so rich and profound, if you were not old? or your congeniality so entire, if one was old, and the other young? What a blessing that you can say, There are *two* of us. Can you realize the loneliness of soul that must gather around the words "*left alone!*" How many of memory's cherished pictures must then be viewed through blinding tears! how feelingly the expression of the poet must be adopted—" 'tis the survivor dies"!

"*Our children are married and gone.*" Would you have it otherwise? Was it not fitting for them to comply with the institution of their Creator? Is it not better than if they were all at home, without congenial employment, pining in disappointed hope, or solitude of the heart? *Married and gone!* To teach in other

homes the virtues they have learned from you. Perchance, in newer settlements, to diffuse the energy of right habits, and the high influence of pure principles. *Gone!* to learn the luxury of life's most intense affections, and wisely to train their own young blossoms for time and for eternity. Praise God that it is so.

"*Some are dead.*" They have gone a little before. They have shown you the way through that gate where all the living must pass. Will not their voice of welcome be sweet in the skies? Dream ye not sometimes that ye hear the echo of their harp-strings? Is not your eternal home brought nearer and made dearer by them? *Then praise God.*

Past Meridian.

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, 1791—1847.

ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT, son of Rev. Oliver Everett, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, was born in Boston, March 19, 1790, and graduated with very distinguished reputation at Harvard University, in 1806. After leaving college, he was an usher in Phillips Exeter Academy, and then engaged in the study of the law. In 1809, he accompanied John Quincy Adams, as secretary of legation, to St. Petersburg; and after that his life was more devoted to diplomatic pursuits than to the legal profession.

In 1815, he again went to Europe as secretary of legation at the court of the King of the Netherlands, and returned home in 1817. In 1818 he embarked again for Holland, having been appointed chargé d'affaires; and in 1825 he accepted the position of ambassador at the court of Madrid, where he remained till 1829. A few months after his return to the United States from Madrid, Mr. Everett became the editor and principal proprietor of the "North American Review." He had long been a leading contributor to this journal, and under his charge it was materially improved. About the year 1832, he engaged actively in politics, and, in 1845, was appointed commissioner to China; but, in consequence of ill health, he proceeded no farther than Rio Janeiro, whence he returned to the United States. After an interval of several months, he again sailed for Canton, but had hardly become settled in his new residence, when his mortal career was terminated, on the 28th of June, 1847.

Mr. Everett was one of the most eminent literary men of our country; proficient in the languages and literature of modern Europe, in philosophy, in diplomacy, the law of nations, and all the learning requisite for a statesman; and in his death our country incurred the loss of one who had served her ably and faithfully abroad, and had contributed essentially to elevate, among European scholars, the character of American literature.

Besides his numerous contributions to periodicals, Mr. Everett's principal published works are, *Europe*,—a treatise on the political condition of Europe in 1821, published in 1822; *America*,—a similar treatise on our country, published in 1825; and *New Ideas on Population*, suggested by, and a reply to, Malthus and

his school, published in 1827. Two volumes of his *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* had been published before his death, and he was, at the time of that event, preparing for a continuation of the series.¹

ENGLAND.

Whatever may be the extent of the distress in England, or the difficulty of finding any remedies for it which shall be at once practicable and sufficient, it is certain that the symptoms of decline have not yet displayed themselves on the surface; and no country in Europe, at the present day, probably none that ever flourished at any preceding period of ancient or of modern times, ever exhibited so strongly the outward marks of general industry, wealth, and prosperity. The misery that exists, whatever it may be, retires from public view; and the traveller sees no traces of it except in the beggars,—which are not more numerous than they are on the Continent,—in the courts of justice, and in the newspapers. On the contrary, the impressions he receives from the objects that meet his view are almost uniformly agreeable. He is pleased with the great attention paid to his personal accommodation as a traveller, with the excellent roads, and the conveniences of the public carriages and inns. The country everywhere exhibits the appearance of high cultivation, or else of wild and picturesque beauty; and even the unimproved lands are disposed with taste and skill, so as to embellish the landscape very highly, if they do not contribute as they might to the substantial comfort of the people. From every eminence, extensive parks and grounds, spreading far and wide over hill and vale, interspersed with dark woods and variegated with bright waters, unroll themselves before the eye, like enchanted gardens. And while the elegant constructions of the modern proprietors fill the mind with images of ease and luxury, the mouldering ruins that remain of former ages, of the castles and churches of their feudal ancestors, increase the interest of the picture by contrast, and associate with it poetical and affecting recollections of other times and manners. Every village seems to be the chosen residence of Industry, and her handmaids, Neatness and Comfort; and, in the various parts of the island, her operations present themselves under the most amusing and agreeable variety of forms. Sometimes her votaries are mounting to the skies in manufactories of innumerable stories in height, and sometimes diving in mines into the bowels of the earth, or dragging up drowned treasures from

¹ Read an excellent biographical sketch of Mr. Everett in the tenth volume of the "Democratic Review," and an article on his *Essays* in the eighteenth volume of the same

the bottom of the sea. At one time the ornamented grounds of a wealthy proprietor seem to realize the fabled Elysium; and again, as you pass in the evening through some village engaged in the iron manufacture, where a thousand forges are feeding at once their dark-red fires, and clouding the air with their volumes of smoke, you might think yourself, for a moment, a little too near some drearier residence.

CLAIMS OF LITERATURE UPON AMERICA.

Independence and liberty—the great political objects of all communities—have been secured to us by our glorious ancestors. In these respects, we are only required to *preserve* and transmit unimpaired to our posterity the inheritance which our fathers bequeathed to us. To the present and to the following generations is left the easier task of enriching, with arts and letters, the proud fabric of our national glory. Our Sparta is indeed a noble one. Let us then do our best for it.

Let me not, however, be understood to intimate that the pursuits of literature or the finer arts of life have been, at any period of our history, foreign to the people of this country. The founders of the colonies, the Winthrops, the Smiths, the Raleighs, the Penns, the Oglethorpes, were among the most accomplished scholars and elegant writers, as well as the loftiest and purest spirits, of their time. Their successors have constantly sustained, in this respect, the high standard established by the founders. Education and religion—the two great cares of intellectual and civilized men—were always with them the foremost objects of attention. The principal statesmen of the Revolution were persons of high literary cultivation: their public documents were declared, by Lord Chatham, to be equal to the finest specimens of Greek and Roman wisdom. In every generation, our country has contributed its full proportion of eminent writers.

In this respect, then, our fathers did their part; our friends of the present generation are doing theirs, and doing it well. But thus far the relative position of England and the United States has been such that our proportional contribution to the common literature was naturally a small one. England, by her great superiority in wealth and population, was, of course, the head-quarters of science and learning. All this is rapidly changing. You are already touching the point when your wealth and population will equal those of England. The superior rapidity of your progress will, at no distant period, give you the ascendancy. It will then belong to your position to take the lead in arts and letters, as in policy, and to give the tone to the literature of the language. Let it be your care and study not to show yourselves unequal to this

high calling,—to vindicate the honor of the New World in this generous and friendly competition with the Old. You will perhaps be told that literary pursuits will disqualify you for the active business of life. Heed not the idle assertion. Reject it as a mere imagination, inconsistent with principle, unsupported by experience. Point out, to those who make it, the illustrious characters who have reaped in every age the highest honors of studious and active exertion. Show them Demosthenes, forging by the light of the midnight lamp those thunderbolts of eloquence which

“Shook the arsenal and fulminated over Greece,—
To Macedon and Artaxerxes’ throne.”

Ask them if Cicero would have been hailed with rapture as the father of his country, if he had not been its pride and pattern in philosophy and letters. Inquire whether Cæsar, or Frederick, or Bonaparte, or Wellington, or Washington, fought the worse because they knew how to write their own commentaries. Remind them of Franklin, tearing at the same time the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from the hands of the oppressor. Do they say to you that study will lead you to skepticism? Recall to their memory the venerable names of Bacon, Milton, Newton, and Locke. Would they persuade you that devotion to learning will withdraw your steps from the paths of pleasure? Tell them they are mistaken. Tell them that the only true pleasures are those which result from the diligent exercise of all the faculties of body, and mind, and heart, in pursuit of noble ends by noble means. Repeat to them the ancient apologue of the youthful Hercules, in the pride of strength and beauty, giving up his generous soul to the worship of virtue. Tell them your choice is also made. Tell them, with the illustrious Roman orator, you would rather be in the wrong with Plato than in the right with Epicurus. Tell them that a mother in Sparta would have rather seen her son brought home from battle a corpse upon his shield, than dishonored by its loss. Tell them that your mother is America, your battle the warfare of life, your shield the breastplate of religion.

Though Mr. Everett is most known by his vigorous and classic prose, yet he published a volume of original and translated *Poems*, in 1845, which are a credit to our literature. From these I select the following spirited lines:—

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

Scion of a mighty stock!
Hands of iron,—hearts of oak,—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth! are not for thee;
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads.

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts,
These shall be thy only arts.

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle plain,
Ready at thy country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed.

Where the dews of night distil
Upon Vernon's holy hill;
Where above it, gleaming far,
Freedom lights her guiding star,—

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high;
Thither with devotion meet
Often turn the pilgrim feet.

Let thy noble motto be
God,—the Country,—Liberty!
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger far or near;
Spurn at baseness, spurn at fear;
Still, with persevering might,
Speak the truth and do the right.

So shall peace, a charming guest,
Dovelike in thy bosom rest;
So shall honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days.

Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon the high endeavor;
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

GEORGE TICKNOR was born in Boston, Massachusetts, August 1, 1791, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1807. After devoting three years to ancient classics and general literature, he entered upon the study of the law, and in 1813 was admitted to the bar. But his literary tastes proved too strong for his professional, and in 1815 he embarked for Europe, where, in many of her capitals, and in Göttingen University, he spent five years in studying the languages and literature of Europe, and returned in 1820, to enter upon the Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University, to which during his absence he had been appointed. The courses of lectures which he delivered, year after year, upon French and Spanish literature; upon eminent Europeans, as Dante and Goethe; on the English poets, and other kindred topics, excited the deepest interest, and were pronounced by the most competent judges to be of the very highest order, not only from the beauty and richness of their style, but from their stores of learning, and the fund of valuable information they conveyed. Indeed, the enthusiasm they enkindled among the students of Harvard, formed quite an era in the history of that venerable seat of learning.

After laboring fifteen years, Professor Ticknor resigned his professorship, and, with his family, paid another visit to Europe. In 1840, after his return home, he entered actively upon the composition of his great work, *The History of Spanish Literature*, which in 1849 made its appearance, in three octavo volumes, both in this country and in England.¹ It at once arrested the attention of scholars on both sides of the Atlantic, and received the highest encomiums from the principal journals of England and the Continent. It has been translated into the Spanish

¹ In the "Christian Examiner" for January, 1850, will be found a most genial and scholarly review of Mr. Ticknor's great work, by George S. Hillard.

and German languages, which fact of itself attests the worth of a work on which the seal of an ever-during fame is already set.

Besides his great work, Mr. Ticknor has given us *The Remains of Nathaniel Appleton Haven, with a Memoir of his Life*, and has contributed valuable articles to the "North American Review," one of which—the *Life of Lafayette*—has passed through several editions. He has also taken a great interest in the cause of education, and his noble library (perhaps the most valuable private collection in the country) has always been open to the scholar in search of any thing which its treasures could impart.

DON QUIXOTE.

At the very beginning of his great work, Cervantes announces it to be his sole purpose to break down the vogue and authority of books of chivalry, and at the end of the whole, he declares anew, in his own person, that "he had no other desire than to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in books of chivalry;" exulting in his success, as an achievement of no small moment. And such, in fact, it was; for we have abundant proof that the fanaticism for these romances was so great in Spain, during the sixteenth century, as to have become matter of alarm to the more judicious. At last they were deemed so noxious, that, in 1553, they were prohibited by law from being printed or sold in the American colonies, and in 1555 the same prohibition, and even the burning of all copies of them extant in Spain itself, was earnestly asked for by the Cortes. The evil, in fact, had become formidable, and the wise began to see it.

To destroy a passion that had struck its roots so deeply in the character of all classes of men, to break up the only reading which at that time could be considered widely popular and fashionable, was certainly a bold undertaking, and one that marks any thing rather than a scornful or broken spirit, or a want of faith in what is most to be valued in our common nature. The great wonder is, that Cervantes succeeded. But that he did there is no question. No book of chivalry was written after the appearance of Don Quixote in 1605; and from the same date, even those already enjoying the greatest favor ceased, with one or two unimportant exceptions, to be reprinted; so that, from that time to the present, they have been constantly disappearing, until they are now among the rarest of literary curiosities;—a solitary instance of the power of genius to destroy, by a single well-timed blow, an entire department, and that, too, a flourishing and favored one, in the literature of a great and proud nation.

The general plan Cervantes adopted to accomplish this object, without, perhaps, foreseeing its whole course, and still less all its

results, was simple as well as original. In 1605, he published the First Part of Don Quixote, in which a country gentleman of La Mancha—full of genuine Castilian honor and enthusiasm, gentle and dignified in his character, trusted by his friends, and loved by his dependants—is represented as so completely crazed by long reading the most famous books of chivalry, that he believes them to be true, and feels himself called on to become the impossible knight-errant they describe,—nay, actually goes forth into the world to defend the oppressed and avenge the injured, like the heroes of his romances.

To complete his chivalrous equipment,—which he had begun by fitting up for himself a suit of armor strange to his century,—he took an esquire out of his neighborhood; a middle-aged peasant, ignorant and credulous to excess, but of great good-nature; a glutton and a liar; selfish and gross, yet attached to his master; shrewd enough occasionally to see the folly of their position, but always amusing, and sometimes mischievous, in his interpretations of it. These two sally forth from their native village in search of adventures, of which the excited imagination of the knight, turning windmills into giants, solitary inns into castles, and galley-slaves into oppressed gentlemen, finds abundance wherever he goes; while the esquire translates them all into the plain prose of truth with an admirable simplicity, quite unconscious of its own humor, and rendered the more striking by its contrast with the lofty and courteous dignity and magnificent illusions of the superior personage. There could, of course, be but one consistent termination of adventures like these. The knight and his esquire suffer a series of ridiculous discomfitures, and are at last brought home, like madmen, to their native village, where Cervantes leaves them, with an intimation that the story of their adventures is by no means ended.

The latter half of Don Quixote is a contradiction of the proverb Cervantes cites in it,—that second parts were never yet good for much. It is, in fact, better than the first. It shows more freedom and vigor; and, if the caricature is sometimes pushed to the very verge of what is permitted, the invention, the style of thought, and, indeed, the materials throughout, are richer, and the finish is more exact.

But throughout both parts Cervantes shows the impulses and instincts of an original power with most distinctness in his development of the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho; characters in whose contrast and opposition is hidden the full spirit of his peculiar humor, and no small part of what is most characteristic of the entire fiction. They are his prominent personages. He delights, therefore, to have them as much as possible in the front of his scene. They grow visibly upon his favor as he

advances, and the fondness of his liking for them makes him constantly produce them in lights and relations as little foreseen by himself as they are by his readers. The knight, who seems to have been originally intended for a parody of the Amadis, becomes gradually a detached, separate, and wholly independent personage, into whom is infused so much of a generous and elevated nature, such gentleness and delicacy, such a pure sense of honor, and such a warm love for whatever is noble and good, that we feel almost the same attachment to him that the barber and the curate did, and are almost as ready as his family was to mourn over his death.

The case of Sancho is again very similar, and perhaps in some respects stronger. At first, he is introduced as the opposite of Don Quixote, and used merely to bring out his master's peculiarities in a more striking relief. It is not until we have gone through nearly half of the First Part that he utters one of those proverbs which form afterwards the staple of his conversation and humor; and it is not until the opening of the Second Part, and, indeed, not till he comes forth, in all his mingled shrewdness and credulity, as governor of Barataria, that his character is quite developed and completed to the full measure of its grotesque yet congruous proportions.

Cervantes, in truth, came at last to love these creations of his marvellous power as if they were real, familiar personages, and to speak of them and treat them with an earnestness and interest that tend much to the illusion of his readers. Both Don Quixote and Sancho are thus brought before us, like such living realities, that at this moment the figures of the crazed, gaunt, dignified knight, and of his round, selfish, and most amusing esquire, dwell bodied forth in the imaginations of more, among all conditions of men throughout Christendom, than any other of the creations of human talent. The greatest of the great poets—Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton—have no doubt risen to loftier heights, and placed themselves in more imposing relations with the noblest attributes of our nature; but Cervantes—always writing under the unchecked impulse of his own genius, and instinctively concentrating in his fiction whatever was peculiar to the character of his nation—has shown himself of kindred to all times and all lands; to the humblest degrees of cultivation as well as to the highest; and has thus, beyond all other writers, received in return a tribute of sympathy and admiration from the universal spirit of humanity for one of the most remarkable monuments of modern genius. But though this may be enough to fill the measure of human fame and glory, it is not all to which Cervantes is entitled; for, if we would do him the justice that would have been dearest to his own spirit, and even if we would ourselves fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his Don Quixote, we

should, as we read it, bear in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling, and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light and his hopes high; but that—with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world, and his cheerful trust in goodness and virtue—it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step of which had been marked with disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities; that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart. If this be remembered as we read, we may feel, as we ought to feel, what admiration and reverence are due, not only to the living power of Don Quixote, but to the character and genius of Cervantes; if it be forgotten or underrated, we shall fail in regard to both.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THIS finished poet and graceful prose-writer was born in Boston on the 26th of October, 1791. He was educated in his native city, and placed at an early age in a mercantile house, and at the age of twenty-one engaged in business on his own account. After a few years, he was elected cashier of the Globe Bank, in Boston, which office he still holds.

Mr. Sprague is an eminent and encouraging example of the union of large business capacity and exact business habits with a love of literature and signal success in its pursuit. He was born a poet, and no forms of the counting-house or of the bank could repress his native genius. He early published a series of prologues, which attracted much attention, and in 1823 was a successful competitor for the Prize Ode at an exhibition in Boston in honor of Shakspeare.¹ On the 4th of July, 1825, he delivered an oration before the inhabitants of Boston, which is above the ordinary productions of that character. In 1827, he delivered an admirable *Oration before the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance*; and in 1829, a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, entitled *Curiosity*. This is the longest of his poetical productions, and has many passages of signal beauty. In 1830, he pronounced an ode at the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Boston, which has, perhaps, a little more finish than the "Shakspeare Ode;" but it displays not so much spirit, vigor,

¹ With the exception of Gray's "Bard" and "Progress of Poesy," and two or three of Collins's odes, I think this ode superior to any thing of the kind in our language, not excepting Dryden's celebrated "Alexander's Feast." In beauty, in vigor, in happy allusions and pertinent illustrations, it is quite equal to Dryden's, while it has none of those gross associations which are a sad blemish in its great prototype.

or genius. Besides these, Mr. Sprague has written many smaller pieces, which have fully sustained his early reputation.¹

SHAKSPEARE ODE.

God of the glorious Lyre!
Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang,
While Jove's exulting choir
Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang,—
Come! bless the service and the shrine
We consecrate to thee and thine.

Fierce from the frozen north,
When Havoc led his legions forth,
O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark destroyers spread:
In dust the sacred statue slept,
Fair Science round her altars wept,
And Wisdom cowl'd his head.

At length, Olympian lord of morn,
The raven veil of night was torn,
When, through golden clouds descending,
Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,
O'er Nature's lovely pageant bending,
Till Avon roll'd, all sparkling, to thy sight!

There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's shade,
Wrapp'd in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel stray'd.
Lighting there, and lingering long,
Thou didst teach the bard his song;
Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,
And round his brows a garland curl'd;
On his lips thy spirit fell,
And bade him wake and warm the world.

Then Shakspeare rose!
Across the trembling strings
His daring hand he flings,
And lo! a new creation glows!
There, clustering round, submissive to his will,
Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.—

Madness, with his frightful scream,
Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
Avarice, with his blade and beam,
Hatred, blasting with a glance,
Remorse that weeps, and Rage that roars,
And Jealousy that dotes, but dooms, and murders, yet adores.
Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,
Waking laughter's merry swell,

¹ "Charles Sprague wrote for me but little in *The Token*; yet that was of diamond worth."—*Goodrich's Recollections*. Read articles on his poetry in "North American Review," xix. 253, xxxix. 313, lii. 533. A beautiful edition of his Poems and Prose Writings has been published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,
Kiss'd by the virgin moon's cold beam,
Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
And, swan-like, there her own dirge breathes,
Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest,
Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
Now drooping o'er the hallow'd tomb
Where his plighted victims lie,—
Where they met, but met to die;
And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
Through the dewy arbor peeping,
Where Beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,
To Youth's devoted tale is listening,
Rapture on her dark lash glistening,
While fairies leave their cowslip cells and guard the happy spot

Thus rise the phantom throng,
Obedient to their Master's song,
And lead in willing chains the wondering soul along.
For other worlds war's Great One sigh'd in vain,—
O'er other worlds see Shakspeare rove and reign!
The rapt magician of his own wild lay,
Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey.
Old Ocean trembles, Thunder cracks the skies,
Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spectres rise;
Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,
And faithless Guilt unseals the lip of Sleep;
Time yields his trophies up, and Death restores
The moulder'd victims of his voiceless shores.
The fireside legend and the faded page,
The crime that cursed, the deed that bless'd an age,
All, all come forth,—the good to charm and cheer,
To scourge bold Vice, and start the generous tear;
With pictured Folly gazing fools to shame,
And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.

Lo! hand in hand,
Hell's juggling sisters stand,
To greet their victim from the fight;
Group'd on the blasted heath,
They tempt him to the work of death,
Then melt in air, and mock his wondering sight.

In midnight's hallow'd hour
He seeks the fatal tower,
Where the lone raven, perch'd on high,
Pours to the sullen gale
Her hoarse, prophetic wail,
And croaks the dreadful moment nigh.
See, by the phantom dagger led,
Pale, guilty thing!
Slowly he steals, with silent tread,
And grasps his coward steel to smite his sleeping king!

Hark! 'tis the signal bell,
 Struck by that bold and unsex'd one
 Whose milk is gall, whose heart is stone;
 His ear hath caught the knell,—
 'Tis done! 'tis done!
 Behold him from the chamber rushing
 Where his dead monarch's blood is gushing!
 Look where he trembling stands,
 Sad gazing there,
 Life's smoking crimson on his hands,
 And in his felon heart the worm of wild despair!

Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering!
 There flit the slaves of conscience round,
 With boding tongue foul murders numbering;
 Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
 In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,
 At his own dull scream behold him waking!
 Soon that dream to fate shall turn:
 For him the living furies burn;
 For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,
 And chides the lagging night, and whets her hungry beak.
 Hark! the trumpet's warning breath
 Echoes round the vale of death.
 Unhorsed, unhelm'd, disdaining shield,
 The panting tyrant scours the field.
 Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade!
 The scourge of earth, the scorn of Heaven,
 He falls! unwept and unforgiven,
 And all his guilty glories fade.
 Like a crush'd reptile in the dust he lies,
 And Hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes!

Behold yon crownless king,—
 Yon white-lock'd, weeping sire,—
 Where heaven's unpillar'd chambers ring,
 And burst their streams of flood and fire!
 He gave them all,—the daughters of his love;
 That recreant pair! they drive him forth to rove,
 In such a night of woe,
 The cubless regent of the wood
 Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,
 And caverns with her foe!
 Yet one was ever kind;
 Why lingers she behind?
 O pity!—view him by her dead form kneeling,
 Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling.
 His aching eyeballs strain
 To see those curtain'd orbs unfold,
 That beauteous bosom heave again;
 But all is dark and cold.
 In agony the father shakes;
 Grief's choking note
 Swells in his throat,
 Each wither'd heart-string tugs and breaks!

Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes,
And on her marble lips his last, his death-kiss breathes.

Down, trembling wing!—shall insect weakness keep
The sun-defying eagle's sweep?
A mortal strike celestial strings,
And feebly echo what a seraph sings?
Who now shall grace the glowing throne
Where, all unrivall'd, all alone,
Bold Shakspeare sat, and look'd creation through,
The minstrel monarch of the worlds he drew?

That throne is cold—that lyre in death unstrung
On whose proud note delighted Wonder hung.
Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,
One spot shall spare,—the grave where Shakspeare sleeps.
Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie,
But Nature's laureate bards shall never die.
Art's chisell'd boast and Glory's trophied shore
Must live in numbers, or can live no more.
While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may claim,
Still rolls the Olympic car in Pindar's fame;
Troy's doubtful walls in ashes pass'd away,
Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless lay;
Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fanes,
Stands all immortal in her Maro's strains;
So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,
On whose broad way the sun forever smiles,
To Time's unsparing rage one day must bend,
And all her triumphs in her Shakspeare end!

O Thou! to whose creative power
We dedicate the festal hour,
While Grace and Goodness round the altar stand,
Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's rose-lipp'd band—
Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown,
Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.

Deep in the West as Independence roves,
His banners planting round the land he loves,
Where Nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace,
In Time's full hour shall spring a glorious race.
Thy name, thy verse, thy language, shall they bear,
And deck for thee the vaulted temple there.

Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
Thy parent empire's galling yoke;
But thou, harmonious master of the mind,
Around their sons a gentler chain shalt bind;
Once more in thee shall Albion's sceptre wave,
And what her Monarch lost her Monarch-Bard shall save.

THE BROTHERS.

WE ARE BUT TWO—the others sleep
Through Death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh, let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same ;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were lock'd—
Long be her love repaid ;
In the same cradle we were rock'd,
Round the same hearth we play'd.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe ;
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

WE ARE BUT TWO—be that the band
To hold us till we die ;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

THE FAMILY MEETING.¹

We are all here !
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is fill'd—we're all *at home* ;
To-night let no cold stranger come ;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot ;
For once be every care forgot ;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour ;
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here !
Some are away,—the dead ones dear
Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Look'd in and thinn'd our little band ;
Some like a night-flash pass'd away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day :
The quiet graveyard—some lie there :
And cruel Ocean has his share—
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here !
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear.

¹ These lines were written on occasion of the accidental meeting of all the surviving members of a family, the father and mother of which, one eighty-two, the other eighty years old, have lived in the same house fifty-three years.

Fond Memory, to her duty true,
 Brings back their faded forms to view.
 How lifelike, through the mist of years,
 Each well-remember'd face appears!
 We see them as in times long past;
 From each to each kind looks are cast;
 We hear their words, their smiles behold,
 They're round us as they were of old—
We are all here.

We are all here!
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother,
 You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said:
 Soon must we join the gather'd dead;
 And by the hearth we now sit round
 Some other circle will be found.
 Oh, then, that wisdom may we know
 Which yields a life of peace below!
 So, in the world to follow this,
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all here!

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

ADDRESSED TO TWO SWALLOWS THAT FLEW INTO CHAUNCEY-PLACE CHURCH
 DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

Gay, guiltless pair,
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
 Ye have no need of prayer,
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
 The crimes for which we come to weep:
 Penance is not for you,
 Bless'd wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 'tis given
 To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
 To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
 And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere Heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore!

I SEE THEE STILL.

I rock'd her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest*.
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie? The youngest ne'er grow old,
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them, and when they die
Our youthful joys we bury with them.

I see thee still;
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old;
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear:
In every scene to memory dear,
I see thee still.

I see thee still,
In every hallow'd token round;
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided,
These flowers, all wither'd now, like thee,
Sweet SISTER, thou didst cull for me;
This book was thine; here didst thou read;
This picture—ah! yes, here indeed
I see thee still.

I see thee still;
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favorite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber—here, each day,
I sat and watch'd thy sad decay:
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie;
Here, on this pillow,—thou didst die.
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold:
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

I see thee still;
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot claim the immortal Mind;

Let Earth close o'er its sacred trust,
 But Goodness dies not in the dust;
 Thee, O my SISTER! 'tis not thee
 Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
 Thou to a fairer land art gone;
 There, let me hope, my journey done,
 To see thee still!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, 1792—1852.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE was born in the city of New York, June 9, 1792. He early showed great poetical taste, together with a strong passion for the stage, on which he made his first appearance at the Park Theatre of his native city, in his sixteenth year, in the character of Young Norval. After that, for some years, he performed in our chief cities with great success. In 1813 he went to England, and established in London a theatrical journal, called the *Opera-Glass*. He returned home in 1834, and in 1851 was appointed Consul at Tunis, where he died the next year, at the age of sixty.

Payne wrote a number of dramas and other poems; but he is now only known by the favorite air of *Home, Sweet Home*, which he introduced, when in London, into an opera called "Clari; or, The Maid of Milan." No song was ever more popular; and the profits arising from it (which went to the manager of the theatre, Charles Kemble, and not to Payne) are said to have amounted to two thousand guineas in two years. It is known and admired wherever the English language is spoken, and richly deserves a place here.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 Home! home! sweet home!
 There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
 Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
 The birds singing gayly that came at my call:
 Give me these, and the peace of mind, dearer than all.
 Home! sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!

SEBA SMITH.

SEBA SMITH was born in Buckfield, Maine, September 14, 1792, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1818, the first scholar in his class. After teaching school a few years, he purchased one-half of the "Eastern Argus,"—then the leading paper of the State,—edited it for four years, and then sold out his interest in this paper and established the "Portland Daily Courier," which he conducted successfully for seven years. It owed much of its life and fame to the original *Letters of Major Jack Downing*, which probably had a more extensive popularity than any series of papers before published in the country. The object of these *Letters* was to portray the weaknesses, or follies, or faults, of many of the leading men and measures of the times, and the work was done with great skill and infinite humor. In 1839, he removed to New York, where he still resides, engaged in literary pursuits. During the last twenty years, he has been a contributor to many of the leading periodicals, and has edited different magazines. His published works are,—*My Thirty Years out of the United States Senate, by Major Jack Downing*, illustrated by numerous characteristic engravings; a volume of humorous stories, entitled ' *Way Down East* ; and *New Elements of Geometry*. A volume of his poems, not hitherto published in a collected form, is now in preparation for the press. From his fugitive pieces I select the following touching lines :—

THE MOTHER IN THE SNOW-STORM.¹

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,
 And pathless was the dreary wild,
 And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
 A mother wander'd with her child.
 As through the drifting snow she press'd,
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.
 And colder still the winds did blow,
 And darker hours of night came on,
 And deeper grew the drifts of snow;
 Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone.
 "O God!" she cried, in accents wild,
 "If I must perish, save my child!"
 She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,
 And bared her bosom to the storm,
 And round the child she wrapp'd the vest,
 And smiled to think her babe was warm.
 With one cold kiss one tear she shed,
 And sunk upon a snowy bed.
 At dawn a traveller pass'd by,
 And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
 The frost of death was in her eye,
 Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale,—
 He moved the robe from off the child,
 The babe look'd up and sweetly smiled.

¹ Suggested by a real incident that occurred in the Green Mountains, Vermont.

HENRY WARE, JR., 1793—1843.

HENRY WARE, Jr., the son of the Rev. Henry Ware, D.D., "Hollis Professor of Divinity" in Harvard College, was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, April 21, 1793, and graduated at Harvard College in 1812. On leaving college, he became an assistant teacher in Phillips Exeter Academy, devoting his leisure time to a preparation for the Christian ministry, the profession which had been his choice from his very youth. He completed his theological studies in 1816, and on the first day of the following year was ordained as pastor of the "Second Church," in Boston. After twelve years of labor in that situation, he was dismissed at his own request, and travelled in Europe for a year, for the improvement of his health, which had been impaired by long-continued mental application. On his return, he was elected "Parkman Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Theology" in Harvard University, which chair he continued to fill with great acceptance and ability till the summer of 1842, when his declining health obliged him to resign it; and he died on the 22d of September of the next year.

Dr. Ware's works, edited by Rev. Chandler Robins, have been published in Boston, by James Munroe & Co., in four volumes. They consist of essays, sermons, controversial tracts and memoirs, all showing a mind of chaste, Christian scholarship, and a heart full of love to God and love to man, and alive to every thing that pertains to the best good of the great human family. They also contain selections from his poetry; for Dr. Ware had the true poetic spirit, and fully appreciated the poet's elevated and elevating mission, as is beautifully shown in the following few lines on the connection between

SCIENCE AND POETRY.

Science and Poetry, recognising, as they do, the order and the beauty of the universe, are alike handmaids of devotion. They have been, they may be, drawn away from her altar, but in their natural characters they are co-operators, and, like twin-sisters, they walk hand in hand. Science tracks the footprints of the great creating power; poetry unveils the smile of the all-sustaining love. Science adores as a subject; poetry worships as a child. One teaches the law, and the other binds the soul to it in bands of beauty and love. They turn the universe into a temple, earth into an altar, the systems into fellow-worshippers, and eternity into one long day of contemplation and praise.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

In answering the question, "What is to be considered a *living?*" men immediately separate a thousand different ways, according to their previous habits of life, the society in which they have lived, their notions of worldly prosperity, their love of

self-gratification, their ambition, and the numberless other things which go to make a man's idea of happiness. If men would cease to take counsel of these—if they could calmly look with the eye of sober reason on life and its purposes, on the earth and its means of gratification—it would be less difficult to decide this matter, and there would be less clashing than there is between this first obligation to make a worldly provision, and the subsequent obligations of a higher nature.

He who accounts it necessary, or most desirable, to become rich, who connects his ideas of happiness and honor with large possessions and the artificial consideration which is attached to wealth, errs in his first purpose, goes astray in the very first step, and multiplies the hazards of disappointment and chagrin. Yet perhaps there is no error more common—not the extravagant error of aiming at *great wealth*, as the object for which to live—but the error of so setting one's desires on a *more than competence*; of so looking with contempt on the prospect of a merely comfortable existence, that the taste for simple and natural pleasure is lost, and the higher motives of virtue, usefulness, and truth lose their comparative estimation. Hence uneasy desires, restless discontent, dissatisfaction, repining and envy at the more successful; hence, in a word, *wretchedness*, in a condition where a well-ordered mind could be full of gratitude. In a commercial community, like that in which we live, which is rushing onward in a tide of prosperity that astonishes while we gaze, and infatuates the mind of those who are engaged in the commotion—in such a community, especially, there is danger that the judgment be perverted, that the humbler but useful callings become distasteful, and multitudes of young men, to the peril of their innocence, at the risk of corruption and wretchedness, press into the crowded ranks of Mammon, and suffer themselves to forget there is any good but gold. It has been said by one who has long watched the commercial world in this country, that only one in seven of those who enter this walk succeed in it; that six in every seven fail—a dreadful proportion of blanks, considering the quantity of blasted hopes and blighted integrity, of broken hearts and ruined characters, which it involves. And yet into this desperate struggle how eagerly are our young men rushing! With six chances of ruin to one of success, how many are leaving the less crowded, the more certain, the more quiet avocations of professional life, for which their higher education had fitted them—and in which competence, with cultivated minds and useful occupations, would be far happier in the long run, and far more honorable, than this ambition to grow rich in business—whilst letters are forgotten, philosophy is deserted, the acquisitions of intellect are thrown away, and the mind, that might have illu-

mired society by its genius, confines its noble powers to the pitiful drudgery of barter, and the miserable cares of gain!

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer! to prayer!—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all, below and above—
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
Oh! then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer!—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom,
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallow'd hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
Oh! hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows:
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand:
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul, through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow:
Oh! what are earth and its pleasures now?
And what shall assuage his dark despair
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye, that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's—his last words, prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!

A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.

It commends the spirit to God who gave;
 It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
 It points to the glory where He shall reign
 Who whisper'd, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
 But gladder, purer than rose from this.
 The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake! awake! and gird up thy strength,
 To join that holy band at length.
 To Him, who unceasing love displays,
 Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
 To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
 For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

 HENRY C. CAREY.

THIS prolific and able writer on political economy, whose praise is in both hemispheres, is the son of Mathew Carey,¹ and was born in Philadelphia in 1793. Succeeding his father in his extensive publishing business in 1821, he continued in this pursuit, so congenial to his literary tastes, till 1838. He seemed to inherit a strong inclination to investigate subjects in connection with political economy, and in 1836 gave the results of his speculations in an *Essay on the Rate of Wages*, which in 1840 was expanded into the *Laws of Wealth, or Principles of Political Economy*, 3 vols. octavo. The positions of this work at once attracted the attention of the European political economists, and from many of them elicited the warmest praise. It was published in Italian at Turin, and in Swedish at Upsal. In 1848 Mr. Carey published *The Past, the Present, and the Future*, the design of which is to explain the facts of history by the aid of great and universal laws, directly the reverse of those taught by Ricardo, Malthus, and other eminent political economists. This work also has been translated into several of the languages of Europe.

For several years, Mr. Carey contributed all the leading articles, and others of less importance, to the periodical entitled "The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil." Many of these were collected and published in a volume, entitled *The Harmony of Interests, Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial*; and other of them in a pamphlet called *The Prospect, Agricultural, Manufacturing, Commer*

¹ Mathew Carey was born in Dublin in 1760, and, coming over to this country early in life, established himself in the book-publishing business, which for nearly half a century he carried on very extensively and with great success. He was also distinguished as a philanthropist, and up to the very last year of his long life he took the lead in many efforts to aid the deserving poor, and to ameliorate the condition of the suffering. He died in 1839.

*cial, and Financial, at the Opening of 1851.*¹ In 1853 appeared *The Slave-Trade, Domestic and Foreign: why it exists, and how it may be extinguished*. In the latter part of 1857 appeared a series of admirable *Letters addressed to the President of the United States* upon the depressed condition of the financial, commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests of our country, which have been warmly commended and widely copied. His last work, in three volumes octavo, is entitled *Principles of Social Science*, to which nothing that has appeared upon this subject in the present century is equal, either in fulness or practical efficiency; and it will, we think, place him, in the estimation of all fair and competent judges, among the very first of political economists.

MAN THE SUBJECT OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Man, the molecule of society, is the subject of social science. In common with all other animals, he requires to eat, drink, and sleep; but his greatest need is that of association with his fellow-men. Dependent upon the experience of himself and others for all his knowledge, he requires language to enable him either to record the results of his own observation, or to profit by those of others; and of language there can be none without association. Without language, he must remain in ignorance of the existence of powers granted to him in lieu of the strength of the ox and the horse, the speed of the hare, and the sagacity of the elephant, and must remain below the level of the brute creation. To have language, there must be association and combination of men with their fellow-men; and it is on this condition only that man can be man; on this alone that we can conceive of the being to which we attach the idea of man. "It is not good," said God, "that man should live alone;" nor do we ever find him doing so,—the earliest records of the world exhibiting to us beings living together in society, and using words for the expression of their ideas. Language escapes from man at the touch of nature herself;² and the power of using words is his essential faculty, enabling him to maintain commerce with his fellow-men, and fitting him for that association without which language cannot exist. The words "society" and "language" convey to the mind separate and distinct ideas; and yet by no effort of the mind can we conceive of the existence of the one without the other.

¹ Of the *Harmony of Interests*, "Blackwood's Magazine" thus remarks:—"Mr. Carey, the well-known statistical writer of America, has supplied us with ample materials for conducting such an inquiry; and we can safely recommend his remarkable work to all who wish to investigate the causes of the progress or decline of industrial communities."

"Mr. Carey has clearly substantiated his claim to be the leading writer now devoted to the study of political economy. In his pregnant discussions, he has not only elevated the scientific position of his country, but nobly subverted the cause of humanity."—*N. Y. Quarterly*. ² See remarks of Noah Webster, p. 142.

The subject of social science, then, is man, the being to whom have been given reason and the faculty of individualizing sounds so as to give expression to every variety of idea, and who has been placed in a position to exercise that faculty. Isolate him, and with the loss of the power of speech he loses the power to reason, and with it the distinctive quality of man. Restore him to society, and with the return of the power of speech he becomes again the reasoning man.

COMMERCE AND TRADE.

The words "commerce" and "trade" are commonly regarded as convertible terms; yet are the ideas they express so widely different as to render it essential that their difference be clearly understood. *All* men are prompted to associate and combine *with* each other, to exchange ideas and services *with* each other, and thus to maintain COMMERCE. *Some* men seek to perform exchanges *for* other men, and thus to maintain TRADE.

Commerce is *the object* everywhere desired and everywhere sought to be accomplished. Traffic is *the instrument* used by commerce for its accomplishment; and the greater the necessity for the instrument, the less is the power of those who require to use it. The nearer the consumer and the producer, and the more perfect the power of association, the less is the necessity for the trader's services, but the greater are the powers of those who produce and consume, and the desire to maintain commerce. The more distant they are, the greater is the need of the trader's services, and the greater is his power; but the poorer and weaker become the producers and the consumers, and the smaller is the commerce. The men who buy and sell, who traffic and transport, desire to prevent association, and thus to preclude the maintenance of commerce; and the more perfectly their object is accomplished, the larger is the *proportion* of the commodities passing through their hands retained by them, and the smaller the proportion to be divided between the producers and the consumers.

THE WARRIOR-CHIEF AND THE TRADER.

The object of the warrior-chief being that of preventing the existence of any motion in society except that which centres in himself, he monopolizes land, and destroys the power of voluntary association among the men he uses as his instruments. The soldier, obeying the word of command, is so far from holding himself responsible to God or man for the observance of the rights of person or of property, that he glories in the extent of his robberies and in the number of his murders. The man of the Rocky

Mountains adorns his person with the scalps of his butchered enemies; while the more civilized murderer contents himself with adding a ribbon to the decoration of his coat; but both are savages alike. The trader—equally with the soldier seeking to prevent any movement except that which centres in himself—also uses irresponsible machines. The sailor is among the most brutalized of human beings, bound, like the soldier, to obey orders, at the risk of having his back seamed by the application of the whip. The human machines used by war and trade are the only ones, except the negro slave, who are now flogged.

The soldier desires labor to be cheap, that recruits may readily be obtained. The great land-owner desires it may be cheap, that he may be enabled to appropriate to himself a large proportion of the proceeds of his land; and the trader desires it to be cheap, that he may be enabled to dictate the terms upon which he will buy as well as those upon which he will sell.

The object of all being thus identical,—that of obtaining power over their fellow-men,—it is no matter of surprise that we find the trader and the soldier so uniformly helping and being helped by each other. The bankers of Rome were as ready to furnish material aid to Cæsar, Pompey, and Augustus, as are now those of London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Vienna to grant it to the Emperors of France, Austria, and Russia; and as indifferent as they in relation to the end for whose attainment it was destined to be used. War and trade thus travel together, as is shown by the history of the world. The only difference between wars made for purposes of conquest, and those for the maintenance of monopolies of trade, being that the virulence of the latter is much greater than is that of the former. The conqueror, seeking political power, is *sometimes* moved by a desire to improve the condition of his fellow-men; but the trader, in pursuit of power, is animated by no other idea than that of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest,—cheapening merchandise in the one, even at the cost of starving the producers, and increasing his price in the other, even at the cost of starving the consumers. Both profit by whatever tends to diminution in the power of voluntary association and consequent decline of commerce. The soldier forbids the holding of meetings among his subjects. The slave-owner interdicts his people from assembling together, except at such times and in such places as meet his approbation. The shipmaster rejoices when the men of England separate from each other, and transport themselves by hundreds of thousands to Canada and Australia, because it enhances freights; and the trader rejoices, because the more widely men are scattered, the more they need the service of the middle-man, and the richer and more powerful does he become at their expense.

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

If any one could claim a place in the pages of this Compendium of American Literature from the number and popularity of his published works, then Samuel G. Goodrich, the renowned "Peter Parley," has a right here above all others. He was born at Ridgefield, Connecticut, on the 19th of August, 1793, and in early life commenced the publication of historical, geographical, and other school-books, at Hartford, in his native State, and subsequently became, in the same department, a writer so prolific, that it was no easy task to compute the number of his published works.¹ In 1824, on his return from Europe, he published "The Token,"—a collection of original pieces in prose and poetry, by various contributors, and elegantly illustrated. It was the first "Annual," we believe, that appeared in our country, and it became very popular. It was continued for fifteen years, and many of the poems and tales in it were written by himself.

Besides his almost numberless compilations, Mr. Goodrich has published the following original works:—In 1836, *Sketches from a Student's Window*, being a collection of his contributions to "The Token" and various magazines; in 1838, *Fireside Education*; in 1841, *The Outcast, and other Poems*; in 1856, *Recollections of a Lifetime, or Men and Things I have Seen*, in two volumes. From the latter I have made the following prose selections:—

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Dr. Dwight was perhaps even more distinguished in conversation than in the pulpit. He was indeed regarded as without a rival in this respect; his knowledge was extensive and various, and his language eloquent, rich, and flowing. His fine voice and noble person gave great effect to what he said. When he spoke, others were silent. This arose in part from the superiority of his powers, but in part also from his manner, which was somewhat authoritative. Thus he engrossed, not rudely, but with the willing assent of those around him, the lead in conversation. Nevertheless, I must remark that in society the imposing grandeur of his personal appearance in the pulpit was softened by a general blandness of expression and a sedulous courtesy of manner, which

¹ The number of works that Mr. Goodrich has published, either written, compiled, or edited by himself, is so great that the very catalogue would fill two pages of my book. For a full account of the same, and also for a list of spurious works that have been claimed to be written by him, see the appendix to the second volume of his *Recollections of a Lifetime*. They may be summed up as follows:—Miscellaneous Works, including fourteen volumes of "The Token," thirty volumes; School-Books, twenty-seven volumes; Tales, under the name of "Peter Parley," thirty-six volumes; *Parley's Historical Compend*, thirty-six volumes; *Parley's Miscellanies*, seventy volumes: in all, one hundred and seventy-seven volumes. "Of all these," he says, "about seven millions of volumes have been sold; and about three hundred thousand volumes are now sold annually."

were always conciliating, and sometimes really captivating. His smile was irresistible.

In reflecting upon this good and great man, and reading his works in after-time, I am still impressed with his general superiority,—his manly intellect, his vast range of knowledge, and his large heart; yet I am persuaded that, on account of his noble person,—the perfection of the visible man,—he exercised a power in his day and generation somewhat beyond the natural scope of his mental endowments. Those who only read his works cannot fully realize the impression which he made upon the age in which he lived. His name is still honored; many of his works still live. His "Body of Divinity" takes the precedence, not only here, but in England, over all works of the same kind and the same doctrine; but at the period to which I refer, he was regarded with a species of idolatry by those around him. Even the pupils of the college under his presidential charge—those who are not usually inclined to hero-worship—almost adored him. To this day, those who had the good fortune to receive their education under his auspices look back upon it as a great era in their lives.

There was indeed reason for this. With all his greatness in other respects, Dr. Dwight seems to have been more particularly felicitous as the teacher, the counsellor, the guide, of educated young men. In the lecture-room, all his high and noble qualities seemed to find their full scope. He did not here confine himself to merely scientific instruction: he gave lessons in morals and manners, and taught, with a wisdom which experience and common sense only could have furnished, the various ways to insure success in life. He gave lectures upon health,—the art of maintaining a vigorous constitution with the earnest pursuit of professional duties,—citing his own example, which consisted in laboring every day in the garden, when the season permitted, and at other times at some mechanical employment. He recommended that in intercourse with mankind, his pupils should always converse with each individual upon that subject in which he was most instructed, observing that he never met a man of whom he could not learn something. He gave counsel suited to the various professions: to those who were to become clergymen, he imparted the wisdom which he had gathered by a life of long and active experience; he counselled those who were to become lawyers, physicians, merchants,—and all with a fulness of knowledge and a felicity of illustration and application, as if he had actually spent a life in each of these vocations. And more than this: he sought to infuse into the bosom of all that high principle which served to inspire his own soul,—that is, to be always a gentleman, taking St. Paul as his model. He considered not courtesy only, but

truth, honor, manliness in all things, as essential to this character. Every kind of meanness he despised. Love of country was the constant theme of his eulogy. Religion was the soul of his system. God was the centre of gravity, and man should make the moral law as inflexible as the law of nature. Seeking to elevate all to this sphere, he still made its orbit full of light,—the light of love, and honor, and patriotism, and literature, and ambition,—all verging towards that fulness of glory which earth only reflects and heaven only can unfold.

THE RURAL DISTRICTS OUR COUNTRY'S STRENGTH.

The importance of the progress and improvement of the country towns is plain, when we consider that here, and not in the great cities,—New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia,—are the hope, strength, and glory of our nation. Here, in the smaller towns and villages, are indeed the majority of the people, and here there is a weight of sober thought, just judgment, and virtuous feeling, that will serve as rudder and ballast to our country, whatever weather may betide.

As I have so recently travelled through some of the finest and most renowned portions of the European continent, I find myself constantly comparing the towns and villages which I see here with those foreign lands. One thing is clear, that there are in continental Europe no such country towns and villages as those of New England and some other portions of this country. Not only the exterior but the interior is totally different. The villages there resemble the squalid suburbs of a city; the people are like their houses,—poor and subservient,—narrow in intellect, feeling, and habits of thought. I know twenty towns in France, having from two to ten thousand inhabitants, where, if you except the prefects, mayors, notaries, and a few other persons in each place, there is scarcely a family that rises to the least independence of thought, or even a moderate elevation of character. All the power, all the thought, all the genius, all the expanse of intellect, are centred at Paris. The blood of the country is drawn to this seat and centre, leaving the limbs and members cold and pulseless as those of a corpse.

How different is it in this country! The life, vigor, power of these United States are diffused through a thousand veins and arteries over the whole people, every limb nourished, every member invigorated! New York, Philadelphia, and Boston do not give law to this country; that comes from the people—the farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants—independent in their circumstances, and sober, religious, virtuous in their habits of thought and conduct. I make allowance for the sinister

influence of vice which abounds in some places ; for the debasing effects of demagogism in our politicians ; for the corruption of selfish and degrading interests, cast into the general current of public feeling and opinion. I admit that these sometimes make the nation swerve, for a time, from the path of wisdom ; but the wandering is neither wide nor long. The preponderating national mind is just and sound, and, if danger comes, it will manifest its power and avert it.

BOSTON IN 1824.

In 1824, Boston was notoriously the literary metropolis of the Union,—the admitted Athens of America. Edward Everett had given permanency to the “North American Review ;” and though he had just left the editorial chair, his spirit dwelt in it, and his fame lingered around it. Richard H. Dana, Edward T. Channing, Jared Sparks, George Bancroft, and others, were among the rising lights of the literary horizon. The newspaper press presented the witty and caustic “Galaxy,” edited by Buckingham ; the dignified and scholarly “Daily Advertiser,” conducted by Nathan Hale ; and the frank, sensible, manly “Centinel,” under the editorial patriarch, Benjamin Russell. Channing was in the pulpit and Webster at the forum. Society was strongly impressed with literary tastes ; genius was respected and cherished ; a man, in those days, who had achieved a literary fame, was at least equal to a president of a bank, or a treasurer of a manufacturing company. The pulpit shone bright and far, with the light of scholarship radiated from the names of Beecher, Greenwood, Pierpont, Lowell, Palfrey, Doane, Stone, Frothingham, Gannett : the bar also reflected the glory of letters through H. G. Otis, Charles Jackson, William Prescott, Benjamin Gorham, Willard Phillips, James T. Austin, among the older members, and Charles G. Loring, Charles P. Curtis, Richard Fletcher, Theophilus Parsons, Franklin Dexter, J. Quincy, Jr., Edward G. Loring, Benjamin R. Curtis, among the younger. The day had not yet come when it was glory enough for a college professor to marry a hundred thousand dollars of stocks, or when it was the chief end of a lawyer to become the attorney of an insurance company, or a bank, or a manufacturing corporation. Corporations, without souls, had not yet become the masters and moulders of the soul of society. Books with a Boston imprint had a prestige equal to a certificate of good paper, good print, good binding, and good matter. And while such was the state of things at Boston, how was it at New York ? Why, all this time the Harpers, who till recently had been mere printers in Dover Street, had scarcely entered upon their career as publishers, and the Appletons, Put-

nam, Derby, the Masons, and other shining lights in the trade of New York at the present time, were either unborn, or in the nursery, or at school.

What a revolution do these simple items suggest,—wrought in the space of thirty years! The sceptre has departed from Judah: New York is now the acknowledged metropolis of American literature, as well as of art and commerce. Nevertheless, if we look at Boston literature at the present time, as reflected in the publishing lists of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Ticknor & Fields, Phillips, Sampson & Co., Crocker & Brewster, Gould & Lincoln, we shall see that the light of other days has not degenerated. Is it not augmented, indeed?—for since the period I speak of, Prescott, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whipple, Holmes, Lowell, Hillard, have joined the Boston constellation of letters?¹

¹ Philadelphia will not silently see herself thus ignored as a book-publishing city. Her earlier publishers, Mathew Carey, John Grigg, and others, did an amount of business second at that time to no other houses in the country. In 1804, Mr. Carey set up the Bible in quarto form, and *kept the type standing*,—the first enterprise of that kind, it is thought, in the world; and of this, over two hundred thousand impressions were published. And it may here be remarked that Philadelphia continues to manufacture more Bibles (outside of the American Bible Society) than all other cities in the Union combined.

In the first quarter of the present century there were published in Philadelphia such works as these:—Dobson's Encyclopedia, 21 vols.; Rees' Cyclopaedia, 46 vols.; Edinburgh Encyclopedia, 18 vols.; while the Encyclopedia Americana, 13 vols. 8vo, published more than twenty years ago by Carey & Lea, cost for authorship alone about twenty-five thousand dollars. Nearly forty years ago, John Grigg first exhibited that ability and energy which soon placed the house of Grigg, Elliott & Co. at the head of the distributing houses of the country; and their successors, J. B. Lippincott & Co., are probably the largest book-selling and book-distributing house in the world. It has recently been made a matter of boast that Chambers & Co., of Edinburgh, had sent out ten tons in a fortnight; whereas Lippincott & Co. have sent out for three weeks together TEN TONS EVERY DAY!

As to Medical Books, it is said that more than three-fourths of the whole number issued in the United States are printed and published in Philadelphia. The three firms most extensively engaged in this branch are Blanchard & Lea, J. B. Lippincott & Co., and Lindsay & Blakiston. The first of these firms continues to publish the "American Journal of Medical Science," whose reputation is second to none other in the world. Professor Wood's "Practice of Medicine" is used not only in the best medical colleges in this country, but is a text-book in some of the highest rank in Great Britain; and Professor Dunglison's "Medical Dictionary," published by Blanchard & Lea, is said to be the most comprehensive book of the kind in our language.

In the department of Voyages and Travels, to mention no other, we would name the United States Exploring Expedition, by Charles Wilkes, in five royal octavo volumes, with a volume of maps, published by Blanchard & Lea; for it may well be doubted if any other work of travels has equalled—certainly none has excelled—this in artistic and mechanical execution.

In the matter of School Books, the publications of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Cowperthwait & Co., E. C. & J. Biddle, and E. H. Butler & Co., doubtless exceed those of any other four houses in the country. The last house issues annually nearly four hundred thousand volumes of Mitchell's series of Geographies alone.

If we now turn our attention to books elegantly illustrated, and printed and

CARLOS WILCOX, 1794—1827.

CARLOS WILCOX was born at Newport, New Hampshire, October 22, 1794. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1818, and then entered the theological school at Andover, Massachusetts. He began to preach in 1819; but his health failed, and he accepted an invitation from a friend in Salisbury, Connecticut, to reside at his house, where he spent two years and composed his *Age of Benevolence*. In 1824, he was ordained as pastor of the North Congregational Church, Hartford, and soon won a high reputation for eloquence; but his health began to decline rapidly, and after various journeys for its restoration, to no purpose, he breathed his last on the 27th of May, 1827.

His *Remains, with a Memoir of his Life*, were published in 1828. The volume contains two poems, the *Age of Benevolence*; *The Religion of Taste*, delivered in 1824 before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College; and fourteen *Sermons*. Both of the poems are incomplete; but of such merit are they as fragments, that they make us the more sorrowful for what we have lost.¹

SEPTEMBER.

The sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year;—
All mildness, soothing loneliness and peace;
The fading season ere the falling come,
More sober than the buxom blooming May,
And therefore less the favorite of the world,
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.
'Tis now far spent; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling with attemper'd beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth.
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,
Checker'd by one night's frost with various hues,

bound in the richest manner, no house in the country surpasses, if any equals, that of E. H. Butler & Co. Their last published work of this kind,—*A Gallery of Famous Poets*, selected and arranged by Professor Henry Coppée,—as bound by Pawson & Nicholson,* is certainly one of the most magnificent books ever issued in this country, but has lately (1861) been surpassed in letter-press and in beauty and richness of illustration by the "Folk-Songs," edited by Dr. J. W. Palmer, and published by Appleton & Co., New York.

¹ "He was a true poet, and deeply interesting in his character, both as a man and a Christian. He resembled Cowper in many respects,—in the gentleness and tenderness of his sensibilities,—in the modest and retiring disposition of his mind, in its fine culture and its original poetic cast,—and not a little in the character of his poetry."—GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

* I believe New York and Boston booksellers acknowledge Pawson & Nicholson the best binders in this country, and not surpassed even by Hayday of London. The junior partner, James B. Nicholson, has published a work of great practical value upon the subject, entitled "A Manual of the Art of Bookbinding; containing Full Instructions in the Different Branches of Forwarding, Gliding, and Finishing; also, the Art of Marbling Book-Edges and Paper. The whole designed for the Practical Workman, the Amateur, and the Book-Collector."

While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,
 Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
 Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged
 Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,
 The yellow, red, or purple of the trees,
 That, singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,
 Adorn the shores; to see, perhaps, the side
 Of some high mount reflected far below
 With its bright colors, intermix'd with spots
 Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad
 To wander in the open fields, and hear,
 E'en at this hour, the noon-day hardly past,
 The lulling insects of the summer's night;
 To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,
 A lonely bee long roving here and there
 To find a single flower, but all in vain;
 Then, rising quick, and with a louder hum,
 In widening circles round and round his head,
 Straight by the listener flying clear away,
 As if to bid the fields a last adieu;
 To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,
 Late full of music, nothing, save, perhaps,
 The sound of nutshells by the squirrel dropp'd
 From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

FREEDOM.

All are born free, and all with equal rights.
 So speaks the charter of a nation proud
 Of her unequal'd liberties and laws,
 While in that nation—shameful to relate—
 One man in five is born and dies a slave.
 Is this my country? this that happy land,
 The wonder and the envy of the world?
 Oh for a mantle to conceal her shame!
 But why, when Patriotism cannot hide
 The ruin which her guilt will surely bring
 If unrepented? and, unless the God
 Who pour'd his plagues on Egypt till she let
 The oppress'd go free, and often pours his wrath,
 In earthquakes and tornadoes, on the isles
 Of Western India, laying waste their fields,
 Dashing their mercenary ships ashore,
 Tossing the isles themselves like floating wrecks,
 And burying towns alive in one wide grave,
 No sooner oped but closed, let judgment pass
 For once untasted till the general doom,
 Can it go well with us while we retain
 This curséd thing? Will not untimely frosts,
 Devouring insects, drought, and wind and hail,
 Destroy the fruits of ground long till'd in chains?
 Will not some daring spirit, born to thoughts
 Above his beast-like state, find out the truth,
 That Africans are men; and, catching fire

From Freedom's altar raised before his eyes
 With incense fuming sweet, in others light
 A kindred flame in secret, till a train,
 Kindled at once, deal death on every side?
 Cease then, Columbia, for thy safety cease,
 And for thine honor, to proclaim the praise
 Of thy fair shores of liberty and joy,
 While thrice five hundred thousand wretched slaves,¹
 In thine own bosom, start at every word
 As meant to mock their woes, and shake their chains,
 Thinking defiance which they dare not speak.

DOING GOOD, TRUE HAPPINESS.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
 Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold?
 Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.
 'Tis when the rose is wrapp'd in many a fold
 Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
 Its life and beauty; not when, all unroll'd,
 Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
 Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
 Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
 When death is waiting for thy number'd hours
 To take their swift and everlasting flight;
 Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
 And be thy thoughts to work divine address'd;
 Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
 An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
 And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
 Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
 Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
 And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
 Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
 To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
 With thoughts all fix'd, and feelings purely kind;
 Strength to complete, and with delight review,
 And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
 To light on man as from the passing air;
 The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
 If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
 Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;
 And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
 Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
 That 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
 Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

¹ According to the census of 1850, there are in the land 3,204,347 slaves, about one to every six freemen.

Has immortality of name been given
 To them that idly worship hills and groves,
 And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
 Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,
 To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?
 Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,
 By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves?
 Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace
 By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear
 But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
 Thy want of worth,—a charge thou couldst not hear
 From other lips, without a blush of shame,
 Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame,
 And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist
 The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame;
 'Tis infamy to die and not be miss'd,
 Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
 And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;
 Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
 The good begun by thee shall onward flow
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
 The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
 Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,
 Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
 And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THIS eminent poet and political philosopher, the son of Peter Bryant, M.D., of Cammington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, was born in that town on the 3d of November, 1794. When only ten years of age, Mr. Bryant produced several small poems, which, though bearing, of course, the marks of immaturity, were thought of sufficient merit to be published in a neighboring newspaper,—the "Hampshire Gazette." After going through the usual preparatory studies, he entered the sophomore class of Williams College, in 1810, and for two years pursued his studies with commendable industry,—being distinguished more especially for his fondness of the classics. Anxious, however, to begin the profession which he had chosen,—the law,—he procured an honorable dismissal at the end of the junior year, and in 1815 was admitted to practice at the bar of Plymouth.

But Mr. Bryant did not, during the period of his professional studies, neglect the cultivation of his poetic talents. In 1808, before he entered college, he had published, in Boston, a satirical poem which attracted so much attention that a second edition was demanded the next year. But what gave him his early, enviable rank as a poet was the publication, in the "North American Review,"

in 1817, of the poem *Thanatopsis*, written four years before, (in 1812.) That a young man, not yet nineteen, should have produced a poem so lofty in conception and so beautiful in execution, so full of chaste language and delicate and striking imagery, and, above all, so pervaded by a noble and cheerful religious philosophy, may well be regarded as one of the most remarkable examples of early maturity in literary history. Nor did this production stand alone: the *Inscription for an Entrance into a Wood* followed in 1813; and *The Waterfowl* in 1816. In 1821 he wrote his longest poem, *The Ages*, which was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, and soon after published in Boston in connection with his other poems. The appearance of this volume at once placed Mr. Bryant in the very front rank of American poets.

In 1822, Mr. Bryant was married to Miss Fairchild, of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, whither he had removed to prosecute his profession. But, though skilful and successful in it, he preferred to devote his life to the more congenial pursuits of literature; and in 1825 he removed to New York, where he edited a monthly periodical, "The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine," in which appeared many forcible and just criticisms, and some of his best poems. In 1826, he became the editor of the "Evening Post,"—one of the oldest and most influential of the daily gazettes in our country. At once its columns evinced new spirit and vigor, and it became the leading journal of the so-called "Democratic" party, supporting its views in relation to banks, free trade, &c. with signal ability. But in later years, when he thought that that party had abandoned the principles of its founders, and was becoming too much the ally of the slave-power, he divorced himself from it, and devoted his talents and influence to the cause of republican freedom.¹

Mr. Bryant has visited Europe five times,—in 1834, 1836, 1849, 1852, and 1857,—enriching his journal with his letters descriptive of the scenes, places, countries, and persons visited. In 1850, he published a collection of letters written during his travels, under the title of *Letters of a Traveller*, of which several editions have appeared. His letters written during his last tour, mostly in Spain, have been lately published, and form the *Second Series of Letters of a Traveller*. But notwithstanding the ease and charm of his descriptive style, and its terseness and power in discussing political subjects, it is as a poet that Mr. Bryant will ever be most known, most loved, and most honored.²

¹ When the "Evening Post" completed its first half-century, in 1851, Mr. Bryant wrote its history, which appeared in a pamphlet.

² For criticisms of Mr. Bryant's poetry, read articles in "Democratic Review," vols. vii. and x.; "North American Review," vols. xiii., xxiv., and lv.; "Christian Examiner," vols. xxii. and xxxiii.; "American Quarterly Review," vol. xx. In the "Democratic Review" for February, 1845, is a fine article on his poetry, by H. T. Tuckerman. In the "North American Review" for January, 1844, are the following just and well-written remarks:—

"His poems are almost perfect of their kind. The fruits of meditation, rather than of passion or imagination, and rarely startling with an unexpected image or sudden outbreak of feeling, they are admirable specimens of what may be called the philosophy of the soul. They address the finer instincts of our nature with a voice so winning and gentle, they search out with such subtle power all in the heart which is true and good, that their influence, though quiet, is resistless.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language : for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
 Comes a still voice.—Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
 Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills

They have consecrated to many minds things which before it was painful to contemplate. Who can say that his feelings and fears respecting death have not received an insensible change since reading the *Thanatopsis*? Indeed, we think that Bryant's poems are valuable not only for their intrinsic excellence, but for the vast influence their wide circulation is calculated to exercise on national feelings and manners. It is impossible to read them without being morally benefited : they purify as well as please ; they develop or encourage all the elevated and thoughtful tendencies of the mind. In the jar and bustle of our American life, more favorable to quickness and acuteness of mind than to meditation, it is well that we have a poet who can bring the hues and odors of nature into the crowded mart, and, by ennobling thoughts of man and his destiny, induce the most worldly to give their eyes an occasional glance upward, and the most selfish to feel that the love of God and man is better than the love of mammon."

An elegant edition of Mr. Bryant's poems, arranged by himself, and richly illustrated, has just been published by Appleton & Co.

Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;
 The venerable woods,—rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
 Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save its own dashings,—yet—the dead are there,
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
 Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,

As, darkly limn'd upon the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies;
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,—
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.

A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest in mien and mind
Of gentle womankind,

Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May;

Yet at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chill'd with fear,
And armies muster'd at the sign as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy east,—

Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vultures' feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;

Alone her task was wrought;

Alone the battle fought;

Through that long strife her constant hope was stay'd
On God alone, nor look'd for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look

That alter'd not beneath the frown they wore;
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took

Meekly her gentle rule, and frown'd no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,

And calmly broke in twain

The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her path.

By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquish'd hate, and overcame
Evil with good in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,

Glory that with the fleeting season dies;

But when she enter'd at the sapphire gate,

What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!

And He who, long before,

Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,

The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,

Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;

He who, returning glorious from the grave,

Dragg'd Death, disarm'd, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;

Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.

O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go

Consoled, though sad, in hope, and yet in fear.

Brief is the time, I know,

The warfare scarce begun;

Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won;

Still flows the fount whose waters strengthen'd thee

The victors' names are yet too few to fill

Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory

That minister'd to thee is open'd still.

THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Past!

Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,

And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground,
And, last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears,—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back;—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain:—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back,—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown:—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gather'd, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith,—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and falter'd not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd.

Thine for a space are they:—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perish'd—no!
Kind words, remember'd voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
 Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
 And her who, still and cold,
 Fills the next grave,—the beautiful and young.¹

THE EVENING WIND.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone,—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
 And languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond the sight.
 Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth,—
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
 The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
 Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;
 Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;

¹ "No poet in our country—we might perhaps add, in any country—is so exquisite in rhythm, so classically pure and accurate in language, so appropriate in diction, phrase, simile, metaphor, as Bryant. He dips his pen in words as an endowed painter his pencil in colors. His vein is deep, his chosen themes serious, and generally tinged with a not displeasing melancholy; but pathos is his pre-eminent endowment."—*Knickerbocker*, i. 318.

And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gush'd the life-blood of her brave,—
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry:
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.¹

¹ Of this verse an English critic thus writes:—"Mr. Bryant has certainly the rare merit of having written a stanza which will bear comparison with any four lines in our recollection. It has always read to us as one of the noblest in the English language. The thought is complete, the expression perfect. A poem of a dozen such verses would be like a row of pearls, each above a king's ransom."

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
 When they who help'd thee flee in fear,
 Die full of hope and manly trust,
 Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
 Another hand the standard wave,
 Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd
 The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as, poets dream,
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
 And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
 With which the Roman master crown'd his slave
 When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
 Arm'd to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
 Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword: thy brow,
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
 With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
 Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launch'd
 His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
 They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
 Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
 And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
 Have-forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
 The links are shiver'd, and the prison-walls
 Fall outward: terribly thou springest forth,
 As springs the flame above a burning pile,
 And shoutest to the nations, who return
 Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
 Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
 While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
 To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
 And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
 Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
 Didst war upon the panther and the wolf.
 His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
 The earliest furrow on the mountain-side,
 Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
 Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
 Hoary with many years, and far obey'd,
 Is later born than thou; and as he meets
 The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
 The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
 But he shall fade into a feebler age;
 Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
 And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
 His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call
 His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send

Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms,
 To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
 To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
 Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread
 That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
 With chains conceal'd in chaplets. Oh! not yet
 Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
 Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
 In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
 And thou must watch and combat till the day
 Of the new earth and heaven.

JOHN NEAL.

JOHN NEAL was born in Portland, Maine, October 25, 1793. In 1818, he went to Baltimore, and engaged in the dry-goods business with John Pierpont; but, being unsuccessful, he turned his attention to literature, and commenced his career by writing for the "Portico" a series of critical essays on the works of Byron. In 1818, he published his first novel, *Keep Cool*, written, as he says, "chiefly for the discouragement of duelling." *The Battle of Niagara, with other Poems; Otho*, a tragedy in five acts; and *Goldau, the Maniac Harper*, successively followed. He also wrote a large part of "The History of the American Revolution, by Paul Allen," as Allen had announced it, received subscriptions for it, and was too lazy to finish it. Four novels, *Logan, Randolph, Errata, Seventy-Six*, followed in rapid succession. Written in haste, and with but little care, they are now neglected; though at the time they made so favorable an impression that some of them were republished in England. This induced the writer to embark for that country, where he arrived in January, 1824. He very soon became a contributor to various periodicals, making his first appearance in "Blackwood's Magazine," for which he wrote a series of interesting and piquant articles on American writers. He also published, while abroad, his novel *Brother Jonathan*.

After remaining three years in Great Britain, he returned to his native city, and soon commenced the publication of a weekly newspaper, called "The Yankee," which, not meeting with much encouragement, was, in about a year, merged in "The New England Galaxy."¹ In 1828, he published *Rachel Dyer*, a story, the subject of which is "Salem Witchcraft." This was followed by *Authorship, by a New-Englander over the Sea; The Down-Easters; and Ruth Elder*. In all these works there is great power and much originality; but, setting all method and style at defiance, they will not survive the life of the author.² Some of his occasional essays, however, as well as a few pieces of poetry written for the magazines, possess great merit, and ought to be preserved. A volume of

¹ See page 225. Life of Joseph T. Buckingham.

² "John Neal's forces are multitudinous, and fire briskly at every thing. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over too much ground."—*Whipple's Essays*.

selections from his works might be made that would be a valuable contribution to our literature. Mr. Neal now (1859) resides in Portland.

CHILDREN—WHAT ARE THEY?

What *are children*? Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose, and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows, and there another party mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly as to attract everybody's attention, while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it as it deserves to be answered:—*What are children?*

To which you reply at once, without any sort of hesitation, perhaps,—“Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;” or, “Men are but children of a larger growth;” or, peradventure, “The child is father of the man.” And then perhaps you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having “plucked out the heart of the mystery,” and uttered, without knowing it, a string of glorious truths. * * *

Among the children who are now playing *together*, like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air, happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters; among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be-lamented of another age; but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the ravisher, the murderer, and the betrayer of his country. *The child is father of the man.*

Among them and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future,—the mothers of nations,—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the

broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices of another age and another world, *and all playing together!* Men are but children of a larger growth. * * *

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets, they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dew-drops or the playthings, of earth. Yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Kingdom of Heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to him their true dignity was revealed. Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world; indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, with each a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it! Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dew-drops! They are dew-drops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine, may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing.

What would be our feelings to see a fair child start up before us a maniac or a murderer, armed to the teeth? to find a nest of serpents on our pillow? a destroyer, or a traitor, a Harry the Eighth, or a Benedict Arnold, asleep in our bosom? A Catherine or a Peter, a Bacon, a Galileo, or a Bentham, a Napoleon, or a Voltaire, clambering up our knees after sugar-plums? Cuvier laboring to distinguish a horse-fly from a blue-bottle, or dissecting a spider with a rusty nail? La Place trying to multiply his own apples, or to subtract his playfellow's gingerbread? What should we say to find ourselves romping with Messalina, Swedenborg, and Madame de Staël? or playing bo-peep with Murat, Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday? or puss puss in the corner with George Washington, Jonathan Wild, Shakspeare, Sappho, Jeremy Taylor, Alfieri, and Harriet Wilson? Yet stranger things have happened. These were all children but the other day, and clambered about the knees, and rummaged in the pockets, and nestled in the laps of people no better than we are. But *if* they could have appeared in their true shape for a single moment, while they were playing together, what a scampering there would have been among the grown folks! How their fingers would have tingled!

Now to me there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in

their first and fairest and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery,—a fragrant, luminous, and beautiful mystery!

Then why not pursue the study for yourself? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for, along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the sea-shore. They abound not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare.

EDWARD ROBINSON.

THIS renowned philologist and traveller, the son of Rev. William Robinson, who was pastor of the Congregational Church at Southington, Connecticut, for forty-one years, was born at that place on the 10th of April, 1794. He was destined for mercantile life, but, being on a visit to his uncle, at Clinton, Oneida County, New York, early in 1812, he concluded to enter Hamilton College, which had just been chartered. Accordingly, in the fall, he joined the first Freshman class, and graduated in 1816, with the highest honors. In October of the next year he was appointed tutor in his Alma Mater, where he remained a year, teaching the mathematics and the Greek language. In the latter part of the year 1818, he was married to the youngest daughter of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, and sister of the late President Kirkland, of Harvard University. She died in the following July, and Mr. Robinson remained in Clinton, pursuing his studies, for two years longer.

In December, 1821, he went to Andover, Massachusetts, and after being here two years, without having been connected with the seminary, he was appointed assistant instructor, and continued such till 1826, translating in the mean time, from the Latin, "Wahl's Clavis Novi Testamenti," or Lexicon of the New Testament.

In the summer of 1826, he went to Europe, and spent four years in travelling, combined with hard study, in the mean time (1828) marrying the youngest daughter of Professor Ludwig von Jacob, of Halle. On his return home in 1830, he was appointed Professor Extraordinary of Sacred Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary. In 1831, he commenced the publication of the "Biblical Repository," of which he was the editor and chief contributor for four years. In 1833 appeared his translation of "Buttman's Greek Grammar," and in 1836, his new *Lexicon of the New Testament*, and his translation of the "Hebrew Lexicon of Gesenius."

In 1837, Dr. Robinson was appointed Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, in the city of New York, the position which he still

holds. He accepted the appointment on condition that he might be permitted to carry out a plan previously formed, of visiting the lands of the Bible, in conjunction with his friend, Rev. Eli Smith, a missionary of the American Board. This he accomplished, and then repaired to Berlin, where he devoted himself for two years to the preparation of his *Biblical Researches in Palestine*. In 1840, he returned to New York, and his great work was published the next year in three volumes, at Boston, London, and Halle. It at once established his fame, and, for learning, unwearied investigation, and scrupulous fidelity, placed him in the very front rank of travellers; and the Royal Geographical Society of London awarded to him one of their gold medals.

Notwithstanding his many official labors connected with the seminary, Dr. Robinson projected and established, in 1843, "The Bibliotheca Sacra," which, for critical theological learning, has not its superior on either side of the Atlantic. He also published, in 1845, a *Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek*, and the next year an *English Harmony*. In 1850 appeared a new edition of his *Lexicon of the New Testament*.

The next year he again set out for Palestine, to make new researches, as well as to go over some of the ground formerly explored. He returned in 1852, and made preparations for a new volume, which appeared in 1856, both in this country and England, and in the German language at Berlin. This great work is now the standard upon the geography of Palestine, and for accuracy and thoroughness leaves nothing more to be desired.¹

PLAIN BEFORE SINAI.

As we advanced, the valley still opened wider and wider, with a gentle ascent, and became full of shrubs and tufts of herbs, shut in on each side by lofty granite ridges with rugged, shattered peaks a thousand feet high, while the face of Horeb rose directly before us. Both my companion and myself involuntarily exclaimed, "Here is room enough for a large encampment!" Reaching the top of the ascent, or water-shed, a fine broad plain lay before us, sloping down gently towards the S. S. E., enclosed by rugged and venerable mountains of dark granite, stern, naked, splintered peaks and ridges of indescribable grandeur, and terminated at the distance of more than a mile by the bold and awful

¹ *Palestine, Past and Present: with Biblical, Literary, and Scientific Notices*: By Rev. Henry S. Osborn, A.M., Professor of Natural Science in Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia. This is a work of very great merit, recently published by James Challen & Son, Philadelphia,—a pleasant and animated book of travels, with personal reminiscences, descriptions of scenery, interspersed with occasional religious reflections and philosophical discussions; and all in a pure and lively style. It is illustrated by a series of original engravings from the pencil of the author, and by a new map of Palestine, and is altogether the most pleasant and readable work upon this land we have yet seen,—of no ephemeral interest, but of a living, permanent value.

front of Horeb, rising perpendicularly, in frowning majesty, from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in height. It was a scene of solemn grandeur, wholly unexpected, and such as we had never seen; and the associations which at the moment rushed upon our minds were almost overwhelming. As we went on, new points of interest were continually opening to our view. On the left of Horeb, a deep and narrow valley runs up S.S.E., between lofty walls of rock, as if in continuation of the S.E. corner of the plain. In this valley, at the distance of near a mile from the plain, stands the convent; and the deep verdure of its fruit-trees and cypresses is seen as the traveller approaches,—an oasis of beauty amid scenes of the sternest desolation. Still advancing, the front of Horeb rose like a wall before us; and one can approach quite to the foot, and touch the mount. As we crossed the plain, our feelings were strongly affected at finding here, so unexpectedly, a spot so entirely adapted to the scriptural account of the giving of the law. No traveller has described this plain, nor even mentioned it, except in a slight and general manner, probably because the most have reached the convent by another route, without passing over it; and perhaps, too, because neither the highest point of Sinai, (now called Jebel Mûsa,) nor the still loftier summit of St. Catharine, is visible from any part of it.

THE TOP OF SINAI, (SUFSAFEH.)

The extreme difficulty and even danger of the ascent was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us. The whole plain er-Râhah lay spread out beneath our feet, with the adjacent wadys and mountains; while Wady esh-Sheikh on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with and opening broadly from er-Râhah, presented an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain. Our conviction was strengthened that here, or on some one of the adjacent cliffs, was the spot where the Lord “descended in fire” and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that could be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain brow, where alone the lightnings and the thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trump be heard, when the Lord “came down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai.” We gave ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene, and read, with a feeling that will never be forgotten, the sublime account of the transaction and the commandments there promulgated, in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator.¹

¹ Exod. xix. 9-25; xx. 1-21.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.¹

The cedars are not less remarkable for their position than for their age and size. The amphitheatre in which they are situated is of itself a great temple of nature, the most vast and magnificent of all the recesses of Lebanon. The lofty dorsal ridge of the mountain, as it approaches from the south, tends slightly towards the east for a time, and then, after resuming its former direction, throws off a spur of equal altitude towards the west, which sinks down gradually into the ridge terminating at Ehden. This ridge sweeps round so as to become nearly parallel with the main ridge, thus forming an immense recess or amphitheatre, approaching to the horseshoe form, surrounded by the loftiest ridges of Lebanon, which rise still two or three thousand feet above it and are partly covered with snows. In the midst of this amphitheatre stand the cedars, utterly alone, with not a tree besides, nor hardly a green thing in sight. The amphitheatre fronts towards the west, and, as seen from the cedars, the snows extend round from south to north. The extremities of the arc, in front, bear from the cedars southwest and northwest. High up in the recess, the deep, precipitous chasm of the Kadisha has its beginning,—the wildest and grandest of all the gorges of Lebanon.

Besides the natural grace and beauty of the cedar of Lebanon, which still appear in the trees of middle age, though not in the more ancient patriarchs, there is associated with this grove a feeling of veneration, as the representative of those forests of Lebanon so celebrated in the Hebrew Scriptures. To the sacred writers, the cedar was the noblest of trees, the monarch of the vegetable kingdom. Solomon "spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."² To the prophets it was the favorite emblem for greatness, splendor, and majesty: hence kings and nobles—the pillars of society—are everywhere cedars of Lebanon.³ Especially is this the case in the splendid description, by Ezekiel, of the Assyrian power and glory.⁴ Hence, too, in connection with its durability and fragrance, it was regarded as the most precious of all wood, and was employed in costly buildings, for ornament and luxury. In Solomon's temple, the beams of the roof, as also the boards and the ornamental work, were of the cedar of Lebanon;⁵ and it was likewise used in the later temple of Zerubbabel.⁶ David's palace was

¹ The elevation of the cedars above the sea is given by Russegger and Schubert at six thousand Paris feet,—equivalent to six thousand four hundred English feet. The peaks of Lebanon above rise nearly three thousand feet higher.

² 1 Kings iv. 33; comp. Judges ix. 15; 2 Kings xiv. 9; Ps. xxix. 5; civ. 16.

³ Isa. ii. 13; xiv. 8; xxxvii. 24; Jer. xxii. 23; Ezek. xvii. 22; Zech. xi. 1, &c.

⁴ Ezek. xxxi. 3-9.—⁵ 1 Kings vi. 9, 10; comp. v. 6, 8, 10; 1 Chron. xxii. 4.

⁶ Ezra iii. 7.

built with cedar;¹ and so lavishly was this costly wood employed in one of Solomon's palaces, that it is called "the house of the forest of Lebanon."² As a matter of luxury, also, the cedar was sometimes used for idols,³ and for the masts of ships.⁴ In like manner, the cedar was highly prized among heathen nations. It was employed in the construction of their temples, as at Tyre and Ephesus; and also in their palaces, as at Persepolis.

EDWARD EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT, the son of Rev. Oliver Everett, and a younger brother of Alexander H. Everett, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on the 11th of April, 1794. After the usual preparatory studies at Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, under the venerable Dr. Abbot, he entered Harvard College at the early age of thirteen, and took his degree, in course, in 1811, with a high reputation as a scholar. The next year he was appointed a tutor in the College, and held the situation for two years, when he entered the theological school at Cambridge, and in 1814, when but twenty years of age, succeeded the eloquent Buckminster as pastor of Brattle Street Church, Boston. The next year he was elected Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Harvard College, with the privilege of further qualifying himself for its duties by a visit to Europe. He accepted the appointment, and immediately embarked for England, whence he went to Göttingen University, where he remained more than two years, devoting his time to Greek literature and the German language, and receiving the degree of P. D., or Doctor of Philosophy. He returned home in 1819, and entered at once upon the duties of his professorship. In 1820, he became editor of the "North American Review," infusing new spirit into that journal, to which in the next four years he contributed about fifty papers, and above sixty more subsequently, when the Review was edited by his brother Alexander, and those who succeeded him. In 1824, he delivered an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, upon *The Circumstances favorable to the Progress of Literature in America*, closing it with a beautiful apostrophe to General Lafayette, who was present on the occasion. In 1825, he took his seat in the House of Representatives of the United States, from Middlesex County, and kept the same for ten years, bearing a prominent part in many of the debates.⁵ In 1835, he retired from Congress, and for four years successively he was elected Governor of Massachusetts; but in

¹ 2 Sam. v. 11; vii. 2; comp. Jer. xxii. 14, 15.—² 1 Kings vii. 2; x. 17.—³ Isa. xlv. 14; Plin. H. N. xiii. 11.—⁴ Ezek. xxvii. 5; where the description evidently refers to splendid pleasure-vessels.

⁵ His Congressional career did not, I am sorry to say, add much to his reputation. In his maiden speech, March 9, 1826, he went out of his way to apologize for slavery and to defend it from the New Testament. For this he was rebuked with great force by Ichabod Bartlett, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, by Churchill C. Cambreleng, of New York, and with withering sarcasm by John Randolph, of Virginia.

1839, he lost his election by one single vote. In 1841, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, for which post he was peculiarly well qualified by his great learning, his elegance of manners, and his familiarity with most of the European languages. On his return home in 1846, he was elected President of Harvard College, a position which he held till 1849. In November, 1852, he again entered political life, succeeding Daniel Webster as Secretary of State, under the administration of Millard Fillmore, and in 1853 he succeeded John Davis, of Massachusetts, in the United States Senate.¹

Mr. Everett now resides in Boston, occupied, it is said, in the preparation of a systematic treatise on the modern *Law of Nations*. His published works are *A Defence of Christianity*, 1 vol.; *Miscellaneous Writings*, 2 vols. 8vo; *Orations and Speeches*, 2 vols. 8vo. These four last volumes contain eighty-one articles on literature, science, the arts, political economy, education, including his various orations and addresses before literary, scientific, and agricultural societies.²

THE PILGRIMS OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower, of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The

¹ On the 14th of March, 1854, in the United States Senate, he presented a huge petition, signed by three thousand and fifty clergymen of New England, against the "Nebraska Bill." The object of the petition was immediately attacked, and the petitioners themselves foully (though characteristically) assailed, by Senators Douglas, of Illinois, and Mason, of Virginia; while Senators Houston, of Texas, and Seward, of New York, warmly and eloquently defended both. Mr. Everett also spoke; but his remarks were so tame and apologetical, that it would have been better for the cause of freedom had he been silent.

² "As a man of letters, in every branch of public service, and in society and private life, Mr. Everett has combined the useful with the ornamental, with a tact, a universality, and a faithfulness, almost unprecedented. At Windsor Castle, we find him fluently conversing with each member of the diplomatic corps in their vernacular tongue; in Florence, addressing the Scientific Congress with characteristic grace and wisdom; in London, entertaining the most gifted and wisely-chosen party of artists, authors, and men of rank or state; in a manner which elicits their best social sentiments; at home, in the professor's chair, in the popular assembly, in the lyceum-hall, or to celebrate an historical occasion, giving expression to high sentiment, or memorable fact, with the finished style and thrilling emphasis of the accomplished orator."—*Homes of American Authors*.

laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all-but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth; weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? Was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes—that not all combined—were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, (not so much of admiration as of pity,) there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

PAMPERING THE BODY AND STARVING THE SOUL.

What, sir, feed a child's body, and let his soul hunger! pamper his limbs, and starve his faculties! Plant the earth, cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding-places in the sea, and spread out your wheat-fields across the plain, in order to supply the wants of that body which will soon be as cold and as senseless as the poorest clod, and let the pure spiritual essence within you, with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine! What! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water-wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam, to weave a garment for the body, and let the

soul remain unadorned and naked! What! send out your vessels to the furthest ocean, and make battle with the monsters of the deep, in order to obtain the means of lighting up your dwellings and workshops, and prolonging the hours of labor for the meat that perisheth, and permit that vital spark, which God has kindled, which he has intrusted to our care, to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame,—permit it, I say, to languish and go out! What considerate man can enter a school, and not reflect, with awe, that it is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity? What parent but is, at times, weighed down with the thought, that *there* must be laid the foundations of a building which will stand, when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamantine rocks on which they rest, have melted away!—that a light may *there* be kindled which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished, but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens?

THE ETERNAL CLOCKWORK OF THE SKIES.

We derive from the observations of the heavenly bodies which are made at an observatory our only adequate measures of time, and our only means of comparing the time of one place with the time of another. Our artificial timekeepers,—clocks, watches, and chronometers,—however ingeniously contrived and admirably fabricated, are but a transcript, so to say, of the celestial motions, and would be of no value without the means of regulating them by observation. It is impossible for them, under any circumstances, to escape the imperfection of all machinery, the work of human hands; and the moment we remove with our timekeeper east or west, it fails us. It will keep home-time alone, like the fond traveller who leaves his heart behind him. The artificial instrument is of incalculable utility, but must itself be regulated by the eternal clockwork of the skies.

This single consideration is sufficient to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the heavenly bodies. It is they and not our main-springs, our expansion-balances, and our compensation-pendulums, which give us our time. To reverse the line of Pope,—

'Tis with our watches as our judgments: none
Go just alike, but each believes his own.

But for all the kindreds and tribes and tongues of men,—each upon their own meridian,—from the Arctic pole to the equator, from the equator to the Antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations, far up in the ever-

lasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight—twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp—twelve amid the flaming wonders of Orion's belt, if he crosses the meridian at that fated hour—twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity, twelve in the star-paved courts of the Empyrean—twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires; twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.

Discourse at Albany, 1856.

THE HEAVENS BEFORE AND AFTER DAWN.

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night: the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers far beneath the pole looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from

above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

Ibid.

THE UNIVERSAL BOUNTIES OF PROVIDENCE.

A celebrated skeptical philosopher of the last century—the historian, Hume—thought to demolish the credibility of the Christian revelation, by the concise argument,—“It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false.” Contrary to experience that phenomena should exist which we cannot trace to causes perceptible to the human sense, or conceivable by human thought! It would be much nearer the truth to say that within the husbandman’s experience there are no phenomena which can be rationally traced to any thing but the instant energy of creative power.

Did this philosopher ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds, and grains, and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstructions, and after week upon week, and month upon month, have swept, with sleet, and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth, and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of nature’s sepulchre,—when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows,—did he ever behold the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth; and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest, and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter’s hand,—buried, but to spring up again, clothed with a new, mysterious being; and then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distil from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk, and vine, and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind, arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree, each of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to

the earth, compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold,—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature, the bread of a hungry world; here, a tilled corn-field, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there, an unplanted wilderness,—the great Father's farm,—where He "who hears the raven's cry" has cultivated, with his own hand, his merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds, for the humbler families of animated nature; the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky, the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life,—has he seen all this? Does he see it every year, and month, and day? Does he live, and move, and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder,—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fibre and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt? And does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the august Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness.

Address before the New York Agricultural Society, October 9, 1857.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, 1795—1820.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears full, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven,
To tell the world their worth;—

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essay'd it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The grief is fix'd too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born in the city of New York, August 7, 1795. After a suitable preparatory education, he entered upon the study of medicine, obtained his degree in October, 1816, and soon after was married to a daughter of Henry Eckford, a wealthy merchant, and was thus placed above the necessity of laboring in his profession. It was well that it was so; for his health, always delicate, began to decline, and, in the winter of 1819, he went to New Orleans, in the hope that its milder climate would be of service to him. But he returned in the spring of 1820, not in the least improved, lingered through the summer, and died on the 21st of September, 1820.

Drake began to write verses when he was very young, and, before he was sixteen, contributed, anonymously, to two or three newspapers. Some humorous

and satirical odes, called the *Croaker Pieces*, were written by him for the "Evening Post," in March, 1819; and soon after, his friend Halleck, the poet, united with him, and the pieces were signed "Croaker & Co." The last one, written by Drake, was that spirited ode, *The American Flag*. But

THE CULPRIT FAY

is that on which the fame of Drake chiefly rests, and an ever-enduring foundation will it prove to be; for a poem of more exquisite fancy—as happily conceived as it is artistically executed—we have hardly had since the days of Milton's "Comus." It opens with the gathering—"in the middle watch of a summer's night"—of countless spirits of earth from their various homes.

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touch'd trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rock'd about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest,—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillow'd on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumber'd there till the charmed hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had open'd the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms array'd
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!

They assemble for the following purpose:—

V.

For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunn'd him in her eye of blue,
Fann'd her cheek with his wing of air,
Play'd in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away:—
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit Fay

The hapless creature is thus condemned:—

VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;

Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
 Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
 Then dart the glistening arch below,
 And catch a drop from his silver bow.
 The water-sprites will wield their arms
 And dash around, with roar and rave,
 And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
 They are the imps that rule the wave.
 Yet trust thee in thy single might :
 If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
 Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
 The stain of thy wing is wash'd away :
 But another errand must be done
 Ere thy crime be lost for aye ;
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark,
 Thou must reillumine its spark.
 Mount thy steed and spur him high
 To the heavens' blue canopy ;
 And when thou seest a shooting star,
 Follow it fast, and follow it far,—
 The last faint spark of its burning train
 Shall light the elfin lamp again.
 Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay ;
 Hence! to the water-side, away!"

The following description of his armor is one of surpassing delicacy and beauty :—

XXV.

He put his acorn helmet on ;
 It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down :
 The corslet plate that guarded his breast
 Was once the wild bee's golden vest ;
 His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
 Was form'd of the wings of butterflies ;
 His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
 Studs of gold on a ground of green ;
 And the quivering lance which he brandish'd bright,
 Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
 Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed ;
 He bared his blade of the bent grass blue ;
 He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
 And away like a glance of thought he flew,
 To skim the heavens, and follow far
 The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

Then away he goes,

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament
 His path the fire-fly courser bent,
 And at every gallop on the wind,
 He flung a glittering spark behind ;
 He flies like a feather in the blast
 Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.

XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift,
 In breathless motion fast,
 Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
 Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
 The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
 The spheréd moon is past,
 The earth but seems a tiny blot
 On a sheet of azure cast.
 Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
 To tread the starry plain of even,
 To meet the thousand eyes of night,
 And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
 But the Elfin made no stop or stay
 Till he came to the bank of the milky way,
 Then he check'd his courser's foot,
 And watch'd for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

* * * * *

He is successful in his mission, and, on his return, the myriad joyous and dancing sprites—his merry companions—thus welcome him, and then all vanish:—

Ouphe and Goblin! Imp and Sprite!
 Elf of eve! and starry Fay!
 Ye that love the moon's soft light,
 Hither—hither wend your way;
 Twine ye in a jocund ring,
 Sing and trip it merrily,
 Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
 With dance and song, and lute and lyre,
 Pure his wing and strong his chain,
 And doubly bright his fairy fire.
 Twine ye in an airy round,
 Brush the dew and print the lea;
 Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
 He flies about the haunted place,
 And if mortal there be found,
 He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
 The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
 The owl's eyes our lanterns be;
 Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But, hark! from tower on tree-top high,
 The sentry-elf his call has made:
 A streak is in the eastern sky,
 Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
 The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
 The skylark shakes his dappled wing,
 The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
 The cock has crow'd,—and the Fays are gon

Thus ends *The Culprit Fay*, of the beauty of which but a faint idea can be given by any extracts; for, to be fully enjoyed, it must be read and re-read as a whole. It is a poem remarkable not only as the richest creation of pure fancy in our literature, but for its great power and absorbing interest; for, though it is divested of every human element, it interests us as deeply as if its characters were real flesh and blood.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

I.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

II.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;

Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

IV.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valor-given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1795—1849.

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN, the son of Samuel Tappan, a teacher in Beverly, Massachusetts, was born in that town in 1795. At the age of ten, he had written several pieces, which gave promise of future excellence. Losing his father when but twelve years old, he was soon after apprenticed to a clockmaker in Boston. In 1816, he removed to Philadelphia, and established himself in business there; but he soon found that this was not his sphere, and determined to devote himself to a literary life. In 1819, he published a small volume of poems, entitled *New England, and other Poems*, which was well received. In 1822, he was married to Miss Amelia Colton, daughter of Major Luther Colton, of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, and soon after this he entered, as salesman, into the Depository of the American Sunday-School Union, to which cause he devoted the rest of his life, with great enthusiasm and energy. In 1829, he was transferred to Cincinnati, to take charge of the Depository in that city, but returned to Philadelphia in 1834; and in 1838 he went to Boston to superintend the affairs of the "S. S. Union" operations in New England. In 1841, he was licensed to preach, that he might with more effect present the cause of the Sunday-school to the churches.

At this time, he had published two or three volumes of poetry. In 1845 appeared *Poetry of the Heart*; in 1846, *Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems*; in 1847,

Poetry of Life; in 1848, *The Sunday-School, and other Poems*; and in 1849, *Late and Early Poems*. While engaged in the preparation of a new volume, he fell a victim to the epidemic then prevailing in Boston,—the cholera,—on the 19th of June, 1849. His death was deeply and widely lamented; for it was felt that a good man, who was devoting to the cause of sacred literature the high gift God had given him, had been taken away in the midst of his usefulness. "With the simplicity of a child, he combined the polish and dignity of the Christian gentleman; with the glowing fancy of the poet, the lowly spirit of the saint; with the severest scrutiny of his own heart, the largest charity for others."

The following pieces will give some idea of the pure and elevated Christian feeling that pervades his poetry.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom,—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

GETHESEMANE.

'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight, and, from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles, lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved,
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
 Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight, from the heavenly plains
 Is borne the song that angels know;
 Unheard by mortals are the strains
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

WHY SHOULD WE SIGH ?

Why should we sigh, when Fancy's dream,—
 The ray that shone 'mid youthful tears,—
 Departing, leaves no kindly gleam,
 To cheer the lonely waste of years?
 Why should we sigh?—The fairy charm
 That bound each sense in folly's chain
 Is broke, and Reason, clear and calm,
 Resumes her holy rights again.

Why should we sigh that earth no more
 Claims the devotion once approved?
 That joys endear'd, with us are o'er,
 And gone are those these hearts have loved?
 Why should we sigh?—Unfading bliss
 Survives the narrow grasp of time;
 And those that ask'd our tears in this,
 Shall render smiles in yonder clime.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THIS well-known poet was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in August, 1795. In 1813, he entered a banking-house in New York, and remained in that city engaged in mercantile pursuits till 1849, when he returned to Connecticut, where he now resides. At an early age he showed a taste for poetry; but he first attracted public attention by a series of humorous and satirical odes published in the "Evening Post," in 1819, and written in conjunction with his friend Drake, with the signature of "Croaker." Towards the close of the same year, he published *Fanny*, the longest of his satirical poems, which passed through several editions. In 1823, he went to Europe, and after his return, in 1827, he published a small volume containing, among other pieces, *Alnwick Castle*, and that spirited, finished, and justly-admired ode, *Marco Bozzaris*,—the corner-stone of his glory. In 1847, Appleton & Co. published a beautifully-illustrated edition of all he had then written; and in 1852 a volume containing additional poems was published

by Redfield.¹ It has always been regretted by the public that one who writes so well should have written so little.²

MARCO BOZZARIS.³

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
BOZZARIS ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;

¹ This year (1859) has appeared a new edition of his poems, in one small volume, in blue and gold, published by Appleton & Co.

² "Mr. Halleck has written very little, but that little is of great excellence. His poetry is polished and graceful, and finished with great care under the guidance of a fastidious taste. A vein of sweet and delicate sentiment runs through all his serious productions, and he combines with this a power of humor of the most refined and exquisite cast. He has the art of passing from grave to gay, or the reverse, by the most skilful and happily-managed transitions."—G. S. HILLARD.

"The poems of Fitz-Greene Halleck, although limited in quantity, are perhaps the best known and most cherished, especially in the latitude of New York, of all American verses. All his verses have a vital meaning, and the clear ring of pure metal. They are few, but memorable. The school-boy and the old 'Knickerbocker' both know them by heart. *Burns*, and the *Lines on the Death of Drake*,* have the beautiful impressiveness of the highest elegiac verse. *Marco Bozzaris* is perhaps the best martial lyric in the language, *Red Jacket* the most effective Indian portrait, and *Twilight* an apt piece of contemplative verse; while *Albion's Castle* combines his grave and gay style with inimitable art and admirable effect. As a versifier, he is an adept in that relation of sound to sense which embalmers thought in deathless melody."—HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

³ He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Lapsi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. The modern Greeks, like the Italians, pronounce *α* as in *father*, and *αα* like *ts*. This hero's name, therefore, is pronounced Bot-zah'ri.

* See p. 400.

He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek."
 He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band:
 "Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires:
 God, and your native land!"

They fought,—like brave men, long and well;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
 They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won:
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother's, when she feels.
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
 And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
 Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
 Come, in her crowning hour—and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prison'd men:
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
 And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

BOZZARIS! with the storied brave,
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb:
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved and for a season gone.
 For thee her poets' lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed:
 For thee she rings the birthday bells;
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells:
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace couch, and cottage bed;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him, the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
 And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,
 And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
 One of the few, the immortal names
 That were not born to die.

BURNS.

TO A ROSE, BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLOWAY KIRK, IN Ayrshire, IN THE
 AUTUMN OF 1822.

Wild Rose of Alloway! my thanks:
 Thou 'mindst me of that autumn noon
 When first we met upon "the banks
 And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
 My sunny hour was glad and brief,
 We've cross'd the winter sea, and thou
 Art wither'd—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—
 The doom of all things wrought of clay—
 And wither'd my life's leaf like thine,
 Wild rose of Alloway!

Not so his memory, for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long,
His—who a humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listen'd, and believed, and felt
The Poet's mastery?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne," is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod—
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures—the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas, of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crown'd kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheath'd,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have press'd
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

THE WORLD IS BRIGHT BEFORE THEE.

TO * * * *.

The world is bright before thee;
 Its summer flowers are thine;
 Its calm, blue sky is o'er thee,
 Thy bosom pleasure's shrine:
 And thine the sunbeam given
 To nature's morning hour,
 Pure, warm, as when from heaven
 It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
 The death-dirge of the gay,
 That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
 These charms may melt away,—
 That sun's bright beam be shaded,
 That sky be blue no more,
 The summer flowers be faded,
 And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not; though lonely
 Thy evening home may be;
 Though beauty's bark can only
 Float on a summer sea,
 Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
 There's still, beyond his art,
 The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
 The sunbeam of the heart.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, 1795—1856.

THIS eminent scholar and classic poet was born at Berlin, Connecticut, September 15, 1795, and graduated at Yale College in 1815, with high honor. After leaving college, he entered the medical school connected with the same, and received the degree of M.D. He did not, however, engage in practice, but devoted himself chiefly to the cultivation of his poetical powers and to the pursuits of science and literature. He first appeared before the public as an author in 1821, when he published a volume containing some minor poems, and the first part of his *Prometheus*, which was very favorably noticed in the "North American Review." In 1822, he published two volumes of miscellaneous poems and prose writings, and the second part of *Prometheus*, a poem in the Spenserian measure. In 1824, he was for a short time in the service of the United States, as Professor of Chemistry in the Military Academy at West Point, and subsequently as a surgeon connected with the recruiting-station at Boston. But his tastes lay in a different direction, and he gave himself to the Muses, and to historical, philological, and scientific pursuits. In 1827, he was employed to revise the manuscript

of Dr. Webster's large Dictionary, and not long after this he published a corrected translation of Malte-Brun's Geography. In 1835, he was appointed, in connection with Professor C. U. Shepard, to make a survey of the geological and mineralogical resources of the State of Connecticut. Dr. Percival took charge of the geological part, and his report thereon was published in 1842. In 1843 appeared, at New Haven, his last published volume of miscellaneous poetry, entitled *The Dream of Day, and other Poems*. In 1854, he was appointed State Geologist of Wisconsin, and his first report on that survey was published in January, 1855. The larger part of this year he spent in the field. While preparing his second report, his health gave way, and, after a gentle decline, he expired on the 2d of May, 1856, at Hazel Green, Wisconsin.

However much distinguished Mr. Percival may be for his classical learning, and for his varied attainments in philology and general science, he will be chiefly known to posterity as one of the most eminent of our poets, for the richness of his fancy, the copiousness and beauty of his language, his life-like descriptions, his sweet and touching pathos, as well as, at times, his spirited and soul-stirring measures.¹

ODE.—LIBERTY TO ATHENS.²

The flag of freedom floats once more
 Around the lofty Parthenon;
 It waves, as waved the palm of yore
 In days departed long and gone;
 As bright a glory, from the skies,
 Pours down its light around those towers,
 And once again the Greeks arise,
 As in their country's noblest hours;
 Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
 Minerva's sacred hill is free,—
 Oh, may she keep her equal laws,
 While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
 The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
 The laurel from her civic crown;
 Her helm by many a sword was cleft:
 She lay among her ruins low,—
 Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,

¹ "The vein of his poetry is often as rich as any we have ever known. The pieces are not few in number in which the soul of the author, rising as he proceeds, involves itself and the reader in a cloud of delicious enchantment. . . . We are most pleased with his intimate familiarity with classical literature: he has caught from the study of Greek models a certain Attic purity and severity of style conspicuous in some of his best-wrought pieces."—*Contributions to Literature*, by Samuel Gilman. For a very just view of Dr. Percival's character as a man, read *Goodrich's Recollections*, vol. ii. pp. 139 and 140: also in the *New Englander*, May, 1859, an admirable article on Percival's scholarship and character, by Ed. W. Robbins. The *Life in Kettell's Specimens* was written by Rev. Royal Robbins, of Berlin, Connecticut.

² "In this crowded, classical, and animated picture, the occasional resemblance to Lord Byron ought not to be called an imitation so much as a successful attempt at rivalry." Read articles on his poetry, in the 14th, 16th, and 22d volumes of the "*North American Review*," and 2d of the "*American Quarterly Review*."

And, crush'd and bruised by many a blow,
 She cower'd beneath her savage foes :
 But now again she springs from earth,
 Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks ;
 She rises in a brighter birth,
 And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee,—
 Their servile years have roll'd away ;
 The clouds that hover'd o'er them flee,
 They hail the dawn of freedom's day ;
 From heaven the golden light descends,
 The times of old are on the wing,
 And glory there her pinion bends,
 And beauty wakes a fairer spring ;
 The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
 Are all in triumph's pomp array'd ;
 A light that points their tyrants' graves
 Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,
 Where wisdom held her pure abode :
 The hill of Mars, where light divine
 Proclaim'd the true but unknown God ;
 Where justice held unyielding sway,
 And trampled all corruption down,
 And onward took her lofty way
 To reach at truth's unfading crown :
 The rock, where liberty was full,
 Where eloquence her torrents roll'd,
 And loud, against the despot's rule,
 A knell the patriot's fury toll'd :
 The stage, whereon the drama spake
 In tones that seem'd the words of Heaven,
 Which made the wretch in terror shake,
 As by avenging furies driven :
 The groves and gardens, where the fire
 Of wisdom, as a fountain, burn'd,
 And every eye, that dared aspire
 To truth, has long in worship turn'd :
 The halls and porticos, where trod
 The moral sage, severe, unstain'd,
 And where the intellectual God
 In all the light of science reign'd :
 The schools, where rose in symmetry
 The simple, but majestic pile,
 Where marble threw its roughness by,
 To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,
 Where colors made the canvas live,
 Where music roll'd her flood along,
 And all the charms that art can give,
 Were blent with beauty, love, and song :
 The port, from whose capacious womb
 Her navies took their conquering road :
 The heralds of an awful doom
 To all who would not kiss her rod :—

On these a dawn of glory springs,
 These trophies of her brightest fame;
 Away the long-chain'd city flings
 Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame;
 Again her ancient souls awake,
 Harmodius bears anew his sword;
 Her sons in wrath their fetters break,
 And freedom is their only lord.

CONSUMPTION.

There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
 When the light of beauty is fading away,
 When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
 And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone,
 And darted around its glance of power,
 And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
 That ever in Pæstum's¹ garden blew,
 Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
 When all that was bright and fair is fled,
 But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

Oh, there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
 Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose;
 For a nameless charm around her plays,
 And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
 And a veil of spotless purity
 Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye;
 Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
 Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
 And there is a blending of white and blue,
 Where the purple blood is melting through
 The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
 And there are tones, that sweetly speak
 Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
 And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
 When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
 Its silent steps through a flowery path,
 And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,
 Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
 When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
 In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
 The maiden may trip in the dance along,
 And think of the passing moment, that lies,
 Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
 And yield to the present, that charms around
 With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
 Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
 With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
 And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
 And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er

¹ Biferique rosaria Pæsti.—VIRGIL, *Geor.* iv. 119.

With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
 For short is the stay of grief in her breast :
 In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
 The spirit may burn with a brighter power ;
 But dearer the calm and quiet day,
 When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
 And life wears out with no repining,
 And the whisper, that tells of early death,
 Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
 When it comes at the hour of still repose,
 To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose ;
 And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
 Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow ;
 And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,—
 But the hectic spot that flushes there,
 When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
 In a sudden gush is deeply swelling,
 And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
 Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
 As richly red, and as transient too,
 As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
 That seem like a host of glory met
 To honor the sun at his golden set :
 Oh, then, when the spirit is taking wing,
 How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
 As if she would blend her soul with his
 In a deep and long imprinted kiss !
 So fondly the panting camel flies,
 Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,
 And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
 And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
 And though her dying voice be mute,
 Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
 And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
 And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
 Her eye still beams unwonted fires
 With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
 And her last fond, lingering look is given
 To the love she leaves, and then to heaven ;
 As if she would bear that love away
 To a purer world and a brighter day.

NIGHT.

Am I not all alone?—The world is still
 In passionless slumber,—not a tree but feels
 The far-pervading hush, and softer steals
 The misty river by.—Yon broad bare hill
 Looks coldly up to heaven, and all the stars
 Seem eyes deep fix'd in silence, as if bound
 By some unearthly spell,—no other sound
 But the owl's unfrequent moan.—Their airy cars
 The winds have station'd on the mountain-peaks.

Am I not all alone?—A spirit speaks
 From the abyss of night, "Not all alone,—
 Nature is round thee with her banded powers,
 And ancient genius haunts thee in these hours,—
 Mind and its kingdom now are all thy own."

LOVE OF STUDY.¹

And wherefore does the student trim his lamp,
 And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
 Are holding their high festival in heaven,
 And worshipping around the midnight throne?
 And wherefore does he spend so patiently,
 In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours
 Of youth and joyance, when the blood is warm,
 And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?

He has his pleasures,—he has his reward:
 For there is in the company of books,
 The living souls of the departed sage,
 And bard and hero; there is in the roll
 Of eloquence and history, which speak
 The deeds of early and of better days;
 In these and in the visions that arise
 Sublime in midnight musings, and array
 Conceptions of the mighty and the good,
 There is an elevating influence,
 That snatches us a while from earth, and lifts
 The spirit in its strong aspirings, where
 Superior beings fill the court of heaven.
 And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk
 With high imaginings, and pictures out
 Communion with the worthies of old time.

* * * * *

With eye upturn'd, watching the many stars,
 And ear in deep attention fix'd, he sits,
 Communing with himself, and with the world,
 The universe around him, and with all
 The beings of his memory and his hopes;
 Till past becomes reality, and joys,
 That beckon in the future, nearer draw,
 And ask fruition,—oh, there is a pure,
 A hallow'd feeling in these midnight dreams!
 They have the light of heaven around them, breathe
 The odor of its sanctity, and are
 Those moments taken from the sands of life,
 Where guilt makes no intrusion, but they bloom
 Like islands flowering on Arabia's wild.
 And there is pleasure in the utterance
 Of pleasant images in pleasant words,

¹ "There are many youths, and some men, who most earnestly devote themselves to solitary studies, from the mere love of the pursuit. I have here attempted to give some of the causes of a devotion which appears so unaccountable to the stirring world."

Melting like melody into the ear,
 And stealing on in one continual flow
 Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy
 Ineffable to dwell upon the lines
 That register our feelings, and portray,
 In colors always fresh and ever new,
 Emotions that were sanctified, and loved,
 As something far too tender, and too pure,
 For forms so frail and fading.

EXTRACT FROM PROMETHEUS.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are frail,
 Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay ;
 Though darken'd in this poor life by a veil
 Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
 In truth's eternal sunbeams ; on the way
 To heaven's high capitol our cars shall roll ;
 The temple of the Power whom all obey,
 That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
 Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it,—though the flesh is weak, I feel
 The spirit has its energies untamed
 By all its fatal wanderings ; time may heal
 The wounds which it has suffer'd ; folly claim'd
 Too large a portion of its youth ; ashamed
 Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly,
 And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed
 Elijah, when the chariot, rushing by,
 Bore him with steeds of fire triumphant to the sky.

We are as barks afloat upon the sea,
 Helmless and oarless ; when the light has fled
 The spirit, whose strong influence can free
 The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead
 Cold night of mortal darkness ; from the bed
 Of sloth he rouses at her sacred call,
 And, kindling in the blaze around him shed,
 Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall,
 And gives to God his strength, his heart, his mind, his all.

Our home is not on earth ; although we sleep,
 And sink in seeming death a while, yet, then,
 The awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap
 To life, and energy, and light, again ;
 We cannot slumber always in the den
 Of sense and selfishness ; the day will break,
 Ere we forever leave the haunts of men ;
 Even at the parting hour the soul will wake,
 Nor, like a senseless brute, its unknown journey take.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings
 The hoary wretch, who on his death-bed hears,
 Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,
 In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years ;

And, screaming like a vulture in his ears,
 Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds of shame,
 How wild the fury of his soul careers!
 His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
 And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his frame.

MARIA BROOKS, 1795—1845.

MARIA GOWEN (known by the name of "Maria del Occidente," given to her by the poet Southey) was descended from a Welsh family, and born in Medford in 1795. She early displayed uncommon powers of mind, which were judiciously cultivated and directed by an intelligent and educated father. She was married very early in life to Mr. John Brooks, a merchant-tailor of Boston, who, a few years after their marriage, lost the greater part of his property, when Mrs. Brooks resorted to poetry for her amusement and consolation. In 1820, she gave to the public a small volume, entitled *Judith, Esther, and other Poems, by a Lover of the Fine Arts*. It contained much that was beautiful, and gave promise of far higher excellence. In 1823, Mr. Brooks died, and she went to reside with a paternal uncle in Cuba, where, in 1824, she completed her first canto of *Zophiel, or The Bride of Seven*, which she had planned and nearly written before leaving Boston. It was published in Boston in 1825: other cantos were written from time to time, and the sixth was published in 1829.

Mrs. Brooks's uncle having died, leaving her an ample income, she returned soon after to the United States, and in 1831 visited England, where she was cordially welcomed by the poet Southey, who pronounced her "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." When she left England, she intrusted to his care her completed work, which he carried through the press, in London, in 1833. After returning home, she had printed, for private circulation, *Idomen, or the Vale of the Yumuri*, being simply her own history, under a different name. In 1843, she sailed for Matanzas, in Cuba, where she died on the 11th of November, 1845.

Zophiel, or The Bride of Seven, Mrs. Brooks's chief poem, is a beautiful tale of an exiled Jewish maiden in Media, and is evidently suggested by the Book of Tobit in the Apocrypha. Sara, the heroine in Tobit, is married to seven husbands successively, who all die on entering the bridal chamber, being killed by Asmodeus, the evil spirit. At last Tobias, the son of Tobit, being instructed by the angel Raphael how to overcome the evil spirit, marries Sara, and drives off Asmodeus by means of "a smoke" made of "the liver and heart of a fish." In Mrs. Brooks's poem, *The Bride of Seven*, Zophiel is Asmodeus, and Egla is Sara, a maiden of exquisite beauty, grace, and tenderness; but though the poem shows much artistic skill and has many passages of great beauty and power, it is deficient in simplicity and true human feeling, and receives rather the homage of the intellect than of the heart. Hence, while it commands the warm approbation of the few, it will never please or interest the many. Some of Mrs. Brooks's minor poems, however, have all the finish of *Zophiel*, and at the same time interest our feelings.

MORNING.

How beauteous art thou, O thou morning sun!—

The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires
As much thy beauty, now life's dream is done,
As when he moved exulting in his fires.

The infant strains his little arms to catch
The rays that glance about his silken hair;
And Luxury hangs her amber lamps, to match
Thy face, when turn'd away from bower and palace fair.

Sweet to the lip the draught, the blushing fruit;
Music and perfumes mingle with the soul;
How thrills the kiss, when feeling's voice is mute!
And light and beauty's tints enhance the whole.

Yet each keen sense were dulness but for thee:
Thy ray to joy, love, virtue, genius, warms;
Thou never weariest; no inconstancy
But comes to pay new homage to thy charms.

How many lips have sung thy praise, how long!
Yet, when his slumbering harp he feels thee woo,
The pleased bard pours forth another song,
And finds in thee, like love, a theme forever new.

Thy dark-eyed daughters come in beauty forth,
In thy near realms; and, like their snow-wreaths fair
The bright-hair'd youths and maidens of the north
Smile in thy colors when thou art not there.

'Tis there thou bidst a deeper ardor glow,
And higher, purer reveries completest;
As drops that farthest from the ocean flow,
Refining all the way, form springs the sweetest.

Haply, sometimes, spent with the sleepless night,
Some wretch, impassion'd, from sweet morning's breath
Turns his hot brow, and sickens at thy light;
But Nature, ever kind, soon heals or gives him death.

CONFIDING LOVE.

What bliss for her who lives her little day,
In blest obedience, like to those divine,
Who to her loved, her earthly lord, can say,
"God is thy law, most just, and thou art mine."
To every blast she bends in beauty meek:
Let the storm beat—his arms her shelter kind—
And feels no need to blanch her rosy cheek
With thoughts befitting his superior mind.
Who only sorrows when she sees him pain'd,
Then knows to pluck away Pain's keenest dart;
Or bid Love catch it ere its goal be gain'd,
And steal its venom ere it reach his heart.

'Tis the soul's food : the fervid must adore.—
 For this the heathen, unsufficed with thought,
 Moulds him an idol of the glittering ore,
 And shrines his smiling goddess, marble-wrought.
 What bliss for her, even in this world of woe,
 O Sire! who mak'st yon orb strewn arch thy throne;
 That sees thee in thy noblest work below
 Shine undefaced, adored, and all her own!
 This I had hoped, but hope, too dear, too great,
 Go to thy grave!—I feel thee blasted, now.
 Give me, Fate's sovereign, well to bear the fate
 Thy pleasure sends: this, my sole prayer, allow!

MARRIAGE.

The bard has sung, God never form'd a soul
 Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
 Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
 Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!
 But thousand evil things there are that hate
 To look on happiness: these hurt, impede,
 And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
 Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed
 And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
 From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;
 So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
 Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
 Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty, and despairing
 Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

SONG.

Day, in melting purple dying,
 Blossoms, all around me sighing,
 Fragrance, from the lilies straying,
 Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,
 Ye but waken my distress;
 I am sick of loneliness.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
 Come, ere night around me darken;
 Though thy softness but deceive me,
 Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
 Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,—
 Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
 All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
 Let the shining ore lie darkling,
 Bring no gem in lustre sparkling:

Gifts and gold are naught to me;
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if compressed
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee;
Once, in caution, I could fly thee:
Now, I nothing could deny thee;
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE.

THE life of Dr. Sprague, like the lives of most literary men, has been but little fertile in incidents. He was born in Andover, Connecticut, on the 16th of October, 1795, his paternal ancestor having originally settled in Duxbury, Massachusetts. He was fitted for college chiefly under the Rev. Abiel Abbot, of Coventry, and entered Yale College in 1811. After receiving his degree, he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and when he had completed his course there, he was invited to become a colleague with the Rev. Dr. Joseph Lathrop, at West Springfield, Massachusetts, where he was settled August 25, 1819. In July, 1829, he resigned his charge there, and on the 26th of the next month was installed pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany, New York, where he has continued to this day, in a life of constant employment and most extended usefulness.

Dr. Sprague's published works have been very numerous, and all of them are excellent in their kind. The following, we believe, are the chief of them:—*Letters to a Daughter*, 1822; *Letters from Europe*, 1828; *Lectures to Young People*, 1831; *Lectures on Revivals*, 1832; *Hints on Christian Intercourse*, 1834; *Contrast between True and False Religion*, 1837; *Life of Rev. Edward Dorr Griffin*, 1838; *Life of President Dwight*, (in Sparks's American Biography,) 1845; *Aids to Early Religion*, 1847; *Words to a Young Man's Conscience*, 1848; *Letters to Young Men, founded on the Life of Joseph*, 1854,—of which eight editions have been issued; *European Celebrities*, 1855. In 1856 appeared, in large octavo form, the first two volumes of the great work on which his fame will chiefly rest, *Annals of the American Pulpit*. These comprise the lives of deceased clergymen of the orthodox Congregational Church. They were followed in 1858 by two more volumes, of the same size, upon the Presbyterian Church, and in 1859 by another volume, upon the Episcopal Church; and will, if his life and health permit, be

succeeded by volumes upon the clergymen of other denominations—the whole forming the most valuable and authentic books of reference of the kind in our language.

VOLTAIRE AND WILBERFORCE.

Let me now, for a moment, show you what the two systems—Atheism and Christianity—*can* do, *have* done, for *individual* character; and I can think of no two names to which I may refer with more confidence, in the way of illustration, than *Voltaire* and *Wilberforce*; both of them names which stand out with prominence upon the world's history, and each, in its own way, imperishable.

Voltaire was perhaps the master-spirit in the school of French Atheism;¹ and though he was not alive to participate in the horrors of the revolution, probably he did more by his writings to combine the elements for that tremendous tempest than any other man. And now I undertake to say that you may draw a character in which there shall be as much of the blackness of moral turpitude as your imagination can supply, and yet you shall not have exceeded the reality as it was found in the character of this apostle of Atheism. You may throw into it the darkest shades of selfishness, making the man a perfect idolater of himself; you may paint the serpent in his most wily form to represent deceit and cunning; you may let sensuality stand forth in all the loathsomeness of a beast in the mire; you may bring out envy, and malice, and all the baser and all the darker passions, drawing nutriment from the pit; and when you have done this, you may contemplate the character of Voltaire, and exclaim, "Here is the monstrous original!" The fires of his genius kindled only to wither and consume; he stood, for almost a century, a great tree of poison, not only cumbering the ground, but infusing death into the atmosphere; and though its foliage has long since dropped off, and its branches have withered, and its trunk fallen, under the hand of time, its deadly root still remains; and the very earth that nourishes it is cursed for its sake.

And now I will speak of Wilberforce; and I do it with gratitude and triumph,—gratitude to the God who made him what he was; triumph that there is that in his very name which ought to

¹ I am not aware that Voltaire ever formally professed himself an Atheist; and I well know that his writings contain some things which would seem inconsistent with atheistical opinions. But not only are many of his works deeply pervaded by the spirit of Atheism, but there is scarcely a doctrine of natural religion which he has not somewhere directly and bitterly assailed; so that I cannot doubt that he falls fairly into the ranks of those who say, "There is no God."

make Atheism turn pale. Wilberforce was the friend of man. Wilberforce was the friend of enslaved and wretched man. Wilberforce (for I love to repeat his name) consecrated the energies of his whole life to one of the noblest objects of benevolence; it was in the cause of injured Africa that he often passed the night in intense and wakeful thought; that he counselled with the wise, and reasoned with the unbelieving, and expostulated with the unmerciful; that his heart burst forth with all its melting tenderness, and his genius with all its electric fire; that he turned the most accidental meeting into a conference for the relief of human woe, and converted even the Senate-House into a theatre of benevolent action. Though his zeal had at one time almost eaten him up, and the vigor of his frame was so far gone that he stooped over and looked into his own grave, yet his faith failed not; his fortitude failed not; and, blessed be God, the vital spark was kindled up anew, and he kept on laboring through a long succession of years; and at length, just as his friends were gathering around him to receive his last whisper, and the angels were gathering around to receive his departing spirit, the news, worthy to be borne by angels, was brought to him, that the great object to which his life had been given was gained; and then, Simeon-like, he clasped his hands to die, and went off to heaven with the sound of deliverance to the captive vibrating sweetly upon his ear.

Both Voltaire and Wilberforce are dead; but each of them lives in the character he has left behind him. And now who does not delight to honor the character of the one? who does not shudder to contemplate the character of the other?

Contrast between True and False Religion.

VIRTUE CROWNED WITH USEFULNESS.

What a noble example of usefulness was Joseph in every relation which he sustained—in every condition in which he was placed! Of what he was to the Midianitish merchants, previous to his being sold to Potiphar, we have no account; but, from that period to the close of his life, the monuments of his benevolent activity are continually rising before us. And what was true of Joseph is true of every other good man,—his life is crowned with usefulness. For the truth of this remark, I refer you to your own observation, and will ask your attention to a few thoughts only, illustrative of the manner in which virtue operates to secure this end.

In the first place, virtue renders its possessor useful, by securing to his faculties their right direction and their legitimate exercise. But, while virtue keeps the faculties appropriately em-

ployed, she makes the most of all those opportunities for doing good which grow out of the various relations and conditions in life. Place her where you will, and she finds means of usefulness, which she diligently and scrupulously improves. In the various occupations and professions in which the mass of men look for nothing beyond their own aggrandizement, the truly good man finds channels innumerable through which to send forth a healthful and quickening influence on the neighborhood, the community, the world. Suppose that he is so obscure that, though he is in your immediate neighborhood, you never hear of him—yet there are those who do know him, and to whom he has access in daily intercourse. These he can influence by his example, his conversation, perhaps by his prayers; and it is by no means improbable that some will dwell in heaven forever, because they have dwelt on earth within the circle of his influence. Or suppose that he is left to linger out years upon a sick-bed, and is thereby cut off from all intercourse, except with those who come to sympathize in his affliction, or minister to his wants—even there he may be an eminently useful man. By his faith in God, his cheerful submission, his elevated devotion, he may leave an indelible impression for good on those who are about his bedside; and the story of what passes there may penetrate some other hearts to which it may be communicated; and the prayers which he offers up may be the medium through which the richest blessings shall be conveyed to multitudes whom he has never seen. I repeat, it is the privilege of the good man to be useful always—he may be sick and poor, he may be unknown and forgotten, he may even be imprisoned and manacled, and yet, so long as he has lips that can move in prayer, or a heart that can beat to the spiritual miseries of the world, you may not say that he is a cumberer of the ground.

What a delightful employment to reflect on a useful life, when life is drawing to a close! How transported must have been the apostle when he could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith!" You, my young friends, will soon be in his circumstances, in respect to the opening of another world upon your spirits. Murmur not, though God place you in the humblest circumstances here; but be thankful that, even in these circumstances, your consciences may at least bear testimony to a useful life. Let this blessed result be accomplished in your experience, and, be your condition on earth what it may, you need not envy the rich man his wealth, nor the statesman his laurels, nor the monarch his crown.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

SARAH JOSEPHA BUELL was born in Newport, New Hampshire, in the year 1795, whither her parents had removed soon after the close of the Revolution, from Saybrook, Connecticut. Her mother was a woman of a highly cultivated mind, and attended carefully to the education of her children; and our authoress had also the advantage of the instruction of a brother who graduated at Dartmouth College in 1809. In 1814, she was married to Mr. David Hale, a lawyer of distinguished abilities and great excellence of character, but who died in 1822, leaving her with five children, the eldest but seven years old. To train, support, and educate these, she engaged in literature as a profession. Her first publication was *The Genius of Oblivion, and other Original Poems*, printed at Concord, in 1823. Her next work was *Northwood, a Tale of New England*, in two volumes, published in Boston, in 1827, in which is happily illustrated common life among the descendants of the Puritans. In 1828, she removed to Boston, and became the editor of "The Ladies' Magazine," the first periodical, exclusively devoted to her sex, which appeared in America. She continued to edit this until 1837, when it was united with "The Lady's Book," in Philadelphia, of the literary department of which she has ever since had charge.¹ However, as her sons were in Harvard College, she continued to reside in Boston, till 1841, when she removed to Philadelphia, where she now resides.

Mrs. Hale has been a most industrious, as well as instructive, writer. Her other publications are, *Sketches of American Character; Flora's Interpreter*; (republished in London;) *The Ladies' Wreath, a selection from the Female Poets of England and America*; *The Way to Live Well, and to be Well while we Live*; *Grosvenor, a Tragedy*; *Alice Ray, a Romance in Rhyme*; *Harry Gray, the Widow's Son, a Story of the Sea*; *Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love, and other Poems*; *A Complete Dictionary of Poetical Quotations, containing Selections from the Writings of the Poets of England and America*; and lastly, *Woman's Record, or, Sketches of all Distinguished Women from 'the beginning' till A.D. 1850*, a large octavo, in double columns, of nine hundred pages. This is the most important of her productions, and very valuable as a book of reference.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou *must* go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of Home!

¹ We always regretted that Mrs. Hale did not at once resign the editorial charge of "The Lady's Book" when its proprietor, Louis A. Godey, removed, at the dictation of some Southern subscribers, the name of Grace Greenwood from the cover of his magazine, because she was also a contributor to "The National Era." See his letter in the "Era," of February 12, 1850, to the editors of the Columbia (South Carolina) "Telegraph." For some deservedly severe comments upon this letter, see "The New York Independent" of that time.

Though Pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
 It dazzles to lead astray ;
 Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
 When treading thy lonely way:—

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
 And pure as vestal fire—
 'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
 For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-toss'd,
 And thy hopes may vanish like foam—
 When sails are shiver'd and compass lost,
 Then look to the light of Home !

And there, like a star through midnight cloud,
 Thou'lt see the beacon bright ;
 For never, till shining on thy shroud,
 Can be quench'd its holy light.

The sun of fame may gild the *name*,
 But the *heart* ne'er felt its ray ;
 And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
 Are beams of a wintry day :

How cold and dim those beams would be,
 Should Life's poor wanderer come !—
 My son, when the world is dark to thee,
 Then turn to the light of Home.

IT SNOWS.

"It snows!" cries the Schoolboy,—*"Hurrah!"* and his shout
 Is ringing through parlor and hall,
 While swift, as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
 And his playmates have answer'd his call :
 It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy,—
 Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
 Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
 As he gathers his treasures of snow ;
 Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
 While health and the riches of Nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the Imbecile,—*"Ah!"* and his breath
 Comes heavy, as clogg'd with a weight ;
 While from the pale aspect of Nature in death,
 He turns to the blaze of his grate :
 And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushion'd chair
 Is wheel'd tow'rd's the life-giving flame,—
 He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burden'd air,
 Lest it wither his delicate frame :
 Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
 When the fear we shall die only proves that we live !

"It snows!" cries the Traveller,—*"Ho!"* and the word
 Has quicken'd his steed's lagging pace ;

The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,—
 Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
 For bright through the tempest his own home appear'd,—
 Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see;
 There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
 And his wife with their babes at her knee.
 Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
 That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows!" cries the Belle,—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns
 From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
 Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns
 While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
 There are visions of conquest, of splendor, and mirth,
 Floating over each drear winter's day;
 But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
 Will melt, like the snow-flakes, away;
 Turn, turn thee to heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
 That world has a fountain ne'er open'd in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow,—"O God!" and her sighs
 Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
 Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
 On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.
 'Tis night,—and her fatherless ask her for bread,—
 But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
 And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
 And she lays on her last chip of wood.
 Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows,—
 'Tis a pitiful lot to be poor when it snows!

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

FRANCIS WAYLAND, for more than a quarter of a century the distinguished President of Brown University, was born in the city of New York, on the 11th of March, 1796. When he was eleven years of age, his father removed to Poughkeepsie, where he was prepared for college by the Rev. Daniel H. Barnes. In 1811, he entered the junior class in Union College, and, after graduating, studied medicine for three years, and was admitted to practice; but, experiencing a change of religious views, he relinquished this profession for the ministry, and in 1816 entered the theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. In 1817, he accepted a tutorship in Union College, and in 1821 he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Boston. While here, he published, in 1823, his first printed work,—a sermon on *The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise*,—a very eloquent production, which had great success, and placed him in the rank of the first writers of his day. To this succeeded, in 1825, two excellent discourses on *The Duties of an American Citizen*.

In 1826, he returned to Schenectady as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Union College; but, before the close of the year, he removed to

Providence, Rhode Island, having been elected to the presidency of Brown University, into which office he was inducted in February, 1827; and never was a choice of a president more happy, for the college started at once into new life. In a few years appeared his *Moral Science*, *Political Economy*, and *Intellectual Philosophy*, which have enjoyed great popularity, and been introduced as textbooks into many of our best colleges. He also deserves high commendation for the noble part he has borne in the anti-slavery discussion, shown partly in his correspondence with Rev. Richard Fuller, of Beaufort, South Carolina. Their letters were published in one duodecimo volume, entitled *Domestic Slavery considered as a Scriptural Institution*.

Besides the great ability and thoroughness conspicuous in all his writings, Dr. Wayland has shown true independence in thought and action. He was the first President of a college to advocate and carry out a change in the collegiate course, extending the benefits of the college beyond the small class intending to pursue professional studies, by introducing a partial course to be pursued by such as intend to engage in mechanics or in mercantile business, and conferring degrees according to the attainments made. He has also identified himself with a movement among his own religious denomination, by the advocacy of lay preaching,¹ and a better adaptation of the training of candidates to the work of the Christian ministry. In 1856, Dr. Wayland resigned the presidency of Brown University, and now resides in Providence.²

THE OBJECT OF MISSIONS.

Our object will not have been accomplished till the tomahawk shall be buried forever, and the tree of peace spread its broad branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; until a thousand smiling villages shall be reflected from the waves of the Missouri, and the distant valleys of the West echo with the song of the reaper; till the wilderness and the solitary place shall have been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Our labors are not to cease until the last slave-ship shall have visited the coast of Africa, and, the nations of Europe and America having long since redressed her aggravated wrongs,

¹ Read an admirable book, anonymously published in 1857, by J. B. Lippincott & Co., entitled "Priesthood and Clergy Unknown to Christianity; or, The Church a Community of Co-Equal Brethren." The author is one of our most distinguished "divines,"—a D.D. eminent alike for his piety and learning.

² His published works are,—1. *Occasional Discourses*, 1 vol.; 2. *Moral Science*; 3. *Political Economy*; 4. *Thoughts on Collegiate Education*; 5. *Limitations of Human Responsibility*; 6. *University Sermons*; 7. *Memoirs of Judson*, 2 vols.; 8. *Intellectual Philosophy*; 9. *Notes on the Principles and Practices of the Baptists*. Besides these volumes, a number of his occasional addresses and discourses have been published; as, *Discourse on the Life and Character of Hon. Nicholas Brown*; of William G. Goddard, LL.D.; and of James N. Granger, D.D. His latest work (1858) is a duodecimo of 281 pages, entitled *Sermons to the Churches*.

Ethiopia, from the Mediterranean to the Cape, shall have stretched forth her hand unto God.

In a word, point us to the loveliest village that smiles upon a Scottish or New England landscape, and compare it with the filthiness and brutality of a Caffrarian kraal, and we tell you that our object is to render that Caffrarian kraal as happy and as glad-some as that Scottish or New England village. Point us to the spot on the face of the earth where liberty is best understood and most perfectly enjoyed, where intellect shoots forth in its richest luxuriance, and where all the kindlier feelings of the heart are constantly seen in their most graceful exercise; point us to the loveliest and happiest neighborhood in the world on which we dwell, and we tell you that our object is to render this whole earth, with all its nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people, as happy, nay, happier than that neighborhood. Our object is to furnish every family upon the face of the whole earth with the word of God written in its own language, and to send to every neighborhood a preacher of the cross of Christ. Our object will not be accomplished until every idol temple shall have been utterly abolished, and a temple of Jehovah erected in its room; until this earth, instead of being a theatre, ~~on~~ which immortal beings are preparing by crime for eternal condemnation, shall become one universal temple, in which the children of men are learning the anthems of the blessed above, and becoming meet to join the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.

THE ILIAD AND THE BIBLE.

Of all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their contemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon that generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But, after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamant basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impression can be traced through successive centuries, on the history of our species!

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the Iliad of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by the incomparable efforts of a single mind? who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song? Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all

point us to that transcendent genius, who, by the very splendor of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer who inspired the poet; it was Homer who thundered in the senate; and, more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the Iliad became the region of taste, the birthplace of the arts.

But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Where in the Iliad shall we find simplicity and pathos which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job, or David, or Isaiah, or St. John? But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined.

If, then, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost?

THE GUILT OF PUNISHING THE INNOCENT.

By our very constitution as men, we are under solemn and unchangeable obligations to respect the rights of the meanest thing that lives. Every other man is created with the same rights as ourselves; and most of all, he is created with the inalienable "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." To deprive him of these as a punishment for crime, while yet he continues under the protection of law, is one of the severest inflictions that the criminal code of any human government can recognize, even when the punishment is confined to his own person. But what crime can be conceived of so atrocious as to justify the consigning of a human being to servitude for life, and the extension of this punishment to his posterity down to the remotest generations? Were this the penalty even for murder, every man in the civilized world would rise up in indignation at its enormous

injustice. How great, then, must be the injustice when such a doom is inflicted, not upon criminals convicted of atrocious wickedness, but upon men, women, and children who have never been accused of any crime, and against whom there is not even the suspicion of guilt! Can any moral creature of God be innocent that inflicts such punishment upon his fellow-creatures who have never done any thing to deserve it? I ask, what have those poor, defenceless, and undefended black men done, that they and their children forever should thus be consigned to hopeless servitude? If they have done nothing, how can we be innocent if we inflict such punishment upon them? But yet more. The spirit of Christianity, if I understand it aright, teaches us not merely the principles of pure and elevated justice, but those of the most tender and all-embracing charity. The Captain of our salvation was anointed "to preach the gospel to the poor; he was sent to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised." "He is the comforter of them that are cast down." Can the disciple of such a Saviour, then, inflict the *least*, how much less the *greatest* of punishments upon a human being who has never been guilty of a crime that should deserve it?

THE TRUE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

It so chanced that, at the close of the last war with Great Britain, I was temporarily a resident of the city of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth, and, as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed. Our harbors were blockaded. Communication coast-wise, between our ports, was cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual products were moulding in our warehouses. The sources of profitable labor were dried up. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the Government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protracted.

It happened that, on a Saturday afternoon in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel, bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily, before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became pain-

fully intense as the hours of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our Government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell rushed in breathless haste into the city, to repeat them to their friends, shouting, as they ran through the streets, Peace! peace! peace! Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting like mad men, Peace! peace! peace! When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few men slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fireside, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was over, and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, every one becoming a herald, the news soon reached every man, woman, and child in the city, and in this sense the city was evangelized. All this you see was reasonable and proper. But when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace, when men doomed to hell may be raised to seats at the right hand of God, why is not a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Why are men perishing all around us, and no one has ever personally offered to them salvation through a crucified Redeemer?

But who is thus to preach the gospel? What would be the answer to this question, if we listen to the voice of common humanity? When the brazen serpent was lifted up, who was to carry the good news throughout the camp? When the glad tidings of peace arrived in the city, who was to proclaim it to his fellow-citizens? When the news of peace with God, through the blood of the covenant, is proclaimed to us, who shall make it known to those perishing in sin? The answer in each case is, *every one*. Were no command given, the common principles of our nature would teach us that nothing but the grossest selfishness would claim to be exempted from the joyful duty of extending to others the blessing which we have received ourselves.

But let us see how the apostles themselves understood the precept. Their own narrative shall inform us. "At that time there was a great persecution against the church that was at Jerusalem, and they were scattered abroad throughout all the regions of Judea and Samaria, *except the apostles*." "Therefore, they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." These men were not apostles, nor even original disciples of Christ; for they were men of Cyprus and Cyrene. Yet they went everywhere preaching the word, and in so doing they pleased the

Master, for the Holy Spirit accompanied their labors with the blessing from on high. The ascended Saviour thus approved of their conduct, and testified that their understanding of his last command was correct.

Indeed, the Saviour requires every disciple, as soon as he becomes a partaker of divine grace, to become a herald of salvation to his fellow-men; and every man possessed of the gifts for the ministry mentioned in the New Testament is bound to consecrate them to Christ, either in connection with his secular pursuits, or by devoting his whole time to this particular service. If this be so, you see that in the church of Christ there is no ministerial caste; no class elevated in rank above their brethren, on whom devolves the discharge of the more dignified or more honorable portions of Christian labor, while the rest of the disciples are to do nothing but raise the funds necessary for their support. The minister does the same work that is to be done by every other member of the body of Christ; but, since he does it exclusively, he may be expected to do it more to edification. Is it his business to labor for the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of the body of Christ? so is it theirs. In every thing which they do as disciples, he is to be their example. I know that we now restrict to the ministry the administration of the ordinances, and to this rule I think there can be no objection. *But we all know that for this restriction we have no example in the New Testament.*

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, 1796—1859.

THIS eminent historian was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of May, 1796. His grandfather was Colonel William Prescott, who, in conjunction with General Putnam, commanded at the battle of Bunker Hill. His father, Hon. William Prescott, was born in Pepperell, Massachusetts, and, after residing in Salem from 1798 to 1808, removed to Boston, where for nearly forty years he practised law, eminently distinguished as a jurist and as one of the wisest and best men Massachusetts has produced.

Our author had the benefit of his early classical training under Dr. Gardner, of Boston, who was a pupil of Dr. Parr; and in 1814 he graduated at Harvard College. It was his intention to devote himself to the profession of his father, but just before commencement an accident deprived him of one of his eyes, and the other, from sympathy, became so weak that he could not use it with safety. He spent two years in travelling in England and on the continent, where he consulted the best oculists, but obtained no relief. On his return home, the question presented itself to him, to what he should devote his life. Feeling that professional life would make greater requisitions upon the organs of sight than literary

occupation, in which he could make greater use of the eyes of others, he resolved on becoming an historian, and to devote ten years in preparing himself for the work. It was a beautiful sight to see a young man of fortune, whose partial deprivation of sight might have been an excuse for declining all exertion, thus rising above his affliction, and, with an industry that never tired, and a courage that never faltered, toiling day after day and year after year for an end so worthy and so noble.

He selected for his subject the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, one of the few important subjects of European history which had not been fully treated of, and which seemed to invite the hand of a master. This great work appeared in 1838, and was published simultaneously in London and Boston. It was received on both sides of the Atlantic with the highest praise.¹ It has since run through many editions, and been translated into German, Italian, French, and Spanish. This was followed by his *Conquest of Mexico*, in 1843; and in 1847 appeared his *Conquest of Peru*. In both of these works he draws largely from manuscript materials received from Spain; both are written in the author's most attractive and brilliant style, and both were followed by the highest and most gratifying success in Europe and America.

In 1850, Mr. Prescott made a short visit to England, where he was received with marked kindness and respect by men most distinguished in society and letters, and where the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law.

He now planned his last, (as it has proved to be,) and most comprehensive work, *The History of the Reign of Philip the Second*, and collected a large amount of materials for it. But of this he lived to complete and publish only three volumes, comprising about fifteen years of Philip's reign, leaving twenty-eight more to be treated; when his indefatigable labors were cut short by his sudden death. He was seized with apoplexy, at his residence, Beacon Street, Boston, on the 28th of January, 1859, at half-past twelve, and expired at two o'clock.

Mr. Prescott was not only a man of genius and elegant scholarship, who has shed a lustre on the literature of America, but one whose high moral worth, amiable disposition, and charming companionable qualities made him the ornament and delight of every social circle. His death, therefore, was a great loss to society as well as to the nation and the world of letters.²

¹ "Mr. Prescott's work is one of the most successful historical productions of our time. Besides the merits which we have already alluded to, the author possesses one which, in our opinion, is worth all the rest,—that is, impartiality. The inhabitant of another world, he seems to have shaken off all the prejudices of ours: he has written a history without party spirit and without bias of any sort. In a word, he has, in every respect, made a most valuable addition to our historical literature."—*Edinburgh Review*, lxviii. 404.

"An historical work that need hardly fear a comparison with any that has issued from the European press since this century began."—*London Quarterly Review*, lxiv. 58.

² The London "Athenæum," which has rarely of late years praised the work of any American author, devotes five columns to a review of the new volume of Prescott's *History of the Reign of Philip the Second*. It says, "In no previous compositions has he exhibited, we think, so much sustained, varied, and concentrated power. The style throughout runs on a high level, but is free from all artificial pomp and rhetorical redundancy. It is at once simple, firm, and digni-

RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned. He exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics, possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic

fied." The review concludes as follows:—"The genius of Mr. Prescott as a historian has never been exhibited to better advantage than in this very remarkable volume, which is grounded on varied and ample authority."

At a meeting of the New York Historical Society, shortly after Mr. Prescott's death, Mr. Bancroft, the historian, made some feeling and appropriate remarks, from which we select the following:—"Mr. Prescott's personal appearance itself was singularly pleasing, and won for him everywhere, in advance, a welcome and favor. His countenance had something that brought to mind 'the beautiful disdain' that hovers on that of the Apollo. But, while he was high-spirited, he was tender, and gentle, and humane. His voice was like music; and one could never hear enough of it. His cheerfulness reached and animated all about him. He could indulge in playfulness, and could also speak earnestly and profoundly; but he knew not how to be ungracious or pedantic. In truth, the charms of his conversation were unequalled, he so united the rich stores of memory with the ease of one who is familiar with the world."

language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New-World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension, to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

QUEEN ISABELLA.

Her person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair,—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms

introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries in person, taking her needlework with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When travelling in Galicia, she attired herself in the costume of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendancy over her turbulent subjects which no king of Spain could ever boast.

She spoke the Castilian with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate even to abstemiousness in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine, and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence; but she had no relish for it in private; and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted.

Among her moral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in which they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents or sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes in all his obnoxious but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova; and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt, by both, as the last of their good fortune. Artifice and duplicity were so abhorrent to her character, and so averse from her domestic policy, that, when they appear in the foreign relations of Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust or latent malice; and, although stern in the execution and exaction of

public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even sometimes advances, to those who had personally injured her.

But the principle which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind was piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance, which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as nothing in after-life had power to shake. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's court; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers, for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity,—

“Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.”

Such was the decorum of her manners that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightest reproach was breathed on her fair name in this corrupt and calumnious court.

THE CHARACTER AND FATE OF MONTEZUMA.

When Montezuma ascended the throne, he was scarcely twenty-three years of age. Young, and ambitious of extending his empire, he was continually engaged in war, and is said to have been present himself in nine pitched battles. He was greatly renowned for his martial prowess, for he belonged to the *Quachictin*, the highest military order of his nation, and one into which but few even of its sovereigns had been admitted. In later life, he preferred intrigue to violence, as more consonant to his character and priestly education. In this he was as great an adept as any prince of his time, and, by arts not very honorable to himself, succeeded in filching away much of the territory of his royal kinsman of Tezcuco. Severe in the administration of justice, he made important reforms in the arrangement of the tribunals. He introduced other innovations in the royal household, creating new offices, introducing a lavish magnificence and forms of courtly etiquette unknown to his ruder predecessors. He was, in short, most attentive to all that concerned the exterior and pomp of royalty. Stately and decorous, he was careful of his own dignity, and might be said to be as great an “actor of majesty” among the barbarian potentates of the New World, as Louis the Fourteenth was among the polished princes of Europe.

He was deeply tinctured, moreover, with that spirit of bigotry which threw such a shade over the latter days of the French monarch. He received the Spaniards as the beings predicted by his oracles. The anxious dread, with which he had evaded their

proffered visit, was founded on the same feelings which led him so blindly to resign himself to them on their approach. He felt himself rebuked by their superior genius. He at once conceded all that they demanded,—his treasures, his power, even his person. For their sake, he forsook his wonted occupations, his pleasures, his most familiar habits. He might be said to forego his nature, and, as his subjects asserted, to change his sex and become a woman. If we cannot refuse our contempt for the pusillanimity of the Aztec monarch, it should be mitigated by the consideration that his pusillanimity sprung from his superstition, and that superstition in the savage is the substitute for religious principle in the civilized man.

It is not easy to contemplate the fate of Montezuma without feelings of the strongest compassion,—to see him thus borne along the tide of events beyond his power to avert or control; to see him, like some stately tree, the pride of his own Indian forests, towering aloft in the pomp and majesty of its branches, by its very eminence a mark for the thunderbolt, the first victim of the tempest which was to sweep over its native hills! When the wise king of Tezcuco addressed his royal relative at his coronation, he exclaimed, "Happy the empire, which is now in the meridian of its prosperity, for the sceptre is given to one whom the Almighty has in his keeping; and the nations shall hold him in reverence!" Alas! the subject of this auspicious invocation lived to see his empire melt away like the winter's wreath; to see a strange race drop, as it were, from the clouds on his land; to find himself a prisoner in the palace of his fathers, the companion of those who were the enemies of his gods and his people; to be insulted, reviled, trodden in the dust, by the meanest of his subjects, by those who, a few months previous, had trembled at his glance; drawing his last breath in the halls of a stranger,—a lonely outcast in the heart of his own capital! He was the sad victim of destiny,—a destiny as dark and irresistible in its march as that which broods over the mythic legends of antiquity!

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK.

This pleasing writer was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Her father, the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick,—one of the first men in the State,—was at one time Speaker of the House of Representatives, and afterwards Senator in Congress, and at the time of his death (January 24, 1813) was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

Miss Sedgwick first appeared as an author in 1822, by the publication of *A New England Tale*, the success of which was so great as to induce her to continue in a

career so auspiciously begun. In 1824, she published *Redwood, a Tale*, which immediately became very popular. In 1827 appeared *Hope Leslie, or Early Times in Massachusetts*, in two volumes; in 1830, *Clarence, a Tale of Our Own Times*; and in 1835, *The Linwoods, or Sixty Years Since in America*,—the last, and, as many think, the best, of her novels.¹

In 1836, she struck out into a new path, and gave to the public *Home*,—the first of an admirable series of stories illustrative of everyday life. This was followed by *The Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man*,² *Live, and Let Live*; and this, by *Means and Ends, or Self-Training*. Then appeared two volumes of delightful juvenile tales,—*A Love-Token for Children, and Stories for Young Persons*. Soon after these appeared a small volume,—*Morals of Manners*, with a sequel of *Facts and Fancies*. It was introduced into the school-libraries of New York, and exerted a happy influence in educating the manners of the young. The *Boy of Mount Rhigi* was written by request of a friend, to be read to prisoners in a house of correction, and it was listened to with great interest.

In 1839, Miss Sedgwick went to Europe, and during the year she was there, wrote her *Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home*, which, on her return, were published in two volumes. She has also written a *Life of Lucretia M. Davidson*, published in the seventh volume of "Sparks's American Biography," and has contributed many articles to "The Lady's Book," and other periodicals. Her last published work is entitled *Married or Single*.³

A SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

The observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans, as it still does with a great portion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal

¹ "We think this work the most agreeable that Miss Sedgwick has yet published. It is written throughout with the same good taste, and quiet, unpretending power, which characterize all her productions, and is superior to most of them in the variety of the characters brought into action, and the interest of the fable."—*North American Review*, xlii. 160.

² "*The Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man* is one of those rare productions of wisdom and genius which none can read without delight, and which are adapted to leave deep impressions of duty. If we dared to allude to so trite a saying as that which sets ballad-making above law-making, we would say that the writer of works like this and its twin-sister *Home* has the character and fortunes of this nation more at her disposal than any of the ambitious politicians of the land. We look, for the safety and progress of society, far more to the operation of strong principle and persuasive truth, wrought quietly into the heart and formed silently into habit, than to any action of government or other external institution."—*Christian Examiner*, xxi. 398.

³ "It is impossible to speak of her works without a particular regard to their moral and religious character. We know no writer of the class to which she belongs who has done more to inculcate just religious sentiments. They are never obtruded, nor are they ever suppressed. It is not the religion of observances, nor of professions, nor of articles of faith, but of the heart and life."—*National Portrait-Gallery*.

affairs were suspended; and so zealously did our fathers maintain the letter as well as the spirit of the law, that, according to a vulgar tradition in Connecticut, no beer was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to *work* on Sunday.

It must be confessed that the tendency of the age is to laxity; and so rapidly is the wholesome strictness of primitive times abating, that, should some antiquary, fifty years hence, in exploring his garret-rubbish, chance to cast his eye on our humble pages, he may be surprised to learn that even now the Sabbath is observed, in the interior of New England, with an almost Judaical severity.

On Saturday afternoon an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators are hurrying to and fro to complete the lagging business of the week. The good mothers, like Burns's matron, are plying their needles, making "auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new;" while the domestics, or *help*, (we prefer the national descriptive term,) are wielding, with might and main, their brooms and *mops*, to make all *tidy* for the Sabbath.

As the day declines, the hum of labor dies away, and, after the sun is set, perfect stillness reigns in every well-ordered household, and not a footfall is heard in the village street. It cannot be denied that even the most scriptural, missing the excitement of their ordinary occupations, anticipate their usual bedtime. The obvious inference from this fact is skilfully avoided by certain ingenious reasoners, who allege that the constitution was originally so organized as to require an extra quantity of sleep on every seventh night. We recommend it to the curious to inquire how this peculiarity was adjusted when the first day of the week was changed from Saturday to Sunday.

The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings, and, but for the lowing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till, at the bidding of the church-going bell, the old and young issue from their habitations, and, with solemn demeanor, bend their measured steps to the meeting-house; the families of the minister, the squire, the doctor, the merchant, the modest gentry of the village, and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality which breaks down the pride of the rich, and rescues the poor from servility, envy, and discontent. If a morning salutation is reciprocated, it is in a suppressed voice; and if, perchance, nature, in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter, "My dear, you forget it's Sunday," is the ever-ready reproof.

Though every face wears a solemn aspect, yet we once chanced to see even a deacon's muscles relax by the wit of a neighbor, and heard him allege, in a half-deprecating, half-laughing voice, "The squire is so droll, that a body must laugh, though it be Sabbath-day."

The farmer's ample wagon, and the little one-horse vehicle, bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance,—that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasing sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers' daughters, blooming, intelligent, well bred, pouring out of these homely coaches, with their nice white gowns, pruned shoes, Leghorn hats, fans and parasols, and the spruce young men, with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons. The whole community meet as one religious family, to offer their devotions at the common altar. If there is an outlaw from the society,—a luckless wight, whose vagrant taste has never been subdued,—he may be seen stealing along the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observation and troublesome admonitions of his fellows.

Towards the close of the day, (or, to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feelings who first used it,) "when the Sabbath begins to *abate*," the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky, and, though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disk does slowly sink behind the mountain; and, while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, merry voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk; the boys gather on "the green;" the lads and girls throng to the "singing-school;" while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor; and all enter upon the pleasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.

UNCLE PHIL AND HIS INVALID DAUGHTER.

It was a lovely morning in June when Uncle Phil set forth for New York with his invalid daughter. Ineffable happiness shone through his honest face, and there was a slight flush of hope and expectation on Charlotte's usually pale and tranquil countenance, as she half rebuked Susan's last sanguine expression.

"You will come home as well as I am: I know you will, Lottie!"

"Not well,—oh, no, Susy, but better, I expect,—I mean, I hope."

"Better, then, if you are,—that is to say, a *great deal better*,—I shall be satisfied: sha'n't you, Harry?"

"I shall be satisfied that it was best for her to go, if she is any better."

"I trust we shall all be satisfied with God's will, whatever it may be," said Charlotte, turning her eye, full of gratitude, upon Harry. Harry arranged her cushions as nobody else could to support her weak back: Susan disposed her cloak so that Charlotte could draw it around her if the air proved too fresh; and then, taking her willow-basket in her hand, the last words were spoken, and they set forth. Uncle Phil was in the happiest of his happy humors. He commended the wagon,—“it was just like sitting at home in a rocking-chair: it is kind o' lucky that you are lame, Lottie, or maybe Mrs. Sibley would not have offered to loan us her wagon. I was dreadful 'fraid we should have to go down the North River. I tell you, Lottie, when I crossed over it once, I was a'most scared to death,—the water went swash, swash,—there was nothing but a plank between me and *eternity*; and I thought in my heart I should have gone down, and nobody would ever have heard of me again. I wonder folks can be so foolish as to go on water when they can travel on solid land; but I suppose some do!"

"It is pleasanter," said Charlotte, "to travel at this season, where you can see the beautiful fruits of the earth, as we do now, on all sides of us." Uncle Phil replied, and talked on without disturbing his daughter's quiet and meditation. They travelled slowly, but he was never impatient, and she never wearied, for she was an observer and lover of nature. The earth was clothed with its richest green,—was all green, but of infinitely varied tints. The young corn was shooting forth; the winter-wheat already waved over many a fertile hill-side; the gardens were newly made, and clean, and full of promise; flowers, in this month of their abundance, perfumed the woods, and decked the gardens and court-yards; and where nothing else grew, there were lilacs and peonies in plenty. The young lambs were frolicking in the fields, the chickens peeping about the barn-yards, and birds—thousands of them—singing at their work.

Our travellers were descending a mountain where their view extended over an immense tract of country, for the most part richly cultivated.

"I declare!" exclaimed Uncle Phil, "how much land there is in the world, and I don't own a foot on't, only our little half-acre lot: it don't seem hardly right." Uncle Phil was no agrarian, and he immediately added, "But, after all, I guess I am better off without it,—it would be a dreadful care."

"Contentment with godliness is great gain," said Charlotte.

"You've hit the nail on the head, Lottie: I don't know who should be contented if I a'n't: I always have enough, and every-

body is friendly to me,—and you and Susan are worth a mint of money to me. For all what I said about the land, I really think I have got my full share.”

“We can all have our share in the beauties of God’s earth without owning, as you say, a foot of it,” rejoined Charlotte. “We must feel it is our Father’s. I am sure the richest man in the world cannot take more pleasure in looking at a beautiful prospect than I do, or in breathing this sweet, sweet air. It seems to me, father, as if every thing I look upon was ready to burst forth in a hymn of praise; and there is enough in my heart to make verses of, if I only knew how.”

“That’s the mystery, Lottie, how they do it: I can make one line, but I can never get a fellow to it.”

“Well, father, as Susy would say, it’s a comfort to have the feeling, though you can’t express it.”

Charlotte was right. It is a great comfort and happiness to have the feeling; and happy would it be if those who live in the country were more sensible to the beauties of nature: if they could see something in the glorious forest besides “good wood and ‘timber lots,” something in the green valley besides a “warm soil,” something in a waterfall besides a “mill-privilege.” There is a susceptibility in every human heart to the ever-present and abounding beauties of nature; and whose fault is it that this taste is not awakened and directed? If the poet and the painter cannot bring down their arts to the level of the poor, are there none to be God’s interpreters to them,—to teach them to read the great book of nature?

The laboring classes ought not to lose the pleasures that in the country are before them from dawn to twilight,—pleasures that might counterbalance, and often do, the profits of the merchant, pent in his city counting-house, and all the honors the lawyer earns between the court-rooms and his office. We only wish that more was made of the *privilege* of country life; that the farmer’s wife would steal some moments from her cares to point out to her children the beauties of nature, whether amid the hills and valleys of our inland country, or on the sublime shores of the ocean. Over the city, too, hangs the vault of heaven,—“thick inlaid” with the witnesses of God’s power and goodness: his altars are everywhere.

The rich man who “lives at home at ease,” and goes irritated and fretting through the country because he misses at the taverns the luxuries of his own house,—who finds the tea bad and coffee worse, the food ill cooked and table ill served, no mattresses, no silver forks,—who is obliged to endure the vulgarity of a common parlor, and, in spite of the inward chafing, give a civil answer to

whatever questions may be put to him,—cannot conceive of the luxuries our travellers enjoyed at the simplest inn.

Uncle Phil found out the little histories of all the wayfarers he met, and frankly told his own. Charlotte's pale, sweet face attracted general sympathy. Country people have time for little by-the-way kindnesses; and the landlady, and her daughters, and her domestics, inquired into Charlotte's malady, suggested remedies, and described similar cases.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, LL.D., the son of a Boston merchant, was born in that city on the 2d of May, 1796. He was fitted for college at Exeter Academy, graduated at Harvard in 1815, studied theology, and in 1818 was ordained over the Brattle Street Church, Boston, where he continued till 1831, when he was appointed Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature in Harvard University. From January, 1836, to October, 1842, he was the editor of the "North American Review." From 1839 to 1842, he delivered courses of lectures before the Lowell Institute, on the *Evidences of Christianity*, which were afterwards published in two volumes, octavo. He has also published four volumes of *Lectures on the Hebrew Scriptures*, and a volume of Sermons, entitled *Duties of Private Life*.

Many of the literary, historical, and political discourses which he has from time to time delivered, before the city authorities of Boston on the 4th of July, the Massachusetts Historical Society, &c. &c., have been published. To Sparks's "American Biography" he has contributed one life,—that of his ancestor, William Palfrey.

In later years Mr. Palfrey has been much in public life, both in the Legislature of his own State and in the Congress of the United States, in which positions he gave ample evidence of his earnest and hearty sympathies for freedom. In 1846, he published in the "Boston Whig" a series of *Papers on the Slave Power*, which were collected in a pamphlet, and widely circulated.¹

For a number of years Dr. Palfrey has been laboriously engaged upon *A History of New England*, of which the first volume appeared early in December, 1858, and of which it is praise enough to say that it comes up fully to the high expectations that were entertained of it. Evincing a noble and hearty appreciation of the early settlers of New England, guided by cool, impartial reason, and exhibiting throughout extensive research and a careful collation of facts, he has given us a work which will doubtless supersede all others upon the same subject, and be the established or classical history of that portion of our country.

¹ "Vigorously and acutely written, embodying a great mass of facts and reasonings, some of which will be new to many readers, and all of which deserve the careful consideration of every friend of his country or of humanity."—*Christian Examiner*, March, 1847.

THE ELEGANT CULTURE AND LEARNING OF THE PURITANS.

Whatever may have taken place later, the Puritanism of the first forty years of the seventeenth century was not tainted with degrading or ungraceful associations of any sort. The rank, the wealth, the chivalry, the genius, the learning, the accomplishments, the social refinements and elegance of the time, were largely represented in its ranks. Not to speak of Scotland, where soon Puritanism had few opponents in the class of the high-born and the educated, the severity of Elizabeth scarcely restrained, in her latter days, its predominance among the most exalted orders of her subjects. The Earls of Leicester, Bedford, Huntingdon, and Warwick, Sir Nicholas Bacon, his greater son, Walsingham, Burleigh, Mildmay, Sadler, Knollys, were specimens of a host of eminent men more or less friendly to or tolerant of it. Throughout the reign of James the First, it controlled the House of Commons, composed chiefly of the landed gentry of the kingdom; and if it had less sway among the Peers, this was partly because the number of lay nobles did not largely exceed that of the Bishops, who were mostly creatures of the crown. The aggregate property of that Puritan House of Commons, whose dissolution has been just now related, was computed to be three times as great as that of the Lords.¹ The statesmen of the first period of that Parliament, which by-and-by dethroned Charles the First, had been bred in the luxury of the landed aristocracy of the realm; while of the nobility, Manchester, Essex, Warwick, Brooke, Fairfax, and others, and of the gentry, a long roll of men of the scarcely inferior position of Hampden and Waller, commanded and officered its armies and fleets. A Puritan was the first Protestant founder of a college at an English University. Among the clergy, representing mainly the scholarship of the country, nothing is more incontrovertible than that the permanent ascendancy of Puritanism was only prevented by the severities of the governments of Elizabeth and her Scottish kinsmen under the several administrations of Parker, Whitgift, Bancroft, and Laud.

It may be easily believed that none of the guests whom the Earl of Leicester placed at his table by the side of his nephew, Sir Philip Sydney, were clowns. But the supposition of any necessary connection between Puritanism and what is harsh and rude in taste and manners will not even stand the test of an observation of the character of men who figured in its ranks, when the lines came to be most distinctly drawn. The Par-

¹ Hume, chap. li.

liamentary general, Devereux, Earl of Essex, was no strait-laced gospeller, but a man formed with every grace of person, mind, and culture, to be the ornament of a splendid court, the model knight—the idol, as long as he was the comrade, of the royal soldiery—the Bayard of the time. The position of Manchester and Fairfax, of Hollis, Fiennes, and Pierrepont, was by birth-right in the most polished circle of English society. In the memoirs of the young regicide, Colonel Hutchinson, recorded by his beautiful and gentle wife, we may look at the interior of a Puritan household, and see its graces, divine and human, as they shone with a naturally blended lustre in the most strenuous and most afflicted times.¹ The renown of English learning owes something to the sect which enrolled the names of Selden, Lightfoot, Gale, and Owen.² Its seriousness and depth of thought had lent their inspiration to the delicate muse of Spenser. Judging between their colleague preachers, Travers and Hooker,³ the critical Templars awarded the palm of scholarly eloquence to the Puritan. When the Puritan lawyer Whitelock was ambassador to Queen Christina, he kept a magnificent state, which was the admiration of her court, perplexed as they were by his persistent Puritanical testimony against the practice of drinking healths. For his Latin Secretary, the Puritan Protector employed a man at once equal to the foremost of mankind in genius and learning, and skilled in all manly exercises, proficient in the lighter accomplishments beyond any other Englishman of his day, and caressed in his youth, in France and Italy, for eminence in the studies of their fastidious scholars and artists. The king's camp and court at Oxford had not a better swordsman or amateur musician than John Milton, and his portraits exhibit him with locks as flowing as Prince Rupert's. In such trifles as the fashion of apparel, the usage of the best modern society vindicates, in characteristic particulars, the Roundhead judgment and taste of the century before the last. The English gentleman now, as the Puritan gentleman then, dresses plainly in "sad" colors, and puts his lace and embroidery on his servants.

¹ Colonel Hutchinson could dance admirably well, had skill in fencing, played masterly on the viol, shot excellently in bows and guns, and had great judgment in paintings, graving, sculpture, and all liberal arts.

² The learned Owen, the author of *An Exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, 4 vols. folio, and numerous other theological works, and who was said "to carry within his broad forehead the concentrated extract of a thousand folios," was said to be very exact and nice in his personal appearance.

³ For the rival preaching of these divines, see, under Hooker, *Compendium of English Literature*, page 105.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

There was no question upon dogmas between Williams and those who dismissed him. The sound and generous principle of a perfect freedom of the conscience in religious concerns can therefore scarcely be shown to have been involved in this dispute. At a later period he was prone to capricious changes of religious opinion. But as yet there was no development of this kind. As long as he was in Massachusetts, he was no heretic, tried by the standard of the time and the place. He was not charged with heresy. The questions which he raised, and by raising which he provoked opposition, were questions relating to political rights and to the administration of government. He had made an issue with his rulers and his neighbors upon fundamental points of their power and their property, including their power of self-protection against the tyranny from which they had lately escaped. Unintentionally, but effectually, he had set himself to play into the hands of the king and the archbishop; and it was not to be thought of by the sagacious patriots of Massachusetts, that, in the great work which they had in hand, they should suffer themselves to be defeated by such random movements.

For his busy disaffection, therefore, Williams was punished; or, rather, he was disabled for the mischief it threatened, by banishment from the jurisdiction. He was punished much less severely than the dissenters from the popular will were punished throughout the North American colonies at the time of the final rupture with the mother-country. Virtually, the freemen said to him, "It is not best that you and we should live together, and we cannot agree to it. We have just put ourselves to great loss and trouble for the sake of pursuing our own objects uninterrupted; and we must be allowed to do so. Your liberty, as you understand it, and are bent on using it, is not compatible with the security of ours. Since you cannot accommodate yourself to us, go away. The world is wide, and it is as open to you as it was just now to us. We do not wish to harm you; but there is no place for you among us." Banishment is a word of ill sound; but the banishment from one part of New England to another, to which, in the early period of their residence, the settlers condemned Williams, was a thing widely different from that banishment from luxurious Old England to desert New England to which they had just condemned themselves. There was little hardship in leaving unattractive Salem for a residence on the beautiful shore of Narragansett Bay, except as the former had a very short start in the date of its first cultivation. Williams, involuntarily separated from Massachusetts, went with his company to Providence the same year that Hooker, and Stone, and their

company, self-exiled, went from Massachusetts to Connecticut. If to the former the movement was not optional, it was the same that the latter chose when it was optional; and it proved advantageous for all the parties concerned.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A good daughter!—there are other ministries of love more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection, that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but all-expressive proofs of love. And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener, of a mother's cares! what an ever-present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh, how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to a parent's heart! A true love will almost certainly always greet their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

WILLIAM WARE, 1797—1852.

WILLIAM WARE, the son of Rev. Henry Ware, D.D., Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard University, was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, on the 3d of August, 1797, and graduated at Cambridge in 1816. When he had finished his theological studies there, and had preached a short time at Northboro', Massachusetts, and Brooklyn, Connecticut, he was settled over the Unitarian congregation in Chambers Street, New York, in December, 1821, where he remained about sixteen years. Near the close of this period, he commenced, in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," the publication of those brilliant papers which, in 1836, were published under the title of *Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra, an Historical Romance*, which gave him at once very high rank as a classical scholar and a classic author. In 1838, he published another volume of a similar character, entitled *Probus, or Rome in the Third Century*, a sort of sequel to *Zenobia*, and now known under the title of *Aurelian*. In 1841, he published *Julian, or Scenes in Judea*, in which he has described the most striking incidents in our Saviour's life,—the work closing with an account of the crucifixion.

While these works were in the course of publication, he became the editor of the "Christian Examiner," having removed to Cambridge, Massachusetts. But ill health obliged him to give up all literary occupation, and he sailed for Europe in 1848. On his return, he gave a series of lectures in Boston, New York, and other places, upon the scenes he had visited, and, in 1851, published *Sketches of European Capitals*. This was his last work; for his health rapidly declined, and he died on the 19th of February, 1852.¹

PALMYRA IN ITS GLORY.

I was still buried in reflection, when I was aroused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the summit of a little rising ground, saying, "Palmyra! Palmyra!" I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld—no, I cannot except even Rome—burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the east, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both toward the north and toward the south. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome. Yet I knew very well that it could

¹ "It was an adventure in literature somewhat bold when the pen of an Occidental scholar of the nineteenth century attempted to reproduce not merely the outward manners and institutions, but the inner thoughts and principles of life in Rome, Palmyra, and Judea in the early ages of the Christian era. How well Mr. Ware succeeded, the great popularity of his works testify. To the strange fascination of ancient and Oriental life, so vividly reproduced, there was added the higher charm of a Christian philosophy, delicately, unobtrusively, and yet with a marked impression interweaving its lessons with the story. His works have passed into the rank of classics, and no longer need the critic's pen to point out their worth."—*New York Independent*.

not be,—that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country, and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrated each other, and so confound and deceive the observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm-trees, shooting up among its temples and palaces, and, on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, that it is not easy, nay, it is impossible, at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divided the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields. I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of gods. Certainly they were too glorious for the mere earth-born. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the Sun stretched upwards its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens, in its matchless beauty, casting into the shade every other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshipped that divine achievement of the immortal Phidias. But it is a toy by the side of this bright crown of the Eastern capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch; but in neither of those renowned cities have I beheld any thing that I can allow to approach, in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty, this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upwards slender pyramids—pointed obelisks—domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, for number and for form, beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble, or of some stone as white, and being everywhere in their whole extent interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm-trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of beauty, and made me feel for the moment as if in such a scene I should love to dwell, and there end my days.

PALMYRA AFTER ITS CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION.

No language which I can use, my Curtius, can give you any just conception of the horrors which met our view on the way to the walls and in the city itself. For more than a mile before we reached the gates, the roads, and the fields on either hand, were strewed with the bodies of those who, in their attempts to escape, had been overtaken by the enemy and slain. Many a group of bodies did we notice, evidently those of a family, the parents and

the children, who, hoping to reach in company some place of security, had all—and without resistance, apparently—fallen a sacrifice to the relentless fury of their pursuers. Immediately in the vicinity of the walls, and under them, the earth was concealed from the eye by the multitudes of the slain, and all objects were stained with the one hue of blood. Upon passing the gates, and entering within those walls which I had been accustomed to regard as embracing in their wide and graceful sweep the most beautiful city in the world, my eye met nought but black and smoking ruins, fallen houses and temples, the streets choked with piles of still blazing timbers and the half-burned bodies of the dead. As I penetrated farther into the heart of the city, and to its better-built and more spacious quarters, I found the destruction to be less,—that the principal streets were standing, and many of the more distinguished structures. But everywhere—in the streets—upon the porticos of private and public dwellings—upon the steps and within the very walls of the temples of every faith—in all places, the most sacred as well as the most common, lay the mangled carcasses of the wretched inhabitants. None, apparently, had been spared. The aged were there, with their bald or silvered heads—little children and infants—women, the young, the beautiful, the good,—all were there, slaughtered in every imaginable way, and presenting to the eye spectacles of horror and of grief enough to break the heart and craze the brain. For one could not but go back to the day and the hour when they died, and suffer with these innocent thousands a part of what they suffered, when, the gates of the city giving way, the infuriated soldiery poured in, and, with death written in their faces and clamoring on their tongues, their quiet houses were invaded, and, resisting or unresisting, they all fell together, beneath the murderous knives of the savage foe. What shrieks then rent and filled the air—what prayers of agony went up to the gods for life to those whose ears on mercy's side were adders'—what piercing supplications that life might be taken and honor spared! The apartments of the rich and the noble presented the most harrowing spectacles, where the inmates, delicately nurtured and knowing of danger, evil, and wrong only by name and report, had first endured all that nature most abhors, and then there, where their souls had died, were slain by their brutal violators with every circumstance of most demoniac cruelty.

Oh, miserable condition of humanity! Why is it that to man have been given passions which he cannot tame, and which sink him below the brute? Why is it that a few ambitious are permitted by the Great Ruler, in the selfish pursuit of their own aggrandizement, to scatter in ruin, desolation, and death, whole kingdoms,—making misery and destruction the steps by which

they mount up to their seats of pride? O gentle doctrine of Christ!—doctrine of love and of peace,—when shall it be that I and all mankind shall know Thy truth, and the world smile with a new happiness under Thy life-giving reign!

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD, 1796—1828.

Thou art sleeping calmly, Brainard; but the fame denied thee when
Thy way was with the multitude—the living tide of men—
Is burning o'er thy sepulchre,—a holy light and strong;
And gifted ones are kneeling there, to breathe thy words of song,—
The beautiful and pure of soul,—the lights of Earth's cold bowers,
Are twining on thy funeral-stone a coronal of flowers!

Ay, freely hath the tear been given, and freely hath gone forth
The sigh of grief, that one like thee should pass away from Earth;
Yet those who mourn thee, mourn thee not like those to whom is given—
No soothing hope, no blissful thought, of parted friends in Heaven:
They feel that thou wast summon'd to the Christian's high reward,—
The everlasting joy of those whose trust is in the Lord!—J. G. WHITTIER.

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD, son of the Honorable J. G. Brainard, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, was born in New London, on the 21st of October, 1796, and graduated at Yale College in 1815. On leaving college, he studied law, and commenced the practice of it at Middleton; but, the profession not being congenial to his tastes, he abandoned it, and, in 1822, undertook the editorial charge of the "Connecticut Mirror," at Hartford, which for five years he enriched with his beautiful poetical productions and chaste and elevated prose compositions. His pieces were extensively copied, often with very high encomium, and the influence his paper exerted over its readers could not but be purifying and elevating. But consumption had marked him for her own; and in less than five years he returned to his father's house, at New London, where, with calm and Christian resignation,¹ he expired on the 26th of September, 1828.

In 1825, a volume of his poems was published in New York, mostly made up from the columns of his newspaper. After his death, a second edition appeared, in 1832, enlarged from the first, with the title of *Literary Remains*, accompanied by a just and feeling memoir by the poet Whittier, a kindred spirit, and one every way calculated to appreciate and illustrate his subject.²

¹ Just before his death, he remarked, "The plan of salvation in the gospel is all that I wish for: it fills me with wonder and gratitude, and makes the prospect of death not only peaceful but joyful."

² The sketch of Brainard's life in Kettell's "Specimens" was written by S. G. Goodrich. In 1842, a beautiful edition of his poems was published at Hartford, by Edward Hopkins, accompanied by a portrait, and by an admirable memoir written by Rev. Royal Robins, of Berlin, Connecticut.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA.¹

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem
 As if God pour'd thee from his "hollow hand,"
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
 And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
 "The sound of many waters;" and had bade
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
 And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
 That hear the question of that voice sublime?
 Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
 Yea, what is all the riot man can make
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
 And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
 Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
 Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Tinged with the rising sun;
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one:
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course, with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting:
 Calm was their course through banks of green,
 While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat;
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy, to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

¹ Be it remembered that this piece was thrown off in the inspiration of the moment, on a cold, stormy evening, when, feeble from disease, he could hardly drag his way to the office of his paper, and when the printer's boy came clamoring to him for "copy." He wrote the first verse, and told the boy to come in fifteen minutes for the rest. He did so, and the poet gave him the second. Of it, as a whole, Jared Sparks, in the twenty-second volume of the "North American Review," thus remarks:—"Among all the tributes of the Muses to that great wonder of nature, we do not remember any so comprehensive and forcible, and at the same time so graphically correct, as this."

ON A LATE LOSS.¹

"He shall not float upon his watery bier
Unwept."

The breath of air that stirs the harp's soft string,
Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm;
The drops of dew exhaled from flowers of spring,
Rise and assume the tempest's threatening form;
The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,
Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash;
And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash
That wave and wind can muster, when the might
Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

So science whisper'd in thy charmed ear,
And radiant learning beckon'd thee away.
The breeze was music to thee, and the clear
Beam of thy morning promised a bright day.
And they have wreck'd thee!—But there is a shore
Where storms are hush'd—where tempests never rage—
Where angry skies and blackening seas no more
With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage.
By thee its peaceful margent shall be trod—
Thy home is heaven, and thy friend is God.

LEATHER STOCKING.²

Far away from the hill-side, the lake, and the hamlet,
The rock, and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;
From the footpath that winds by the side of the streamlet;
From his hut, and the grave of his friend, far away—
He is gone where the footsteps of men never ventured,
Where the glooms of the wild-tangled forest are centred,
Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has entered,
No bloodhound has roused up the deer with his bay.

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer;
Firm be his step through each wearisome mile—
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,
Far from the track of the mean and the vile.

¹ Alexander Metcalf Fisher, Professor of Mathematics in Yale College, anxious to enlarge his knowledge in his favorite science, to which he had devoted his life, set sail for Europe in the packet-ship *Albion*, which was lost in a terrific storm off the coast of Ireland, April 22, 1822. But few of the passengers or crew were saved; and among the lost was the promising and gifted subject of these lines. See the fourth volume of the "*New-Englander*" for a fine memoir of Professor Fisher, by Professor Denison Olmsted.

² These lines refer to the good wishes which Elizabeth, in Mr. Cooper's novel of "*The Pioneers*," seems to have manifested, in the last chapter, for the welfare of "*Leather Stocking*," when he signified, at the grave of the Indian, his determination to quit the settlements of men for the unexplored forests of the West, and when, whistling to his dogs, with his rifle on his shoulder, and his pack on his back, he left the village of Templeton.

And when death, with the last of its terrors, assails him,
 And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
 He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,
 And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre;
 There for his pall shall the oak-leaves be spread—
 The sweet brier shall bloom, and the wild grape shall cluster;
 And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed,
 There shall they mix with the fern and the heather;
 There shall the young eagle shed its first feather;
 The wolves, with his wild dogs, shall lie there together,
 And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

On the deep is the mariner's danger,
 On the deep is the mariner's death;
 Who, to fear of the tempest a stranger,
 Sees the last bubble burst of his breath?
 'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 Lone looker on despair;
 The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 The only witness there.

Who watches their course, who so mildly
 Careen to the kiss of the breeze?
 Who lists to their shrieks, who so wildly
 Are clasp'd in the arms of the seas?
 'Tis the sea-bird, &c.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover.
 And her who has clung to his neck?
 Whose wing is the wing that can cover
 With its shadow the foundering wreck?
 'Tis the sea-bird, &c.

My eye in the light of the billow,
 My wing on the wake of the wave,
 I shall take to my breast, for a pillow,
 The shroud of the fair and the brave.
 I'm a sea-bird, &c.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,
 When hoarse the wild winds veer about;
 My eye, when the bark is benighted,
 Sees the lamp of the light-house go out.
 I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 Lone looker on despair;
 The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 The only witness there.

ALBERT BARNES.

THIS eminent theologian was born at Rome, New York, December 1, 1798. He worked with his father in his tannery until he was seventeen years old, when he determined to obtain a collegiate education; and in 1819 he entered the senior class in Hamilton College, and graduated in July, 1820. At college, he was the subject of a "revival of religion;" and, feeling it his duty to study theology, he went to Princeton, New Jersey, and entered the Theological Seminary. He was there three years, and was licensed to preach, April 23, 1823, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick. After preaching at various places, he received a call from the First Presbyterian Church in Morristown, New Jersey, and was ordained there, on the 25th of February, 1825. Here his ministry was highly prosperous, and his people became devotedly attached to him. In 1830, he received a call from the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, which he accepted, and was installed on the 25th of June of that year.¹

Before leaving Morristown, Mr. Barnes commenced a series of commentaries on the New Testament, designed for Sunday-school teachers and family reading. The volume upon Matthew was published in 1832, and was followed from time to time by like commentaries upon every book of the New Testament. These works are eminently practical, and among the best of the kind in our language. The high estimation in which they are held by the religious world is evinced by the numerous editions which have been published in England as well as in this country.

In 1835, George Junkin, D.D., preferred against Mr. Barnes, before his Presbytery, charges of heresy, based on his commentaries on the Epistle to the Romans. The Presbytery sustained Mr. Barnes, and Dr. Junkin appealed to the Synod of Pennsylvania. The Synod sustained the appeal, and suspended Mr. Barnes from the ministry "until he should give evidence of repentance!"² Mr. Barnes, in his turn, appealed to the General Assembly, that met at Pittsburg, in May, 1836; and the Assembly restored him to his clerical functions, by a large majority.

Before Mr. Barnes had finished his *Notes* on the New Testament, he began a

¹ Before leaving Morristown, he had preached (February 8, 1829) a sermon, entitled "The Way of Salvation," which was severely reviewed in the "Philadelphia," by Rev. William M. Engles, accusing the author of "defrauding his readers and hearers of the doctrine of justification," &c. The learned and venerable James P. Wilson, D.D., whom Mr. Barnes succeeded, replied to this reviewer, fully and ably sustaining the positions of the sermon.

² During his suspension, the Rev. George Duffield, D.D., the author of the able work on "Regeneration," was invited to preach for him; and he did so from this pertinent text:—Isaiah lxvi. 5: "Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word: Your brethren that hated you, and cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified: but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." And this declaration of Scripture has been indeed verified. A writer in "The New Englander" for November, 1858, in reviewing Dr. J. P. Thompson's *Memoir of Stoddard*, makes this pertinent and instructive remark:—"The history of the church is full of evidences that clergymen, when contending with one another over the metaphysics of theology, confound small matters with great, and by their recorded decisions expose themselves to the ridicule and pity of after-generations."

series of commentaries upon the Old Testament. *Isaiah* first appeared, in three volumes; then *Job*, in two volumes; then *Daniel*, in one volume; which have given him a still higher reputation for profound and varied scholarship. He has also published an edition of "Butler's Analogy," with an *Introduction* of rare ability; a volume of *Practical Sermons*, richly prized in many a Christian household; and a treatise entitled *Episcopacy Tested by Scripture*. Another volume of his sermons, entitled *The Way of Salvation*, has recently been published.

Mr. Barnes early became interested in the temperance reformation, and his sermon upon that subject is one of the best tracts that have yet appeared. He also came out very early, and with decided power, against the crime and curse of slavery, being almost the only one among his ministerial brethren "faithful found among the faithless," on what has become the great question of the day. In 1838, when the yells of the mob that burned Pennsylvania Hall had scarce died away, he showed his moral courage by preaching a noble sermon on *The Supremacy of the Laws*.¹ In 1846 appeared *An Inquiry into the Scriptural Views of Slavery*, which was followed by an excellent volume, entitled *The Church and Slavery*, showing it to be the duty of the whole Christian church to "come out and not touch the unclean thing." More recently he has given us *Inquiries and Suggestions in Regard to the Foundation of Faith in the Word of God; Life at Three-Score, a Sermon delivered in the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, November 28, 1858*; and *The Atonement in its Relations to Law and Government*.²

It is wonderful how Mr. Barnes, with such laborious pastoral duties, has been able to prepare for the press so many works, and of such depth of learning. The secret lies in—method. He has always been a very early riser, and most of his works have been written while the greater part of his congregation were taking their morning slumbers.³ So much may be accomplished by devoting a few hours, statedly, every day to one fixed purpose! What a lesson for every young man!

¹ On the night of the 17th of May, 1838, that noble structure in Sixth Street, Philadelphia.—Pennsylvania Hall,—erected for the purpose of free discussion, and especially for the free discussion of slavery, was burnt by a mob. To this event Rev. John Pierpont thus alludes, in his spirit-stirring poem, *The Tocsin*:—

"Go, then, and build yourselves a hall,
To prove ye are not slaves, but men!
Write 'Freedom' on its towering wall!
Baptize it in the name of Penn;
And give it to her holy cause,
Beneath the *Ægis* of her laws;—
"Within let Freedom's anthem swell;—
And, while your hearts begin to throb
And burn within you,—hark! the yell,—
The torch,—the torrent of the mob!—
They're Slavery's troops that round you sweep,
And leave your hall a smouldering heap!"

² Beautiful editions of Mr. Barnes's recent works, as mentioned above, have been published by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

³ "All my commentaries on the Scriptures have been written before nine o'clock in the morning. At the very beginning—now more than thirty years ago—I adopted a resolution to stop writing on these Notes when the clock struck nine. This resolution I have invariably adhered to, not unfrequently finishing my morning task in the midst of a paragraph, and sometimes even in the midst of a sentence."—*Life at Three-Score*.

A MOTHER'S LOVE—HOME.

Many of us—most of us who are advanced beyond the period of childhood—went out from that home to embark on the stormy sea of life. Of the feelings of a father, and of his interest in our welfare, we have never entertained a doubt, and our home was dear because he was there; but there was a peculiarity in the feeling that it was the home of our mother. While she lived there, there was a place that we felt was *home*. There was one place where we would always be welcome, one place where we would be met with a smile, one place where we would be sure of a friend. The world might be indifferent to us. We might be unsuccessful in our studies or our business. The new friends which we supposed we had made might prove to be false. The honor which we thought we deserved might be withheld from us. We might be chagrined and mortified by seeing a rival outstrip us, and bear away the prize which we sought. But there was a place where no feelings of rivalry were found, and where those whom the world overlooked would be sure of a friendly greeting. Whether pale and wan by study, care, or sickness, or flushed with health and flattering success, we were sure that we should be welcome there. Though the world was cold towards us, yet there was one who always rejoiced in our success, and always was affected in our reverses; and there was a place to which we might go back from the storm which began to pelt us, where we might rest, and become encouraged and invigorated for a new conflict. So have I seen a bird, in its first efforts to fly, leave its nest, and stretch its wings, and go forth to the wide world. But the wind blew it back, and the rain began to fall, and the darkness of night began to draw on, and there was no shelter abroad, and it sought its way back to its nest, to take shelter beneath its mother's wings, and to be refreshed for the struggles of a new day; but then it flew away to think of its nest and its mother no more. But not thus did we leave our home when we bade adieu to it to go forth alone to the manly duties of life. Even amidst the storms that then beat upon us, and the disappointments that we met with, and the coldness of the world, we felt still that there *was* one there who sympathized in our troubles, as well as rejoiced in our success, and that, whatever might be abroad, when we entered the door of her dwelling we should be met with a smile. We expected that a mother, like the mother of Sisera, as she "looked out at her window," waiting for the coming of her son laden with the spoils of victory, would look out for *our* coming, and that our return would renew her joy and ours in our earlier days.

It makes a sad *désolation* when from such a place a mother is taken away, and when, whatever may be the sorrows or the suc-

cesses in life, she is to greet the returning son or daughter no more. The home of our childhood may be still lovely. The old family mansion—the green fields—the running stream—the moss-covered well—the trees—the lawn—the rose—the sweet-brier—may be there. Perchance, too, there may be an aged father, with venerable looks, sitting in his loneliness, with every thing to command respect and love; but she is not there. Her familiar voice is not heard. The mother has been borne forth to sleep by the side of her children who went before her, and the place is not what it was. There may be those there whom we much love, but she is not there. We may have formed new relations in life, tender and strong as they can be; we may have another home, dear to us as was the home of our childhood, where there is all in affection, kindness, and religion, to make us happy, but *that* home is not what it was, and it will never be what it was again. It is a loosening of one of the cords which bound us to earth, designed to prepare us for our eternal flight from every thing dear here below, and to teach us that there is *no* place here that is to be our permanent home.¹

THE TRAFFIC IN ARDENT SPIRITS.

Every man is bound to pursue such a business as to *render a valuable consideration* for that which he receives from others. A man who receives in trade the avails of the industry of others, is under obligation to restore that which will be of real value. He receives the fruit of toil; he receives that which is of value to himself; and common equity requires that he return a valuable consideration. Thus, the merchant renders to the farmer, in exchange for the growth of his farm, the productions of other climes; the manufacturer, that which is needful for the clothing or comfort of the agriculturist; the physician, the result of his professional skill. All these are valuable considerations, which are fair and honorable subjects of exchange. They are a mutual accommodation; they advance the interest of both parties. But it is not so with the dealer in ardent spirits. He obtains the property of his fellow-men; and what does he return? That which will tend to promote his real welfare? That which will make him a happier man? That which will benefit his family? That which diffuses learning and domestic comfort around his family circle? None of these things. He gives him that which will produce poverty, and want, and cursing, and tears, and death. He asked an egg, and he receives a scorpion. He gives him that

¹ From a sermon delivered but a few weeks after the loss of his own mother.

which is established and well known as a source of no good, but as tending to produce beggary and wretchedness.

A man is bound to pursue such a course of life as *not necessarily to increase the burdens and the taxes* of the community. The pauperism and crimes of this land grow out of this vice, as an overflowing fountain. Three-fourths of the taxes for prisons, and houses of refuge, and almshouses, would be cut off but for this traffic and the attendant vices. Nine-tenths of the crimes of the country, and of the expenses of litigation for crime, would be prevented by arresting it. Now, we have only to ask our fellow-citizens, what right they have to pursue an employment tending thus to burden the community with taxes, and to endanger the dwellings of their fellow-men, and to send to my door, and to every other man's door, hordes of beggars loathsome to the sight; or to compel the virtuous to seek out their wives and children, amidst the squalidness of poverty, and the cold of winter, and the pinchings of hunger, to supply their wants? Could impartial justice be done in the world, an end would soon be put to the traffic in ardent spirits. Were every man bound to alleviate all the wretchedness which his business creates, to support all the poor which his traffic causes, an end would soon be made of this employment.

THE BIBLE *versus* SLAVERY.—THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH.

Of all the abuses ever applied to the Scriptures, the most intolerable and monstrous are those which pervert them to the support of American slavery. Sad is it that the mild and benignant enactments of the Hebrew legislator should ever be appealed to, to sanction the wrongs and outrages of the poor African in "this land of freedom;" sad, that the ministers of religion should ever prostitute their high office to give countenance to such a system, by maintaining, *or even conceding for a moment*, that the Mosaic laws sanction the oppressions and wrongs existing in the United States! * * *

The defence of slavery from the Bible is to be, and will soon be, abandoned, and men will wonder that any defence of such a system could have been attempted from the word of God. If the authors of these defences could live a little longer than the ordinary term of years allotted to man, they would themselves wonder that they could ever have set up such a defence. Future generations will look upon the defences of slavery drawn from the Bible, as among the most remarkable instances of mistaken interpretation and unfounded reasoning furnished by the perversities of the human mind. * * *

Let every religious denomination in the land *detach itself* from

all connection with slavery, without saying a word against others ; let the time come when, in all the mighty denominations of Christians, it can be announced that the evil has ceased *with them-FOR-EVER* ; and let the voice from each denomination be lifted up in kind, but firm and solemn testimony against the system ; with no "mealy" words ; with no attempt at apology ; with no wish to blink it ; with no effort to throw the sacred shield of religion over so great an evil ; and the work is done. There is no public sentiment in this land, there could be none created, that would resist the power of such testimony. *There is no power OUT of the church that could sustain slavery an hour if it were not sustained IN it.* Not a blow need be struck. Not an unkind word need be uttered. No man's motive need be impugned, no man's proper rights invaded. All that is needful is, for each Christian man, and for every Christian church, to stand up in the sacred majesty of such a solemn testimony, to free themselves from all connection with the evil, and utter a calm and deliberate voice to the world,—AND THE WORK WILL BE DONE.

WAR.

Who has ever told the evils, and the curses, and the crimes of war ? Who can describe the horrors of the carnage of battle ? Who can portray the fiendish passions which reign there ? Who can tell the amount of the treasures wasted, and of the blood that has flowed, and of the tears that have been shed over the slain ? Who can register the crimes which war has originated and sustained ? If there is any thing in which earth, more than in any other, resembles *hell*, it is in its *wars*. And who, with the heart of a man—of a lover of human happiness—of a hater of carnage and crime—can look but with pity, who can repress his *contempt* in looking on all the trappings of war—the tinsel—the nodding plumes—even the animating music—designed to cover over the reality of the contemplated murder of fathers, and husbands, and sons ?

THE GENTLE CHARITIES OF LIFE.

A man's usefulness in the Christian life depends far more on the kindness of his daily temper, than on great and glorious deeds that shall attract the admiration of the world, and that shall send his name down to future times. It is the little rivulet that glides through the meadow, and that runs along day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the noisy cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and fills the mind with amazement and awe. We feel that God is there ; and it is well to go far to see once at

least how solemn it is to realize that we are in the presence of the Great God, and to see what wonders his hand can do. But one Niagara is enough for a continent—or a world; while that same world needs thousands and tens of thousands of silvery fountains, and gently flowing rivulets, that shall water every farm, and every meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night with their gentle and quiet beauty. So with life. We admire the great deeds of Howard's benevolence, and wish that all men were like him. We revere the names of the illustrious martyrs. We honor the man who will throw himself in the "imminent deadly breach" and save his country,—and such men and such deeds we must have when the occasion calls for them. But all men are not to be useful in this way—any more than all waters are to rush by us in swelling and angry floods. We are to be useful in more limited spheres. We are to cultivate the gentle charities of life. We are by a consistent walk to benefit those around us—though we be in an humble vale, and though, like the gentle rivulet, we may attract little attention, and may soon cease to be remembered on earth. Kindness will *always* do good. It makes others happy—and that is doing good. It prompts us to seek to benefit others—and that is doing good. It makes others gentle and benignant—and that is doing good.

Practical Sermons.

THE VALUE OF INDUSTRY.

I have seen the value of *industry*; and as I owe to this, under God, whatever success I have obtained, it seems to me not improper to speak of it here, and to recommend the habit to those who are just entering on life.

I had nothing else to depend on but this. I had no capital when I began life; I had no powerful patronage to help me; I had no natural endowments, as I believe that no man has, that could supply the place of industry; and it is not improper here to say that all that I have been able to do in this world has been the result of habits of industry which began early in life; which were commended to me by the example of a venerated father; and which have been, and are, an abiding source of enjoyment.

Dr. Doddridge, in reference to his own work, the "Paraphrase on the New Testament," said, that its being written at all was owing to the difference between rising at five and at seven o'clock in the morning. A remark similar to this will explain all that I have done. Whatever I have accomplished in the way of commentary on the Scriptures is to be traced to the fact of rising at four in the morning, and to the time thus secured which I

thought might properly be employed in a work not immediately connected with my pastoral labors.

In the recollection of the past portions of my life, I refer to these morning hours,—to the stillness and quiet of my room in this house of God when I have been permitted to “prevent the dawning of the morning” in the study of the Bible, while the inhabitants of this great city were slumbering round about me, and before the cares of the day and its direct responsibilities came upon me,—I refer, I say, to these scenes as among the happiest portions of my life; and I could not do a better thing in reference to my younger brethren in the ministry, than to commend this habit to them as one closely connected with their own personal piety, and their usefulness in the world.

Life at Three-Score.

ROBERT C. SANDS, 1799—1832.

ROBERT C. SANDS was born in the city of New York, May 11, 1799. He entered the Sophomore class in Columbia College in 1812, and was graduated, with a high reputation for scholarship, in 1815. He soon after began the study of law in the office of David B. Ogden, entering upon his new course of study with great ardor, and pursuing it with steady zeal. He had formed in college an intimate friendship with James Eastburn, afterwards a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and in 1817 he commenced, in conjunction with his clerical friend, a romantic poem, founded on the history of Philip, the celebrated Sachem of the Pequods. But Mr. Eastburn's health began to fail early in 1819, and he died in December of that year, before the work was completed. It was therefore revised, arranged, and completed, with many additions, by Sands, who introduced it with a touching proem, in which the surviving poet mourned, in elevated and feeling strains, the accomplished friend of his youth. The poem was published, under the title of *Yamoyden*, at New York, in 1820, was received with high commendation, and gave Mr. Sands great literary reputation throughout the United States.

In 1820, Mr. Sands was admitted to the bar, and opened an office in the city of New York; but his ardent love of general literature gradually weaned him from his profession. In 1822 and 1823, he wrote many articles for the “Literary Review,” a monthly periodical, and in 1824 the “Atlantic Magazine” was established and placed under his charge. He gave it up in six months; but when it became changed to the “New York Review,” he was engaged as an editor, and assisted in conducting it till 1827. He had now become an author by profession, and looked to his pen for support, as he had before looked to it for fame or for amusement; and when an offer of a liberal salary was made him as an assistant editor of the “New York Commercial Advertiser,” he accepted it, and continued his connection with that journal until his death, which took place on the 17th of December, 1832; in the mean time editing and writing a

great number of miscellaneous works. A selection from his works was published in 1834, in two volumes, octavo, entitled *Writings in Prose and Verse, with a Memoir*,¹

FROM THE PROEM TO YAMOYDEN.

Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain,
The last that either bard shall e'er essay :
The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again
That first awoke them in a happier day :
Where sweeps the ocean-breeze its desert way,
His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave ;
And he who feebly now prolongs the lay
Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallow'd honors crave ;
His harp lies buried deep in that untimely grave !²

Friend of my youth ! with thee began the love
Of sacred song ; the wont, in golden dreams,
'Mid classic realms of splendors past to rove,
O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams ;
Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom, gleams
Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,
Forever lit by memory's twilight beams ;
Where the proud dead, that live in storied page,
Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.

There would we linger oft, entranced, to hear,
O'er battle-fields, the epic thunders roll ;
Or list, where tragic wail upon the ear
Through Argive palaces shrill echoing stole ;
There would we mark, uncurb'd by all control,
In central heaven, the Theban eagle's flight ;
Or hold communion with the musing soul
Of sage or bard, who sought, 'mid pagan night,
In loved Athenian groves, for truth's eternal light.

* * * * *

Friend of my youth ! with thee began my song,
And o'er thy bier its latest accents die ;
Miled in phantom-peopled realms too long—
Though not to me the muse averse deny,
Sometimes, perhaps, her visions to descry—
Such thriftless pastime should with youth be o'er ;
And he who loved with thee his notes to try,
But for thy sake such idlesse would deplore—
And swears to meditate the thankless muse no more.

¹ "That American literature experienced a great loss in the early death of Sands, will be felt by the reader who makes acquaintance with his well-cultivated, prompt, exuberant genius, which promised, had life been spared, a distinguished career of genial mental activity and productiveness."—DUYCKINCK.

A series of interesting papers on the early and unpublished writings of this "true son of genius" may be found in the twenty-first and twenty-second volumes of the "Knickerbocker Magazine."

² Mr. Eastburn died December, 1819, on a voyage to Santa Cruz, undertaken to regain his health.

ODE TO EVENING.

Hail! sober evening! thee the harass'd brain
 And aching heart with fond orisons greet;
 The respite thou of toil; the balm of pain;
 To thoughtful mind the hour for musing meet:
 'Tis then the sage, from forth his lone retreat,
 The rolling universe around espies;
 'Tis then the bard may hold communion sweet
 With lovely shapes, unken'd by grosser eyes,
 And quick perception comes of finer mysteries.

The silent hour of bliss! when in the west
 Her argent cresset lights the star of love:—
 The spiritual hour! when creatures blest
 Unseen return o'er former haunts to rove;
 While sleep his shadowy mantle spreads above,
 Sleep, brother of forgetfulness and death,
 Round well-known couch with noiseless tread they rove,
 In tones of heavenly music comfort breathe,
 And tell what weal or bale shall chance the moon beneath.

Hour of devotion! like a distant sea,
 The world's loud voices faintly murmuring die;
 Responsive to the spherul harmony,
 While grateful hymns are borne from earth on high.
 Oh! who can gaze on yon unsullied sky,
 And not grow purer from the heavenward view?
 As those, the Virgin Mother's meek, full eye
 Who met, if uninspired lore be true,
 Felt a new birth within, and sin no longer knew.

Let others hail the oriflamme of morn,
 O'er kindling hills unfurl'd with gorgeous dyes!
 O, mild, blue Evening! still to thee I turn,
 With holier thought, and with undazzled eyes;—
 Where wealth and power with glare and splendor rise,
 Let fools and slaves disgustful incense burn!
 Still Memory's moonlight lustre let me prize;
 The great, the good, whose course is o'er, discern,
 And, from their glories past, time's mighty lessons learn!
From "Yamoyden."

MONODY ON SAMUEL PATCH.¹

"By water shall he die, and take his end."—SHAKESPEARE.

Toll for Sam Patch! Sam Patch, who jumps no more,
 This or the world to come. Sam Patch is dead!
 The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore
 Of dark futurity, he would not tread.

¹ Samuel Patch was a boatman on the Erie Canal, in New York. He made himself notorious by leaping from the masts of ships, from the Falls of Niagara,

No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed ;
 Nor, with decorous woe, sedately stepp'd
 Behind his corpse. and tears by retail shed ;—
 The mighty river, as it onward swept,
 In one great, wholesale sob, his body drown'd and kept.

Toll for Sam Patch ! he scorn'd the common way
 That leads to fame, up heights of rough ascent,
 And having heard Pope and Longinus say,
 That some great men had risen to falls, he went
 And jump'd where wild Passaic's waves had rent
 The antique rocks ;—the air free passage gave,—
 And graciously the liquid element
 Upbore him, like some sea-god on its wave ;
 And all the people said that Sam was very brave.

Fame, the clear spirit that doth to heaven upraise,
 Led Sam to dive into what Byron calls
 The hell of waters. For the sake of praise,
 He woo'd the bathos down great waterfalls ;
 The dizzy precipice, which the eye appalls
 Of travellers for pleasure, Samuel found
 Pleasant, as are to women lighted halls
 Cramm'd full of fools and fiddles ; to the sound
 Of the eternal roar, he timed his desperate bound.

Sam was a fool. But the large world of such
 Has thousands,—better taught, alike absurd,
 And less sublime. Of fame he soon got much,
 Where distant cataracts spout, of him men heard.
 Alas for Sam ! Had he aright preferr'd
 The kindly element to which he gave
 Himself so fearlessly, we had not heard
 That it was now his winding-sheet and grave,
 Nor sung, 'twixt tears and smiles, our requiem for the brave.

I say, the muse shall quite forget to sound
 The chord whose music is undying, if
 She do not strike it when Sam Patch is drown'd.
 Leander dived for love. Leucadia's cliff
 The Lesbian Sappho leap'd from in a miff,
 To punish Phaon ; Icarus went dead,
 Because the wax did not continue stiff ;
 And, had he minded what his father said,
 He had not given a name unto his watery bed.

And Helle's case was all an accident,
 As everybody knows. Why sing of these ?

and from the Falls in the Genesee River, at Rochester. He did this, as he said, to show "that some things can be done as well as others;" and hence this, now, proverbial phrase. His last feat was in the summer of 1831, when, in the presence of many thousands, he jumped from above the highest rock over which the water falls in the Genesee, and was lost. He had drank too freely before going upon the scaffold, and lost his balance in descending. The above verses were written a few days after this event.

Nor would I rank with Sam that man who went
 Down into Ætna's womb—Empedocles
 I think he call'd himself. Themselves to please,
 Or else unwillingly, they made their springs;
 For glory in the abstract, Sam made his,
 To prove to all men, commons, lords, and kings,
 That "some things may be done as well as other things."

And while Niagara prolongs its thunder,
 Though still the rock primeval disappears,
 And nations change their bounds—the theme of wonder
 Shall Sam go down the cataract of long years;
 And if there be sublimity in tears,
 Those shall be precious which the adventurer shed
 When his frail star gave way, and waked his fears
 Lest by the ungenerous crowd it might be said
 That he was all a hoax, or that his pluck had fled.

Who would compare the maudlin Alexander,
 Blubbering, because he had no job in hand,
 Acting the hypocrite, or else the gander,
 With Sam, whose grief we all can understand?
 His crying was not womanish, nor plann'd
 For exhibition; but his heart o'erswell'd
 With its own agony, when he the grand
 Natural arrangements for a jump beheld,
 And, measuring the cascade, found not his courage quell'd.

But, ere he leap'd, he begg'd of those who made
 Money by his dread venture, that if he
 Should perish, such collection should be paid
 As might be pick'd up from the "company"
To his mother. This, his last request, shall be—
 Though she who bore him ne'er his fate should know—
 An iris, glittering o'er his memory,
 When all the streams have worn their barriers low,
 And, by the sea drunk up, forever cease to flow.

Therefore it is considered, that Sam Patch
 Shall never be forgot in prose or rhyme;
 His name shall be a portion in the batch
 Of the heroic dough, which baking Time
 Kneads for consuming ages—and the chime
 Of Fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,
 Shall tell of him: he dived for the sublime,
 And found it. Thou, who with the eagle's wing,
 Being a goose, wouldst fly,—dream not of such a thing!

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New Jersey, was born in Trenton, New Jersey, on the 27th of May, 1799. At the age of nineteen, he graduated at Union College, and soon after commenced the study of theology. He officiated, for four years, as assistant minister in Trinity Church, New York, and, in 1824, was appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres and Oratory in Washington College, Hartford, Connecticut. This chair he resigned in 1828, and accepted an invitation from Trinity Church, Boston, as an assistant minister. The next year, he was married to Mrs. Eliza Greene Perkins, and, in 1830, was elected the rector of the church in which for two years he had officiated as assistant. On the 31st of October, 1832, he was consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New Jersey, and the next year became rector of St. Mary's Church, Burlington.

Besides attending to the arduous duties of his official position, Bishop Doane has interested himself very much in the cause of education, and has labored assiduously to promote its best interests. In 1837, he founded St. Mary's Hall, Burlington,—a school for young ladies; and, in 1846, Burlington College,—both of which are highly flourishing.

Bishop Doane has published no large work upon any one subject; yet his publications have been numerous, consisting mostly of sermons, charges, and literary addresses. In 1824, he published a small volume of poetry, entitled *Songs by the Way, chiefly Devotional*; and, from time to time, occasional pieces of singular beauty. Indeed, throughout all his writings, both prose and poetry, there is seen a refined taste and a classic finish, that give him a rank among our purest writers. He died at Burlington, N. J. April 26th, 1859.

ON AN OLD WEDDING-RING.

THE DEVICE.—Two hearts united.

THE MOTTO.—Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.

I like that ring—that ancient ring,
Of massive form, and virgin gold,
As firm, as free from base alloy
As were the sterling hearts of old.
I like it—for it wafts me back,
Far, far along the stream of time,
To other men, and other days,
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it, as it tells
The tale of well-requested love;
How youthful fondness persevered,
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—
How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,
Till, soften'd and subdued, at last,
He won his "fair and blooming bride."

How, till the appointed day arrived,
 They blamed the lazy-footed hours—
 How, then, the white-robed maiden train
 Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers—
 And how, before the holy man,
 They stood, in all their youthful pride,
 And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,
 Which bind the husband to his bride:

All this it tells; the plighted troth—
 The gift of every earthly thing—
 The hand in hand—the heart in heart—
 For this I like that ancient ring.
 I like its old and quaint device;
 "Two blended hearts"—though time may wear them,
 No mortal change, no mortal chance,
 "Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,
 Their hope in heaven, their trust in God,
 In changeless, heartfelt, holy, love,
 These two the world's rough pathway trod.
 Age might impair their youthful fires,
 Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,
 Still, hand in hand, they travell'd on—
 Kind souls! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy, too:
 "Mine own dear love, this heart is thine!"
 Thine, when the dark storm howls along,
 As when the cloudless sunbeams shine,
 "This heart is thine, mine own dear love!"
 Thine, and thine only, and forever:
 Thine, till the springs of life shall fail;
 Thine, till the cords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,
 Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,
 Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
 Of heartfelt, holy love, the token:
 What varied feelings round it cling!—
 For these, I like that ancient ring.

THAT SILENT MOON.

That silent moon, that silent moon,
 Careering now through cloudless sky,
 Oh, who shall tell what varied scenes
 Have pass'd beneath her placid eye,
 Since first, to light this wayward earth,
 She walk'd in tranquil beauty forth!

How oft has guilt's unhallow'd hand,
 And superstition's senseless rite,
 And loud, licentious revelry
 Profaned her pure and holy light:

Small sympathy is hers, I ween,
With sights like these, that virgin queen!

But dear to her, in summer eve,
By rippling wave, or tufted grove,
When hand in hand is purely clasp'd,
And heart meets heart in holy love,
To smile in quiet loneliness,
And hear each whisper'd vow, and bless.

Dispersed along the world's wide way,
When friends are far, and fond ones rove,
How powerful she to wake the thought,
And start the tear for those we love,
Who watch with us at night's pale noon,
And gaze upon that silent moon!

How powerful, too, to hearts that mourn,
The magic of that moonlight sky,
To bring again the vanish'd scenes—
The happy eves of days gone by;
Again to bring, 'mid bursting tears,
The loved, the lost, of other years!

And oft she looks, that silent moon,
On lonely eyes that wake to weep
In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,
Or couch, whence pain has banish'd sleep:
Oh, softly beams her gentle eye
On those who mourn, and those who die!

But, beam on whomsoe'er she will,
And fall where'er her splendors may,
There's pureness in her chasten'd light,
There's comfort in her tranquil ray:
What power is hers to soothe the heart!—
What power the trembling tear to start!

The dewy morn let others love,
Or bask them in the noontide ray;
There's not an hour but has its charm,
From dawning light to dying day:—
But, oh, be mine a fairer boon—
That silent moon, that silent moon!

GRENVILLE MELLEN, 1799—1841.

GRENVILLE MELLEN, son of the late Chief-Justice Prentiss Mellen, LL.D., of Maine, was born in the town of Biddeford, in that State, on the 19th of June, 1799, and graduated at Harvard University in 1818. He entered the profession of the law, but, finding it not suited to his feelings, abandoned it for the more congenial attractions of poetry and general literature. He resided five or six years in Boston, and afterwards in New York. His health had always been rather deli-

cate, and in 1840, in hopes of deriving advantage from a milder climate, he made a voyage to Cuba. But he was not benefited materially by the change, and, learning, the next spring, of the death of his father, he returned home, and died in New York on the 5th of September, 1841.

Mr. Mellen wrote for various magazines and periodicals. In 1826, he delivered, at Portland, before the Peace Society of Maine, a poem, entitled *The Rest of Empires*. In 1827, he published *Our Chronicle of Twenty-Six*, a satire; and in 1829, *Glad Tales and Sad Tales*,—a volume in prose, from his contributions to the periodicals. *The Martyr's Triumph, Buried Valley, and other Poems*, appeared in 1834. The first-named poem is founded on the history of Saint Alban, the first Christian martyr in England. In the *Buried Valley* he describes the terrible avalanche at The Notch in the White Mountains, in 1826, by which the Willey family was destroyed.¹

THE MARTYR.

Not yet, not yet the martyr dies. He sees
 His triumph on its way. He hears the crash
 Of the loud thunder round his enemies,
 And dim through tears of blood he sees it dash
 His dwelling and its idols. Joy to him!
 The Lord—the Lord hath spoken from the sky!
 The loftier glories on his eyeballs swim!
 He hears the trumpet of Eternity!
 Calling his spirit home—a clarion voice on high!

Yet, yet one moment linger! Who are they
 That sweep far off along the quivering air?
 It is God's bright, immortal company—
 The martyr pilgrim and his band are there!
 Shadows with golden crowns and sounding lyres,
 And the white royal robes, are issuing out,
 And beckon upwards through the wreathing fires,
 The blazing pathway compassing about,
 With radiant heads unveil'd, and anthems joyful shout!

He sees, he hears! upon his dying gaze,
 Forth from the throng one bright-hair'd angel near,
 Stoops his red pinion through the mantling blaze—
 It is the heaven-triumphing wanderer!
 "I come—we meet again!"—the martyr cries,
 And smiles of deathless glory round him play:
 Then on that flaming cross he bows—and dies!
 His ashes eddy on the sinking day,
 While through the roaring oak his spirit wings its way!

¹ Upon the merits of Grenville Mellen's poetry, a writer in the 22d vol. of the "American Quarterly Review" thus remarks:—"There is in these poems no unusual sublimity to awaken surprise, no extreme pathos to communicate the luxury of grief, no chivalrous narrative to stir the blood to adventure, no high-painted ardor in love to make us enraptured with beauty. Yet we were charmed; for we love purity of sentiment, and we found it; we love amiability of heart, and here we could perceive it in every stanza. The muse of Mellen delights in the beauties, not in the deformities, of nature: she is more inclined to celebrate the virtues than denounce the vices of man."

THE EAGLE.

ON SEEING AN EAGLE PASS NEAR ME IN AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

Sail on, thou lone imperial bird,
 Of quenchless eye and tireless wing;
 How is thy distant coming heard
 As the night's breezes round thee ring!
 Thy course was 'gainst the burning sun
 In his extremest glory! How!
 Is thy unequall'd daring done,
 Thou stoop'st to earth so lowly now?

 Or hast thou left thy rocking dome,
 Thy roaring crag, thy lightning pine,
 To find some secret, meaner home,
 Less stormy and unsafe than thine?
 Else why thy dusky pinions bend
 So closely to this shadowy world,
 And round thy searching glances send,
 As wishing thy broad pens were furl'd?

 Yet lonely is thy shatter'd nest,
 Thy eyry desolate, though high;
 And lonely thou, alike, at rest,
 Or soaring in thy upper sky.
 The golden light that bathes thy plumes,
 On thine interminable flight,
 Falls cheerless on earth's desert tombs,
 And makes the North's ice-mountains bright.

 So come the eagle-hearted down,
 So come the proud and high to earth,
 When life's night-gathering tempests frown
 Over their glory and their mirth;
 So quails the mind's undying eye,
 That bore unveil'd fame's noontide sun;
 So man seeks solitude, to die,
 His high place left, his triumphs done.

 So, round the residence of power,
 A cold and joyless lustre shines,
 And on life's pinnacles will lower
 Clouds dark as bathes the eagle's pines.
 But, oh, the mellow light that pours
 From God's pure throne—the light that saves!
 It warms the spirit as it soars,
 And sheds deep radiance round our graves.

CONSCIENCE.

Voice of the viewless spirit! that hast rung
 Through the still chambers of the human heart,
 Since our first parents in sweet Eden sung
 Their low lament in tears—thou voice, that art

Around us and above us, sounding on
 With a perpetual echo, 'tis on thee,
 The ministry sublime to wake and warn!—
 Full of that high and wondrous Deity,
 That call'd existence out from Chaos' lonely sea!

Voice that art heard through every age and clime,
 Commanding like a trumpet every ear
 That lends no heeding to the sounds of Time,
 Seal'd up, for aye, from cradle to the bier!
 Thatallest, like a watchman's through the night,
 Round those who sit in joy and those who weep,
 Yet startling all men with thy tones of might—
 O voice, that dwellest in the hallow'd deep
 Of our own bosom's silence—eloquent in sleep!

That comest in the clearness of thy power,
 Amid the crashing battle's wild uproar,
 Stern as at peaceful midnight's leaden hour;
 That talkest by the ocean's bellowing shore,
 When surge meets surge in revelry, and lifts
 Its booming voice above the weltering sea;
 That risest loudly 'mid the roaring cliffs,
 And o'er the deep-mouth'd thunder goest free,
 E'en as the silver tones of quiet infancy!

Spirit of God! what sovereignty is thine!
 Thine is no homage of the bended knee;
 Thou hast of vassalage no human sign;
 Yet monarchs hold no royal rule like thee!
 Unlike the crown'd idols of our race,
 Thou dost no earthly pomp about thee cast,
 Thou tireless sentinel of elder days!—
 Who, who to CONSCIENCE doth not bow at last,
 Old arbiter of Time—the present and the past!

Thou wast from God when the green earth was young,
 And man enchanted roved amid its flowers,
 When faultless woman to his bosom clung,
 Or led him through her paradise of bowers;
 Where love's low whispers from the Garden rose,
 And both amid its bloom and beauty bent,
 In the long luxury of their first repose!
 When the whole earth was incense, and there went
 Perpetual praise from altars to the firmament.

WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, 1799—1847.

WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER PEABODY, son of Judge Oliver Peabody, of Exeter, New Hampshire, was born in that town, July 9, 1799,¹ and, after completing his preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, in his native town, he entered Harvard

¹ He had a twin-brother, Oliver William Bourne Peabody: the two fitted for college together at Exeter Academy, and graduated together. Oliver studied law

College, where he graduated in 1816. In 1820, he became the pastor of a Unitarian congregation at Springfield, Massachusetts, where he resided till his death, on the 28th of May, 1847.¹ Besides the faithful discharge of his parochial duties, Mr. Peabody wrote numerous articles for the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner," and is the author of many beautiful occasional pieces of poetry, of which none deserves more to be remembered than his

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains!
 The dark green fields contented lie:
 The mountains rise like holy towers,
 Where man might commune with the sky:
 The tall cliff challenges the storm
 That lowers upon the vale below,
 Where shaded fountains send their streams,
 With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
 The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
 Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
 Hath summon'd up their thundering bands;
 Then the white sails are dash'd like foam,
 Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
 Till, calm'd by thee, the sinking gale
 Serenely breathes, "Depart in peace."

God of the forest's solemn shade!
 The grandeur of the lonely tree,
 That wrestles singly with the gale,
 Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;
 But more majestic far they stand,
 When, side by side, their ranks they form,
 To wave on high their plumes of green,
 And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
 Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
 Or, gathering in their angry might,
 The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
 All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
 That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
 To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
 Breathe forth the language of thy power

God of the fair and open sky!
 How gloriously above us springs

at first, but afterwards turned his attention more to literature, and assisted Alexander H. Everett, in 1831, in the editorship of the "North American Review." Subsequently he studied theology, settled in Burlington, Vermont, and died July 6, 1848.

¹ Read a discourse delivered at his funeral by Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, D.D., and an article in the "Christian Examiner," September, 1847.

The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
 Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
 Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
 Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
 In evening's purple radiance, gives
 The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
 Thy name is written clearly bright
 In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
 Or evening's golden shower of light.
 For every fire that fronts the sun,
 And every spark that walks alone
 Around the utmost verge of heaven,
 Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
 And nature's self to dust return;
 Her crumbling altars must decay;
 Her incense-fires shall cease to burn;
 But still her grand and lovely scenes
 Have made man's warmest praises flow;
 For hearts grow holier as they trace
 The beauty of the world below.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

LYDIA MARIA FRANCIS, though born in Massachusetts, spent the early portion of her youth in Maine. While on a visit to her brother, the Rev. Convers Francis, of Watertown, in the latter part of 1823, she was prompted to write her first work by reading, in the "North American Review," an article on Yamoyden, in which the writer (John G. Palfrey, D.D.) eloquently describes the adaptation of early New England history to the purposes of fiction; and in less than two months her first work, *Hobomok*, appeared,—a tale founded upon the early history of New England, which was received with very great favor. The next year appeared the *Rebels*, a tale of the Revolution. In 1828, she was married to David Lee Child, Esq., a lawyer of Boston, and subsequently the editor of the "National Anti-Slavery Standard." In 1827, she commenced the *Juvenile Miscellany*, a monthly magazine for children. It was an admirable work, and some of Mrs. Child's best pieces are to be found in it. She next issued the *Frugal Housewife*, a work on domestic economy, designed for families of limited means, and a most useful book for all. In 1831 appeared *The Mother's Book*, full of excellent counsel for training children; and, in 1832, *The Girl's Book*. Soon after, she prepared the lives of Madame de Staël, Madame Roland, Madame Guyon, and Lady Russell, for the *Ladies' Family Library*, which were followed by the *Biography of Good Wives*, and *The History of the Condition of Women in all Ages*, in two volumes.

The year 1833 is an important era in the history of this accomplished lady, as

in it she took her stand, nobly and ably, upon the side of the great anti-slavery movement, and published *An Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans*, a work of great power, and which produced much sensation.¹ In 1835 appeared *Philothea*, a classical romance of the days of Pericles and Aspasia. This is the most scholarly and elaborate of her productions, and shows an intimate acquaintance with the history and the literature of that most brilliant age.

In 1841, Mr. and Mrs. Child removed from Boston to New York, and became the editors of the "National Anti-Slavery Standard." In the same year she commenced a series of letters for the "Boston Courier," which were afterwards republished in two volumes, with the title of *Letters from New York*; a pleasant series of descriptions of every-day life in that great city, and abounding with philosophical and thoughtful truth. In 1846, Mrs. Child published a collection of her magazine-stories under the title of *Fact and Fiction*. Her last work, one of the most elaborate she has undertaken, is entitled *The Progress of Religious Ideas, embracing a View of every Form of Belief, from the most Ancient Hindoo Records, to the Complete Establishment of the Papal Church*.²

MARIUS.

SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING BY VANDERLYN, OF MARIUS SEATED AMONG THE
RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Pillars are fallen at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat—
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
Though ruin is around thee;
Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now,
As when the laurel crown'd thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul,
Though friends and fame depart;
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And Genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame;

¹ When this work of Mrs. Child's appeared, Dr. Channing, it is said, was so delighted with it that he at once walked from Boston to Roxbury to see the author, though a stranger to him, and to thank her for it.

² Of Mrs. Child's writings an English reviewer thus speaks:—"Whatever comes to her from without, whether through the eye or the ear, whether in nature or art, is reflected in her writings with a halo of beauty thrown about it by her own fancy; and, thus presented, it appeals to our sympathies and awakens an interest which carves it upon the memory in letters of gold. But she has yet loftier claims to respect than a poetical nature. She is a philosopher, and, better still, a religious philosopher. Every page presents to us scraps of wisdom, not pedantically put forth, as if to attract admiration, but thrown out by the way, in seeming unconsciousness, and as part of her ordinary thoughts."

Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life
May melt like mist away ;
High thoughts may seem, 'mid passion's strife,
Like Carthage in decay

And proud hopes in the human heart
May be to ruin hurl'd,
Like mouldering monuments of art
Heap'd on a sleeping world.

Yet there is something will not die,
Where life hath once been fair ;
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
Some Roman lingers there !

A STREET SCENE.

The other day, as I came down Broome Street, I saw a street-musician playing near the door of a genteel dwelling. The organ was uncommonly sweet and mellow in its tones, the tunes were slow and plaintive, and I fancied that I saw in the woman's Italian face an expression that indicated sufficient refinement to prefer the tender and the melancholy to the lively "trainer tunes" in vogue with the populace. She looked like one who had suffered much, and the sorrowful music seemed her own appropriate voice. A little girl clung to her scanty garments, as if afraid of all things but her mother. As I looked at them, a young lady of pleasing countenance opened the window, and began to sing like a bird, in keeping with the street-organ. Two other young girls came and leaned on her shoulder ; and still she sang on. Blessings on her gentle heart ! It was evidently the spontaneous gush of human love and sympathy. The beauty of the incident attracted attention. A group of gentlemen gradually collected round the organist ; and ever as the tune ended, they bowed respectfully toward the window, waved their hats, and called out, "More, if you please !" One, whom I knew well for the kindest and truest soul, passed round his hat ; hearts were kindled, and the silver fell in freely. In a minute, four or five dollars were collected for the poor woman. She spoke no word of gratitude ; but she gave *such* a look ! "Will you go to the next street, and play to a friend of mine ?" said my kind-hearted friend. She answered, in tones expressing the deepest emotion, "No, sir : God bless you all ; God bless you *all*," (making a courtesy to the young lady, who had stepped back, and stood sheltered by the curtain of the window :) "I will play no more to-day ; I will go *home*, now." The tears trickled down her cheeks, and, as she walked away, she ever and anon wiped her eyes with the corner

of her shawl. The group of gentlemen lingered a moment to look after her; then, turning toward the now-closed window, they gave three enthusiastic cheers, and departed, better than they came. The pavement on which they stood had been a church to them; and for the next hour, at least, their hearts were more than usually prepared for deeds of gentleness and mercy. Why are such scenes so uncommon? Why do we thus repress our sympathies, and chill the genial current of nature, by formal observances and restraints?

UNSELFISHNESS.

found the Battery unoccupied, save by children, whom the weather made as merry as birds. Every thing seemed moving to the vernal tune of

"Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green."—*Scott's Rokeby.*

To one who was chasing her hoop, I said, smiling, "You are a nice little girl." She stopped, looked up in my face, so rosy and happy, and, laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, exclaimed, earnestly, "And *he* is a nice little boy, too!" It was a simple, childlike act, but it brought a warm gush into my heart. Blessings on all unselfishness! on all that leads us in love to prefer one another! Here lies the secret of universal harmony; this is the diapason which would bring us all into tune. Only by losing ourselves can we find ourselves. How clearly does the divine voice within us proclaim this, by the hymn of joy it sings, whenever we witness an unselfish deed or hear an unselfish thought. Blessings on that loving little one! She made the city seem a garden to me. I kissed my hand to her, as I turned off in quest of the Brooklyn ferry. The sparkling waters swarmed with boats, some of which had taken a big ship by the hand, and were leading her out to sea, as the prattle of childhood often guides wisdom into the deepest and broadest thought.

POLITENESS.

In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The *golden rule* contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy, or a gentlemanly bow; but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their

politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent, kind-hearted person will always be distinguished for what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

FLOWERS.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far West clasps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms,—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers; and orange-buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride; for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb; for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar; for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

WHERE IS THE ENEMY?

I have somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town, and *take it*. I think it was in the Tyrol; but, wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they *will* take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons,—*"the harlequins of the nineteenth century."* Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked.—"We have none," was the brief reply.—"But we have come to take the town."—"Well, friends, it lies before you."—"But is there nobody here to fight?"—"No: we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for,—a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit, a fortress perfectly bomb-

proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight *with*, of course we cannot fight," said he: "it is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment, on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THIS eminent historian was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in the year 1800. His father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, was the minister of a Congregational church, in that town, for more than half a century, and had a high reputation as a theologian of learning and piety. At the early age of thirteen, Mr. Bancroft entered Harvard College, and was graduated in 1817, with the highest honors of his class. His first inclinations were to study theology; but in the following year he went to Germany, and spent two years at Göttingen, in the study of history and philology, and obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He then visited, in succession, Berlin, Heidelberg, Italy, France, and London, and returned home, in 1822, one of the most accomplished scholars for his age our country had produced. He was at once appointed tutor of Greek in Harvard College; and those who had the benefit of his instructions remember well his zeal, and faithfulness, and varied learning as a teacher. Desirous, however, to introduce into our country the system of education that obtained at the German gymnasias, he established, in conjunction with Joseph G. Cogswell,¹ a school of a high classical character at "Round Hill," Northampton, Massachusetts. Here he prepared many admirable Latin text-books for schools, much in advance of any thing then used in our country. In 1828, he gave to the public a translation of Heeren's *Histories of the States of Antiquity*. Before this, he had given some attention to politics, and ranked himself with the Whigs; but he now joined the Democratic party, and was in the high-road to political preferment.

In 1834, Mr. Bancroft published the first volume of *The History of the United States*,—a work to which he had long devoted his thoughts and researches. The first and two succeeding volumes of the work, comprising the colonial history of the country, were received with great satisfaction by the public, as being in advance of any thing that had been written on the subject in brilliancy of style, picturesque sketches of character and incident, compass of erudition, and generally fair reasoning.

In 1838, Mr. Bancroft received from President Van Buren the appointment of Collector of the Port of Boston, which situation he retained till 1841. During

¹ The learned librarian of the Astor Library, New York.

this time, he was busily engaged upon the third volume of his history, which was published in 1842. In 1844, he was the "Democratic" candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, but was unsuccessful. At the close of that year, Mr. Polk was elected President, who, early the next year, appointed him Secretary of the Navy. In 1846, he was appointed Minister-Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and there represented the United States until succeeded by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, in 1849. On his return, this year, to his country, he made New York his place of residence, and resumed more actively the prosecution of his historical labors. The fourth volume of his history appeared in 1852, and comprises a period of fifteen years,—from 1748 to 1763. The next year the fifth volume was published, comprising the years 1763, 1764, and 1765. The sixth volume brings us down to 1774,—the verge of the Revolution; and the seventh, published in 1858, enters upon the stirring scenes of the Revolution itself.¹

CHARACTER OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

While the state was thus connecting by the closest bonds the energy of its faith with its form of government, there appeared in its midst one of those clear minds which sometimes bless the world by their power of receiving moral truth in its purest light, and of reducing the just conclusions of their principles to a happy and consistent practice. In February of the first year of the colony, but a few months after the arrival of Winthrop, and before either Cotton or Hooker had embarked for New England, there arrived at Nantasket, after a stormy passage of sixty-six days, "a young minister, godly and zealous, having precious" gifts. It was Roger Williams. He was then but a little more than thirty years of age; but his mind had already matured a doctrine which secures him an immortality of fame, as its application has given religious peace to the American world. He was a Puritan, and a fugitive from English persecution; but his wrongs had not clouded his accurate understanding; in the capacious recesses of his mind he had revolved the nature of intolerance, and he, and he alone, had arrived at the great principle which is its sole effectual remedy. He announced his discovery under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within

¹ The "London Monthly Review" thus speaks of Mr. Bancroft:—"He possesses the best qualities of an historian. His diligent research, his earnest yet tolerant spirit, and the sustained accuracy and dignity of his style, have been nobly brought to bear upon one of the grandest subjects that ever engaged the study of the philosopher, the legislator, or the historian."

itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence; it would blot from the statute-book the felony of non-conformity; would quench the fires that persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of the civil government to be enlisted against the mosque of the Mussulman or the altar of the fire-worshipper, against the Jewish synagogue or the Roman cathedral. It is wonderful with what distinctness Roger Williams deduced these inferences from his great principle; the consistency with which, like Pascal and Edwards,—those bold and profound reasoners on other subjects,—he accepted every fair inference from his doctrines; and the circumspection with which he repelled every unjust imputation. In the unwavering assertion of his views he never changed his position; the sanctity of conscience was the great tenet which, with all its consequences, he defended, as he first trod the shores of New England; and in his extreme old age it was the last pulsation of his heart. But it placed the young emigrant in direct opposition to the whole system on which Massachusetts was founded; and, gentle and forgiving as was his temper, prompt as he was to concede every thing which honesty permitted, he always asserted his belief with temperate firmness and unbending benevolence.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA IN BOSTON HARBOR.¹

The morning of Thursday, the 16th of December, 1773, dawned upon Boston,—a day by far the most momentous in its annals. Beware, little town; count the cost, and know well if you dare defy the wrath of Great Britain, and if you love exile, and poverty, and death, rather than submission. At ten o'clock, the people of Boston, with at least two thousand men from the country, assembled in the Old South. A report was made that

¹ On the 28th day of November, 1773, the ship *Dartmouth* appeared in Boston Harbor, with one hundred and fourteen chests of tea. The ship was owned by Mr. Rotch, a Quaker merchant. In a few days after, two more tea-ships arrived. They were all put under strict guard by the citizens, acting under the lead of a committee of correspondence, of which Samuel Adams was the controlling spirit. The people of the neighboring towns were organized in a similar manner, and sustained the spirit of Boston. The purpose of the citizens was to have the tea sent back without being landed; but the collector and comptroller refused to give the ships a clearance unless the teas were landed, and Governor Hutchinson also refused his permit, without which they could not pass the "Castle," as the fort at the entrance of Boston Harbor was called. The ships were also liable to seizure if the teas were not landed on the twentieth day after their arrival, and the 16th day of December was the eighteenth day after.

Rotch had been refused a clearance from the collector. "Then," said they to him, "protest immediately against the custom-house, and apply to the governor for his pass, so that your vessel may this very day proceed on her voyage to London."

The governor had stolen away to his country-house at Milton. Bidding Rotch make all haste, the meeting adjourned to three in the afternoon. At that hour Rotch had not returned. It was incidentally voted, as other towns had done, to abstain wholly from the use of tea; and every town was advised to appoint its committee of inspection, to prevent the detested tea from coming within any of them. Then, since the governor might refuse his pass, the momentous question recurred, whether it be the sense and determination of this body to abide by their former resolutions with respect to not suffering the tea to be landed. On this question, Samuel Adams and Young¹ addressed the meeting, which was become far the most numerous ever held in Boston, embracing seven thousand men. There was among them a patriot of fervent feeling; passionately devoted to the liberty of his country; still young, his eye bright, his cheek glowing with hectic fever. He knew that his strength was ebbing. The work of vindicating American freedom must be done soon, or he will be no party to the great achievement. He rises, but it is to restrain; and, being truly brave and truly resolved, he speaks the language of moderation. "Shouts and hosannas will not terminate the trials of this day, nor popular resolves, harangues, and acclamations vanquish our foes. We must be grossly ignorant of the value of the prize for which we contend, of the power combined against us, of the inveterate malice and insatiable revenge which actuate our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosom, if we hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts. Let us consider the issue before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw." Thus spoke the younger Quincy. "Now that the hand is to the plough," said others, "there must be no looking back;" and the whole assembly of seven thousand voted unanimously that the tea should not be landed.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which they met was dimly lighted; when, at a quarter before six, Rotch appeared, and satisfied the people by relating that the governor had refused him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word,—“This meeting can do nothing more to save the

¹ Dr. Thomas Young, a physician, and afterwards an army-surgeon, was a zealous patriot, and a leading speaker and writer of the time.

country." On the instant, a shout was heard at the porch; the war-whoop resounded; a body of men, forty or fifty in number, disguised as Indians, passed by the door, and, encouraged by Samuel Adams, Hancock, and others, repaired to Griffin's Wharf, posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of the three tea-ships, and in about three hours, three hundred and forty chests of tea—being the whole quantity that had been imported—were emptied into the bay, without the least injury to other property. "All things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea-chests was distinctly heard. A delay of a few hours would have placed the tea under the protection of the admiral at the Castle. After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been holy time. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

CHIVALRY AND PURITANISM.

Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits, of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans, from the fear of God. The knights were proud of loyalty; the Puritans, of liberty. The knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honor, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the Puritans, disdaining ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of kings. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure, multiplied amusement, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commanded the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor. The former valued courtesy; the latter, justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty.

THE POSITION OF THE PURITANS.

To the colonists the maintenance of their religious unity seemed essential to their cordial resistance to English attempts at oppression. And why, said they, should we not insist upon

this union? We have come to the outside of the world for the privilege of living by ourselves: why should we open our asylum to those in whom we can repose no confidence? The world cannot call this persecution. We have been banished to the wilderness: is it an injustice to exclude our oppressors, and those whom we dread as their allies, from the place which is to shelter us from their intolerance? Is it a great cruelty to expel from our abode the enemies of our peace, or even the doubtful friend? Will any man complain at being driven from among banished men, with whom he has no fellowship? of being refused admittance to a gloomy place of exile? The wide continent of America invited colonization; they claimed their own narrow domains for "the brethren." Their religion was their life: they welcomed none but its adherents; they could not tolerate the scoffer, the infidel, or the dissenter; and the presence of the whole people was required in their congregation. Such was the system inflexibly established and regarded as the only adequate guarantee of the rising liberties of Massachusetts.

JAMES G. BROOKS, 1801—1841.

JAMES GORDON BROOKS, the son of an officer in the Revolutionary army, was born at Red Hook, near New York, on the 3d of September, 1801. He was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1819, and studied law, though he never entered upon its practice. In 1823, he removed to New York, and was for several years editor of the "Morning Courier,"—an able and influential paper. In 1828, he was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Aiken, of Poughkeepsie, who had for many years been a writer of verse for periodicals, under the signature of "Norma;" and the next year a collection of his and his wife's poetry was published, entitled *The Rivals of Este, and other Poems, by James G. and Mary E. Brooks*. In 1831, he went to Winchester, Virginia, where he edited a newspaper for a few years. In 1838, he removed to Rochester, and then to Albany, New York, where he died in 1841.

Mr. Brooks was quite popular as a poet in his day, and he deserves to be remembered as the author of the following spirited ode on

GREECE, 1832.

Land of the brave! where lie inurn'd
 The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
 In whom the fire of valor burn'd,
 And blazed upon the battle's fray:
 Land, where the gallant Spartan few
 Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,

When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's consecrated shore!

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
Her soul-entrancing echoes rung,
While on their course the rapid hours
Paused at the melody she sung—
Till every grove and every hill,
And every stream that flow'd along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes! living slaves
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banner float above thy waves
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm
To break the fetters and the chain,
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls, the light which shone
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,
The light which beam'd on Marathon
Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play;
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shatter'd—spear in rust—
Thy honor but a dream—and thou
Despised—degraded in the dust!

Where sleeps the spirit that of old
Dash'd down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chant of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom?—
The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay
Where death hath hush'd them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled;
And Fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living, but the dead!
But 'tis the dim, sepulchral light,
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moonbeams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece! yet awake thee from thy trance,
Behold, thy banner waves afar;
Behold, the glittering weapons glance
Along the gleaming front of war!
A gallant chief, of high emprise,
Is urging foremost in the field,
Who calls upon thee to arise
In might—in majesty reveal'd.

In vain, in vain the hero calls—
In vain he sounds the trumpet loud!

His banner totters—see! it falls
 In ruin, Freedom's battle-shroud:
 Thy children have no soul to dare
 Such deeds as glorified their sires;
 Their valor's but a meteor's glare,
 Which gleams a moment, and expires.

Lost land! where Genius made his reign,
 And rear'd his golden arch on high;
 Where Science raised her sacred fane,
 Its summits peering to the sky;
 Upon thy clime the midnight deep
 Of ignorance hath brooded long,
 And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
 The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm
 Hath pass'd in giant fury by,
 To blast the beauty of thy form,
 And spread its pall upon the sky!
 Gone is thy glory's diadem,
 And freedom never more shall cease
 To pour her mournful requiem
 O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

MARY E. BROOKS.

MRS. MARY E. BROOKS, the wife of James G. Brooks, was born in New York, in which city she has resided since the death of her husband. Besides her productions in the volume mentioned in the notice of her husband, she has contributed some beautiful poetry to a number of periodicals, from which we select the following little gem:—

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Oh, weep not for the dead!
 Rather, oh, rather give the tear
 To those who darkly linger here,
 When all besides are fled!
 Weep for the spirit withering,
 In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;
 Weep for the young and lovely one
 That ruin darkly revels on,
 But never be a tear-drop shed
 For them, the pure enfranchised dead.

Oh, weep not for the dead!
 No more for them the blighting chill,
 The thousand shades of earthly ill,
 The thousand thorns we tread;

Weep for the life-charm early flown,
The spirit broken, bleeding, lone;
Weep for the death-pangs of the heart,
Ere being from the bosom part;
But never be a tear-drop given
To those that rest in yon blue heaven.

MARK HOPKINS.

REV. MARK HOPKINS, D.D., son of Archibald Hopkins, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, was born on the 4th of February, 1802, and graduated at Williams College in 1824, with the highest honors of his class. He entered at once upon the study of medicine, but the next year was appointed tutor in Williams College, and filled the office for two years, devoting his leisure time to the profession he had chosen. In 1829, the degree of M.D. was conferred upon him by the Pittsfield Medical College, and he went to New York to settle as a physician. The next year, however, he was elected to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Moral Philosophy in Williams College, and entered upon the discharge of its duties. In May, 1833, he was licensed to preach. In 1836, Dr. Griffin having resigned the Presidency of Williams College, Dr. Hopkins was elected his successor. He has continued to fill that important post ever since, and with an efficiency and ability that have made him second to no one who ever presided over a New-England college. His peculiar tact in imparting instruction,—his powerful influence over young men, exciting both their reverence and their love,—his dignified yet affable manners, his kind and sympathizing heart, make him peculiarly fitted for the position he occupies. And when to these characteristics is added an intellect of great strength, as well as great breadth of view, combined with a rare fertility of illustration, we can readily conceive what an influence he must exert in giving "form and pressure" to hundreds of minds that are, in their turn, to take a leading part in moulding and directing public opinion.

Dr. Hopkins's published works are,—*Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity*, delivered before the Lowell Institute in 1844; a volume of *Miscellaneous Essays and Discourses*, in 1847; and a large number of orations, sermons, and addresses, delivered on various occasions. Of the latter, the "Baccalaureates," delivered every year at commencement, to the senior class, deserve especial commendation for their wise counsel, their winning eloquence, and their glowing exhortations to young men to pursue through life "whatsoever things are true, just, pure, lovely, and of good report."

CHRISTIANITY NOT ORIGINATED BY MAN.

I would here observe, that the question concerning the origin of Christianity cannot be disposed of by a general reference to the

facility with which mankind are deluded, and the frequency of impostures in the world. To put aside the question of its origin by telling us that mankind are easily deceived, is much the same as it would be to put aside the question about the origin of the Gulf Stream by telling us that water is an element very easily moved in different directions. Certainly, water is a fluctuating and unstable element; but to say this, is not to account for a broad current in mid-ocean that has been uniform since time began; nor is it any account of a uniform current of thought and feeling, setting in one direction for eighteen hundred years, to say that the human mind is fluctuating and unstable; that man has been often deceived; and that there have been great extravagances in belief. The origin of such a movement is to be investigated, and not to be shrouded in mist. The New Testament gives a full and satisfactory account of it; and it behooves those who do not receive that account, to substitute some other that shall, at least, be plausible. This they have failed to do. Perhaps no one was more competent to do this, or has been more successful, than Gibbon; and yet the five causes which he assigns for the spread of Christianity—namely, “the zeal of Christians,” “their doctrine of a future life,” “the miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive church,” “their pure and austere morals,” and “their union”—are obviously effects of that very religion of which they are assigned as the cause.

To me, when I look at this religion, taking its point of departure from the earliest period in the history of the race; when I see it analogous to nature; when I see it comprising all that natural religion teaches, and introducing a new system in entire harmony with it, but which could not have been deduced from it; when I see it commending itself to the conscience of man, containing a perfect code of morals, meeting all his moral wants, and embodying the only true principles of economical and political science; when I see in it the best possible system of excitement and restraint for all the faculties; when I see how simple it is in its principle, and yet in how many thousand ways it mingles in with human affairs and modifies them for good, so that it is adapted to become universal; when I see it giving an account of the termination of all things, worthy of God and consistent with reason;—to me, when I look at all these things, it no more seems possible that the system of Christianity should have been originated or sustained by man, than it does that the ocean should have been made by him.

Lowell Lectures.

FAITH.—THE RACE FOR THE YOUNG.

And now, my beloved friends, in bringing to a close my relations to you as an instructor, what can I wish better for you per-

sonally, or for the world in your relations to it, than that you should take for your actuating and sustaining principle, faith in God? Without this, you will lack the highest element of happiness, and the only adequate ground of support; life will be without dignity, and death without hope. Only by faith can you run that race which is set before *you*, as before those of old. In this world your courses may be different: you will choose different professions, and diverge widely in your lines of life. To some of you, the race here may be brief. One whom I addressed the last year, as I do you to-day, now sleeps in death. But whatever this may be, and whether longer or shorter, before you all there is set the same race under the moral government of God; to you all is held out the same prize. Why should you not run this race? Never was there a time in the history of the world when moral heroes were more needed. The world waits for such. The providence of God has commanded science to labor and prepare the way for such. For them she is laying her iron tracks, and stretching her wires, and bridging the oceans. But where are they? Who shall breathe into our civil and political relations the breath of a higher life? Who shall couch the eyes of a paganized science, and of a pantheistic philosophy, that they may see God? Who shall consecrate to the glory of God the triumphs of science? Who shall bear the life-boat to the stranded and perishing nations? Who should do these things, if not you?—not in your relations to time only, but to eternity and to the universe of God.

And, as seen in the light of faith, what a race! what an arena! what a prize!

Gird yourselves, then, for this race; run it with patience, "looking unto Jesus." The world may not notice or know you, for it knew him not. It may persecute you, for it persecuted him; but in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. He will be with you; he will sustain you;—the great cloud of witnesses will encompass you; they will wait to hail you with acclamation as you shall reach the goal and receive the prize. That goal may you all reach!—that prize may you all receive!

Close of the Baccalaureate for 1850.

TRUE WORSHIP.

Would you, then, it may be asked, exclude the imagination and the class of emotions excited by the fine arts from divine worship? I answer, *No*. But I would have them called forth by the attributes, and by the present or the remembered works, of God, rather than by the works of man. If I cannot worship in the broad temple of God's works; if I cannot, like the Saviour, pray upon a mountain, where, it may be, the starry heavens are above

me and the breathing stillness of nature is around me, or where, it may be, the voice of the tempest is in the top of the great oak by which I kneel, and its roar is among the hills, while the lightning writes the name of God on the sky, and the thunder speaks of his majesty; if I cannot stand by the sea-shore and hear the bass of nature's great anthem, yet let no poor work of man come between me and the remembered emotions which such scenes excite in the hour of my worship before the great and holy God, whose hand made all these things. "Where is the house that ye build for me?" says God, "and where is the place of my rest?" "Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool." Far rather would I find in the simplicity of the place of worship a confession of its inadequacy to lead the mind up to God, than to find any beauty of architecture, or any gorgeousness of decoration that would lead me to admire the work of man, and draw the mind from God.

Here, however, God has left man at liberty; and much is to be allowed for the influence of education, and constitutional peculiarity, and early associations and impressions. I have no sympathy with that state of mind which would prevent worship in a cathedral. God is there. But I would have it forgotten that it is a cathedral, and remembered that *God is there*. I would so magnify God, and bring his spiritual presence so near, that those things should be indifferent, and that in the cathedral, as well as in the plain church or under the open heaven, men should equally worship God in spirit and in truth. There is, however, great danger that the excitement of what is poetical and imaginative in man by architecture and music,¹ considered simply as music, and painting, and statuary, should be substituted and mistaken for the pure and holy worship of God.

On this point the simplicity of Puritanism has been regarded as austere. But so has the true worship of God always been regarded by the many. While, therefore, we find in our Bibles, and in the works of God, the motives and the media of worship, while we are willing and desirous that the fine arts should have their appropriate temples and be cultivated as they ought to be among a refined people, we yet remember that even under the old dispensation, the acceptable worship went up from an altar of unhewn stone; and we think it best accords with the spirit of the New Testament, and is shown by history to be safest, and is most conducive to the worship of God in spirit and in truth, that a chaste simplicity should characterize all the structures and all

¹ "On no account would I say any thing to discourage the universal and high cultivation of sacred music. This differs from the other fine arts, because its appropriate office is not impression, but expression. Where it is regarded and admired for its own sake, it obstructs instead of promoting the worship of God."

the forms of our religion. We think that the appropriate object of religious services is to cultivate the moral and religious nature, and that there should be no attempt to produce an effect upon the mind by forms, or to blend the emotions appropriate to the fine arts with those higher emotions that belong to the worship of God.

Perhaps our Puritan ancestors carried their feelings on these points too far; but we think it can be shown, from the nature of things and from the developments of the times, that they were substantially right;—*and we abide in their faith.* I would rather have joined in one prayer with the simple pastor and his persecuted flock among the glens and fastnesses of the rocks in the highlands of Scotland; I would rather have heard one song of praise rise and float upon those free breezes in the day when the watch was set, and the bloody trooper was abroad, set on by those who worshipped in cathedrals; I would rather have kneeled upon the beach with the company of the Mayflower when persecution was driving them into the wilderness, than to have listened to all the rituals and *Te Deums* in every cathedral in Europe.

ATTRACTIVENESS OF IRREGULAR ACTION.

If it be inquired how the impression of intellectual power has come to be associated with skepticism and wickedness, an answer may be found, first, in the fields of literature and speculation commonly entered by the skeptical and licentious. These are those of imagination, wit, ridicule, and transcendental metaphysics. Their object, the last excepted, is not truth, but impression; and this last is as yet so overrun with strange terms—is so the common ground of truth, falsehood, and nonsense, each aping the profound—that it is difficult to say whether it is better as a hunting-ground for truth, or a stalking-ground for vanity, or a hiding-place for falsehood. That there is power in this literature, is not denied; but the power of imagination, wit, assumption, and even of bathos, is not distinguished from that of fair and searching investigation.

A second answer we find in the effect upon the mind of all irregular action, especially when combined with daring or fool-hardiness. The utmost power of a horse, exerted in the true line of draught, will excite no attention. Half the power put forth in rearing and plunging will draw a crowd about him. A cheap method of notoriety, the world over, is this rearing and plunging. Sam. Patch,¹ leaping over Genesee Falls, could gather a greater crowd than Daniel Webster. The great powers of nature—those by which she wheels up her sun, and navigates her planets, and

¹ See page 468.

lifts vegetation, and circulates her waters, by which she holds herself in her unity and manifests her diversity—are regular, quiet, within the traces of law, and excite no attention. Here and there the quiet eye of a philosopher expands in permanent wonder; but from the very fact—the greatest wonder of all—that these forces are so clothed in order and tempered with gentleness, they are to the multitude nothing. Not so with volcanoes and earthquakes, with hurricanes and thunder-storms, with water-spouts and cataracts. These are irregular manifestations of the great forces that lie back of them. Compared with those forces, they are only as the eddy to the river; only as the opening of the side-valve and the hiss of the steam compared with the force of the engine that is bearing on the long train; and yet these are the wonders of the world. So with the mind. When it respects order and law, when it seeks the ends and moves in the channels appointed by God, its mightiest and most beneficent movements excite comparatively little attention. But combine now irregularity with audacity; open a side-valve; assail the foundations of belief; make it impossible for God to work a miracle, or to prove it if he should; turn history into a myth; show your consciousness of power by setting yourself against the race; flatter the nineteenth century; dethrone God;—if you make the universe God, yourself being a part of it, so much the better,—do thus, and there will not be wanting those who will despise the plodders, and hail you as “the coming man.”

Baccalaureate Address, 1858.

ALBERT G. GREENE

Was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 10, 1802, and was graduated at Brown University in 1820. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and, after some years of practice, was elected Clerk of the Municipal Court of the city of Providence, and Clerk of the Common Council, which offices he now holds. He has written many beautiful fugitive pieces of poetry, but deserves especial remembrance for his humorous elegy on

OLD GRIMES.¹

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man—
We ne'er shall see him more:—
He used to wear a long, black coat
All button'd down before.

¹ This is not so much an imitation as it is a successful rival of Goldsmith's “Elegy on the Glory of her Sex: Mrs. Mary Blaize;” and, as our literature has, comparatively, but little humorous poetry, I am glad to enliven my book with what I can find of it that is good.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;—
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd;—
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:—
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:—
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er,—
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old GRIMES is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown:—
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert:—
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay:—
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,—
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,—
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;—
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

LEONARD BACON.

REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D.,¹ was born in Detroit, Michigan, on the 19th of February, 1802. His father was for several years a missionary among the Indians, to whom he was sent by the Missionary Society of Connecticut. He died in 1817, leaving three sons and four daughters. At the age of ten, Dr. Bacon was sent to Hartford, to prepare for college, and, in the fall of 1817, entered the sophomore class in Yale College, where he so distinguished himself as a scholar and writer that a high position was predicted for him in the profession he had chosen,—that of the ministry. In the autumn of 1820, he entered the theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, where he prosecuted his studies for four years. Soon after leaving Andover, he was invited by the First Congregational Church of New Haven, whose building is known by the name of the "Centre Church," to preach to them. Over this church he was ordained pastor in March, 1825, when he was but twenty-three years of age; and at this important post he has remained ever since.

Though Dr. Bacon's life has been a quiet one, and barren of incident, he has filled a large space in the eye of the Christian public, especially of the Congregational Church in New England; and the high estimation in which he is there held is evident from the frequency with which he is invited to deliver addresses before literary societies or sermons at ordinations. He embodies, in a remarkable degree, the distinctive features of New-England character and theology, having the reliance, energy, and adaptation peculiar to its people. He gives his time and energies to the discussion of a great variety of topics, and seldom assumes a position without triumphantly maintaining it. To great firmness and compactness of mental structure he adds high polish and purity of style; and occasionally, where the subject demands it, he calls to his aid a playful ridicule and keen sarcasm that set forth the object of them in its true light. It is astonishing how, with such laborious pastoral duties, he accomplishes so much in the field of literature.²

¹ For a more extended account of this distinguished clergyman, read "Fowler's American Pulpit."

² The following are his chief published works:—*Select Practical Writings of Richard Baxter, with a Life of the Author*, 2 vols. 8vo, New Haven, 1831; *Manual for Young Church Members*, 18mo, New Haven, 1833; (this is an exposition of the principles of Congregational Church order;) *Thirteen Historical Discourses on the Completion of Two Hundred Years from the Beginning of the First Church in New Haven*, 8vo, New Haven, 1839. Besides these volumes, about twenty-five of his sermons and addresses have been published, delivered on various public occasions, such as ordinations, meetings of temperance societies, literary societies, &c.; among which are the Phi Beta Kappa at Yale and at Harvard. His first contribution to the "Christian Spectator," on "The Peculiar Characteristics of the Benevolent Spirit of our Age," was in March, 1822, when he was a student at Andover; and during every year down to 1838, there was scarcely a number of that celebrated magazine that was not enriched by his pen. To the "New Englander," also, since its commencement in 1843, he has been a constant contributor, and all his papers are marked with an ability, earnestness, and directness that make them among the most readable articles of that able review. He is now one of the editors of the New York "Independent,"—one of the most ably conducted religious journals in our country.

JOHN DAVENPORT'S¹ INFLUENCE UPON NEW HAVEN.

If we of this city² enjoy, in this respect, any peculiar privileges,—if it is a privilege that any poor man here, with ordinary health in his family, and the ordinary blessing of God upon his industry, may give to his son, without sending him away from home, the best education which the country affords,—if it is a privilege to us to live in a city in which learning, sound and thorough education, is, equally with commerce and the mechanic arts, a great public interest,—if it is a privilege to us to record among our fellow-citizens some of the brightest names in the learning and science, not of our country only, but of the age, and to be conversant with such men, and subject to their constant influence in the various relations of society,—if it is a privilege that our young mechanics, in their associations, can receive instruction in popular lectures from the most accomplished teachers,³—if, in a word, there is any privilege in having our home at one of the fountains of light for this vast confederacy,—the privilege may be traced to the influence of John Davenport, to the peculiar character which he, more than any other man, gave to this community in its very beginning. Every one of us is daily enjoying the effects of his wisdom and public spirit. Thus he is to-day our benefactor; and thus he is to be the benefactor of our posterity through ages to come. How aptly might that beautiful apostrophe of one of our poets have been addressed to him:—

“The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven’s immortal bowers.”

¹ This holy and fearless man was not afraid of “preaching politics,” nor of counselling his people to give succor to the fugitive from tyranny and oppression. Among those who signed the death-warrant of Charles I., who was found guilty of treason against his people, were Edward Whalley and William Goffe. On the Restoration they fled to this country, and came first to Boston and then to New Haven. On the Sunday after they arrived at the latter place, Mr. Davenport, knowing that they would be pursued by the king’s officers, boldly went into the pulpit, and instructed his people in their duties in the matter, from the following text,—a text which was of itself a sermon for the occasion:—“Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth: let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.” Isa. xvi. 3, 4.

² New Haven.

³ This alludes to the munificence of James Brewster, Esq., of New Haven, whose heart to do good equals his means of doing it,—a rare union in men of wealth,—and who founded with his own means an institute for popular instruction, for the intellectual and moral improvement of the mechanics of the place.

THE PRESENT AGE.

The present age is eminently an age of progress, and therefore of excitement and change. It is an age in which the great art of printing is beginning to manifest its energy in the diffusion of knowledge and the excitement of bold inquiry; and therefore it is an age when all opinions walk abroad in quest of proselytes. It is an age of liberty, and therefore of the perils incidental to liberty. It is an age of peace and enterprise, and therefore of prosperity, and of all the perils incidental to prosperity. It is an age of great plans and high endeavors for the promotion of human happiness; and therefore it is an age in which daring but ill-balanced minds are moved to attempt impracticable things, or to aim at practicable ends by impracticable measures. And so long as we have liberty, civil, intellectual, and religious; so long as we have enterprise and prosperity; so long as the public heart is warm with solicitude for human happiness; so long we must make up our minds to encounter something of error and extravagance; and our duty is not to complain or despair, but to be thankful that we live in times so auspicious, and to do what we can, in patience and love, to guide the erring and check the extravagant.

When the car rushes with swift motion, he who looks only downward upon the track, to catch if he can some glimpses of the glowing wheel, or to watch the rocks by the wayside, that seem whirling from their places, soon grows sick and faint. Look up, man! Look abroad! The earth is not dissolved, nor yet dissolving. Look on the tranquil heavens and the blue mountains. Look on all that fills the range of vision,—the bright, glad river, the smooth meadow, the village spire with the clustering homes around it, and yonder lonely, quiet farmhouse far up among the hills. You are safe; all is safe; and the power that carries you is neither earthquake nor tempest, but a power than which the gentlest palfrey that ever bore a timid maiden is not more obedient to the will that guides it.

What age, since the country was planted, has been more favorable to happiness or to virtue than the present? Would you rather have lived in the age of the Revolution? If in this age you are frightened, in that age you would have died with terror. Would you rather have lived in the age of the old French wars, when religious enthusiasm and religious contention ran so high that ruin seemed impending? How would your sensibilities have been tortured in such an age! Would you rather have lived in those earlier times, when the savage still built his wigwam in the woody valleys, and the wolf prowled on our hills? Those days, so Arcadian to your fancy, were days of darkness and tribulation.

The "temptations in the wilderness" were as real and as terrible as any which your virtue is called to encounter. * * *

The scheme of Divine Providence is one from the beginning to the end, and is ever in progressive development. Every succeeding age helps to unfold the mighty plan. There are, indeed, times of darkness; but even then it is light to faith, and lighter to the eye of God; and even then there is progress, though to sense and fear all motion seems retrograde. To despond now, is not cowardice merely, but atheism; for now, as the world in its swift progress brings us nearer and nearer to the latter day, faith, instructed by the signs of the times, and looking up in devotion, sees on the blushing sky the promise of the morning.

CHRISTIANITY IN HISTORY.

The more we study Christ and the influence of Christianity in history, the deeper, also, and more cheering will be our conviction that Christianity, as one of the forces that control the progress of nations and of the human race, has never demonstrated all its efficacy. In the ages past, the various and complicated moral forces that move the world have been in opposition to its influence, or have acted to corrupt it. Its mission in the world is to work itself free from the corruptions that have soiled its purity and impaired its efficacy, and mingling itself with all that acts on human character,—literature, art, philosophy, education, law, statesmanship, commerce,—to bring all things into subordination to itself, and to sway all the complicated elements of power for the renovation of the world.

We, brethren in the commonwealth of letters, all of us, from the most gifted to the humblest, are workers in history. Christianity, if we are true to our position and our nurture, is working through us upon the destinies of our country and of our race. Not the missionary only who goes forth, in the calm glow of apostolic zeal, to labor and to die in barbarous lands for the extension of Christ's empire,—not the theologian only who devotes himself to the learned investigation and the scientific exposition of the Christian faith,—not the preacher and the pastor only,—but all who act in any manner or in any measure on the character and moral destiny of their fellow-men, are privileged to be the organs and the functionaries of Christianity. The senator, whose fearless voice and vote turn back from the yet uncontaminated soil of his country the polluting and blighting barbarism of slavery, and consecrate that soil eternally to freedom; the patriot statesman, who, in defiance of the *ardor civium prava jubentium*, lifts up his voice like a prophet's cry against the barbarous and pagan policy of war and conquest; the jurist, who, like Granville Sharp,

by long and patient years of toil, forces the law to recognise at last some disregarded principle of justice; the teacher, the author, the artist, the physician, and the man of business, who, in their various places of duty and of influence, are serving their generation under the influence of Christian principles;—these all are in their several functions the anointed ministers of Christianity,—“kings and priests to God.”

In the all-embracing scheme of the eternal Providence, no act, or effort, or aspiration of goodness shall be in vain. No rain-drop mingles with the ocean or falls upon the desert sand, no particle of dew moistens the loneliest and baldest cliff, but God sees it and saves it for the uses of his own beneficence. The vanished aspirations of the youth who fell and was forgotten—whose early promise sparkled for a moment and exhaled—are not wholly lost; he has not lived nor died in vain.

Let these thoughts cheer us as we labor, and bear us up in our discouragements.

“Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

“Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.”

Phi Beta Kappa Oration.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY, 1802—1828.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY, son of Hon. William Pinkney,¹ of Baltimore, Maryland, was born in London in October, 1802, his father being at that time minister at the Court of St. James. On the return of the family, he entered “St. Mary’s College” about 1812, and, at the age of fourteen, was appointed midshipman in the navy. After a varied service of nine years, he resigned his place in the navy, was married, and was admitted to the bar in 1824. But his previous habits of life were not favorable to the steady and earnest pursuit of legal investigations, and his poetic temperament did not suit well with the contentions of the court-room; consequently he had but little success as a lawyer. His health, too, had been for

¹ William Pinkney was a native of Annapolis.—born 1764, died 1822.—He was appointed to various European missions by our Government, and held other eminent public stations. His greatest celebrity, however, was attained at the bar, where he was distinguished alike for learning and eloquence. He it was who, in the House of Delegates in Maryland, in 1789, uttered the noble sentiment,—“Sir, by the eternal principles of natural justice, no master in this State has a right to hold his slave for a single hour.”

some time feeble, so that he had hardly the physical powers necessary to attain distinction in any profession. He had been for some years known as a poet to his circle of friends; and in 1825 a small volume appeared, entitled *Rodolph, and other Poems*. *Rodolph*—his longest work—has not much merit; but some of his minor pieces are very beautiful, and richly merit preservation. Had his life been spared, he would doubtless have trodden a higher walk; but he died on the 11th of April, 1828, at the early age of twenty-five.

ITALY.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose?
 Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
 In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
 The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
 Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
 Rich fruits hang high upon the verdant trees;
 And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
 Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.
 Belovéd!—speed we from this sullen strand,
 Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine eye
 But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;
 And, flying fast and free before the gale,
 The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
 And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
 Or touch'd with silver by the stars and moon,
 Or fleck'd with broken lines of crimson light,
 When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
 Lovely as loved! toward that smiling shore
 Bear we our household gods, to fix forever more.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
 The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth:
 Nature is delicate and graceful there,
 The place's genius, feminine and fair:
 The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
 The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
 Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curl'd
 And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
 Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
 Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
 Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
 And there are forms in which they both conspire
 To whisper themes that know not how to tire;
 The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
 Have but been hallow'd by the hand of Time,
 And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame:
 The meanest stone is not without a name.
 Then come, belovéd!—hasten o'er the sea,
 To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burden'd bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrance and the freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—the idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her, so very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon,—
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

A SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up,—look out, and be
A sister to the night!—

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast:
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, to whom the common voice of the country has given the title of THE SONG-WRITER OF AMERICA, was born in Philadelphia in 1802. He early commenced his literary career, and in 1822 became the editor of "The New York Mirror," which remained under his control till 1843, when pecuniary difficulties, occasioned by the storm of financial embarrassment which had but shortly before passed over the country, compelled him to relinquish its publication. During this long period, this periodical was very ably conducted, and became the vehicle of introduction to the public of some of the best writers in the country. In 1844, he established "The New Mirror," in conjunction with his friend N. P. Willis, which was soon after changed into "The Evening Mirror." This, after being continued a year as a daily paper, with great spirit and taste, was sold out, and in November, 1846, these two gifted authors started a weekly paper, called "The Home Journal," which has been continued from year to year, with increasing popularity,—a popularity richly deserved, from the taste, elegance, and enterprise with which it is conducted.

General Morris has published the following works:—*The Deserted Bride, and other Poems*, 1843; *The Whip-poor-will, a Poem*; *American Melodies*; two or three dramas; and, in conjunction with his friend Willis, an admirable book entitled *The Prose and Poetry of Europe and America*. But it is as a writer of songs, which exert no little influence upon national character and manners, and of a few short pieces which, by their elevated moral sentiment and touching pathos, go right to the heart, that General Morris will hold an enduring place in American literature.¹

¹ "General Morris's fame as 'The Song-Writer of America' belongs to two hemispheres, and is greater now than it has ever been before. 'You ask me,' says a recent letter from an English gentleman, now representing in the House of Commons one of the most ancient of the English boroughs, 'whether I have seen General Morris's last song, "Jenny Marsh of Cherry Valley." You can hardly know, when you put such a question, the place he has built himself in the hearts of all classes here. His many songs and ballads are household words in every home in England, and have a dear old chair by every circle in which kindly friends are gathered; and parents smile with pleasure to see brothers and sisters join their voices in the evening song, and twine closer those loving chords,—the tenderest of the human heart. It is no mean reward to feel that the child of one's brain has a chair in such circles, and that the love for the child passes in hundreds of hearts into love for its unseen parent. After all, what are all the throat-warblings in the world to one such heart-song as "My Mother's Bible"? It possesses the true test of genius, touching with sympathy the human heart equally in the palace and the cottage."

For a most beautifully-written critical essay upon General Morris's* genius and poems, read "Literary Criticisms, and other Papers, by the late Horace Binney Wallace, Esq., of Philadelphia,"—a volume which does the highest credit to the author as a man of pure taste, correct judgment, and finished scholarship.

* He receives the title of General from his holding the rank of brigadier-general in the military organization of New York.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

Ho! brothers,—come hither and list to my story,—

Merry and brief will the narrative be:

Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—

Master am I, boys, of all that I see.

Where once frown'd a forest a garden is smiling,—

The meadow and moorland are marshes no more;
And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling

The children who cluster like grapes at the door.

Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest,

The land of the heart is the land of the West.

Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Talk not of the town, boys,—give me the broad prairie,

Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free;
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,

Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;

With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging

Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.

Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;

I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.

Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,

We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;

We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.

We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find;

We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,

And die, boys, in peace and good will to mankind.

Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;

You know how we live, boys, and die in the West!

Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

When other friends are round thee,

And other hearts are thine,

When other bays have crown'd thee,

More fresh and green than mine,

Then think how sad and lonely

This doating heart will be,

Which, while it throbs, throbs only,

Belovéd one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,

I know thy truth remains;

I would not live without thee,

For all the world contains.

Thou art the star that guides me
 Along life's changing sea;
 And whate'er fate betides me,
 This heart still turns to thee.

UP WITH THE SIGNAL.

Up, up with the signal! The land is in sight!
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!
 The cold, cheerless ocean in safety we've pass'd,
 And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last.
 In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
 To soothe us in absence of those left behind.
 Land!—land-ho! All hearts glow with joy at the sight!
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is waving! Till morn we'll remain,
 Then part in the hope to meet one day again
 Round the hearthstone of home in the land of our birth,
 The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
 Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee
 As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea.
 Ho!—land-ho! We near it,—we bound at the sight.
 Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is answer'd! The foam-sparkles rise
 Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes!
 May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care
 Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
 One health, as chime gayly the nautical bells,
 To woman—God bless her!—wherever she dwells!
 THE PILOT'S ON BOARD!—and, thank Heaven! all's right!
 So be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.¹

Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough:
 In youth it shelter'd me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hack it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies.

¹ "After I had sung the noble ballad of 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' at Boulogne," says Mr. Henry Russell, the vocalist, "an old gentleman among the audience, who was greatly moved by the simple and touching beauty of the words, rose and said, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Russell; but was the tree really spared?' 'It was,' said I. 'I am very glad to hear it,' said he, as he took his seat amidst the unanimous applause of the whole assembly. I never saw such excitement in a concert-room."

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy,
 Here, too, my sisters play'd.
 My mother kiss'd me here;
 My father press'd my hand:
 Forgive this foolish tear,—
 But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now:
 Tears will unbidden start,—
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;
 She, dying, gave it me.
 Ah! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear,
 Who round the hearthstone used to close
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill!
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still!
 My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters dear;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who lean'd God's word to hear!
 Her angel face—I see it yet!
 What thronging memories come!
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home!
 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 Where all were false I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasure give
 That could this volume buy:
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE,

THE accomplished editor of the "Louisville Journal," was born at Preston, Connecticut, December 18, 1802. He was graduated at Brown University, 1823, and then studied law; but he never practised his profession, preferring to devote himself to editorial labors. In 1828, he established "The New England Weekly Review," at

Hartford, and conducted it for two years, when he resigned it to the poet Whittier, and removed to the West, where he assumed the charge of the "Louisville Journal," which he soon raised to a first-class journal, and which has continued to the present time to maintain its character for solid ability and playful wit united, scarcely second to that of any other journal in the country.

Mr. Prentice has written some very beautiful poetry for his own journal and for other periodicals; but his compositions have never been collected in a volume. The following pieces have been much admired :—

SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun !
Yet twilight lingers still ;
And beautiful as dream of heaven
It slumbers on the hill ;
Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And, rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest-trees
In shadowy groups recline,
Like saints at evening bow'd in prayer
Around their holy shrine ;
And through their leaves the night-winds blow,
So calm and still, their music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,
Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so softly glow,
They seem to Fancy's eye
Bright creatures of a better sphere,
Come down at noon to worship here,
And, from their sacrifice of love,
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-arch floating high,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with religion,—deep
On earth and sea its glories sleep,
And mingle with the starlight rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
A gush of music there !
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can rise, and wander through
Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is fill'd with glorious dreams,
 Each pulse is beating wild;
 And thought is soaring to the ahrine
 Of glory undefiled!
 And holy aspirations start,
 Like blessed angels, from the heart,
 And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—
 Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

I THINK OF THEE.

TO A LADY.

I think of thee when morning springs
 From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,
 And, like a young bird, lifts her wings
 Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
 And sent in music from the grove,
 I think of thee,—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,
 The evening spreads her robes of light,
 And, like a young and timid bride,
 Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
 In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
 And stars are forth, like blessed things,
 I think of thee,—I think of thee.

I think of thee;—that eye of flame,
 Those tresses, falling bright and free,
 That brow, where "Beauty writes her name,"
 I think of thee,—I think of thee.

RUFUS DAWES.

RUFUS DAWES was born in Boston, on the 26th of January, 1803. His father, Thomas Dawes, was a member of the State Convention called to ratify the Constitution, and was for many years one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, distinguished for his learning, eloquence, wit,¹ and spotless integrity. Our poet entered Harvard College in 1820. On leaving it, he entered

¹ He was remarkable not only "for his great reach of mind," (to use Daniel Webster's words respecting him,) but for his quickness of repartee. He was very short in stature; and one day, standing in State Street, Boston, with six very tall men, among whom were Harrison Gray Otis and Josiah Quincy, Mr. Otis said, "Judge Dawes, how do you feel?" (looking down on him at the same time very significantly) "when in the company of such great men as we?" "Just like a fourpence halfpenny among six cents," was his prompt reply.

the office of General William Sullivan as a law-student, and, after completing his studies, was admitted a member of the Suffolk County bar. The profession, however, was not congenial to his feelings, and he has never pursued its practice. Early in 1828, he published a prospectus of "*The Emerald and Baltimore Literary Gazette*," of which he was to be the editor, and on the 29th of March of that year appeared the first number. In 1829, he was married to a daughter of Chief-Justice Cranch, of Washington. In 1830, he published *The Valley of the Nantuxony, and other Poems*; and in 1839, *Athenia of Damascus*; *Geraldine*; and his miscellaneous poetical writings. In the winter of 1840-41, he delivered a course of literary lectures in New York, before the American Institute. He now resides in Washington, D.C.

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
Then she mounts again, and round her flings
A shower of light from her crimson wings;
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,
As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,
And round the skirts of their deepen'd fold
She paints a border of purple and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay
When their god in his glory has pass'd away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;
Then wheeling her flight through the gladden'd air,
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

SUNRISE, FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The laughing hours have chased away the night,
Plucking the stars out from her diadem:—

And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,
 Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,
 Blushing in smiles, and glad as infancy.
 And see, the foolish Moon, but now so vain
 Of borrow'd beauty, how she yields her charms,
 And, pale with envy, steals herself away!
 The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,
 Attendant on the day: the mountain-tops
 Have lit their beacons, and the vales below
 Send up a welcoming: no song of birds,
 Warbling to charm the air with melody,
 Floats on the frosty breeze; yet Nature hath
 The very soul of music in her looks!
 The sunshine and the shade of poetry.

I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle;
 Temple of Nature! and look down with awe
 On the wide world beneath me, dimly seen;
 Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,
 Fix'd on their old foundations, unsubdued;
 Firm as when first rebellion bade them rise
 Unruffled to the Thunderer: now they seem
 A family of mountains, clustering round
 Their hoary patriarch, emulously watching
 To meet the partial glances of the day.
 Far in the glowing east the flickering light,
 Mellow'd by distance, with the blue sky blending,
 Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.

The sun comes up! away the shadows fling
 From the broad hills; and, hurrying to the west,
 Sport in the sunshine till they die away.
 The many beauteous mountain-streams leap down,
 Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light
 Dances along with their perennial flow.
 And there is beauty in yon river's path,
 The glad Connecticut! I know her well,
 By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms:
 At times she loiters by a ridge of hills,
 Sportfully hiding; then again with glee
 Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place.
 Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,
 And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes, and woods,
 And all that hold the faculty entranced,
 Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,
 And sleep in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place,
 A Presence that forbids to break the spell,
 Till the heart pour its agony in tears.
 But I must drink the vision while it lasts;
 For even now the curling vapors rise,
 Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace
 These towering summits—bidding me away;
 But often shall my heart turn back again,
 Thou glorious eminence! and when oppress'd,
 And aching with the coldness of the world,
 Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, one of the most original writers in our country, was born in Boston in the year 1803, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1821. On leaving college, he devoted his time to theological studies, and was settled as pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in his native city. But, his views respecting some of the Christian ordinances undergoing a change, he gave up the ministry, and retired to the quiet village of Concord, Mass., devoting himself to his favorite studies,—the nature of man and his relations to the universe.

The following are Mr. Emerson's chief publications: *Man Thinking*, an oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1837; *Literary Ethics*, an oration; and *Nature—an Essay*, in 1838; *The Dial*, a magazine of literature, philosophy, and history, which he commenced in 1840 and continued for four years; *The Method of Nature*, *Man the Reformer*, three lectures on the times, and the first series of his essays, in 1841; lectures on the *New England Reformers*, the *Young American*, and *Negro Emancipation in the West Indies*, in 1844; a volume of *Poems*, in 1846, and the lectures, delivered during his visit to England in 1849, which form the volume called *Representative Men*.

Such are Mr. Emerson's principal writings. As an author he never can be popular, for he is too abstruse and too metaphysical, and has too little of human sympathy to reach the heart; while he is at times so quaint or so obscure that one is no little puzzled to find out his meaning.¹

THE COMPENSATIONS OF CALAMITY.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

¹ An English critic thus speaks of him:—"Mr. Emerson possesses so many characteristics of genius that his want of universality is the more to be regretted: the leading feature of his mind is intensity; he is deficient in heart-sympathy." Again, "It is better for a man to tell his story as Mr. Irving, Mr. Hawthorne, or Mr. Longfellow does, than to adopt the style Emersonian, in which thoughts may be buried so deep that common seekers shall be unable to find them."

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed; breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

TRAVELLING.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up at Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions; but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

But the rage of travelling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds, lean to, and follow the past and the distant as the

eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought, and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakspeare will never be made by the study of Shakspeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much.

GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
 Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine.
 Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
 A river-ark on the ocean's brine,
 Long I've been toss'd like the driven foam;
 But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
 To Grandeur, with his wise grimace;
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
 To supple Office, low and high;
 To crowded halls, to court and street;
 To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
 To those who go, and those who come;
 Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
 Bosom'd in yon green hills alone—
 A secret nook in a pleasant land,
 Whose groves the frolic faeries plann'd;
 Where arches green, the livelong day,
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
 And vulgar feet have never trod
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
 And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines,
 Where the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
 For what are they all in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet!

JACOB ABBOTT.

JACOB ABBOTT was born in Hallowell, Maine, in 1803, and, at the age of twelve, entered Bowdoin College. After graduating, he studied theology at Andover, and, on completing his three years' course there, was appointed tutor, and afterwards Professor of Mathematics, in Amherst College, which station he filled with great success. Thence he was called to the pastoral charge of the Elliot Street Congregational Church, Boston.

His first important literary work—*The Young Christian*—appeared in Boston in 1825; since which time he has written many works, mostly intended for the instruction of the young, in which branch of literature he has been remarkably successful. The *Young Christian* series (comprising *The Young Christian*, *Corner-Stone*, *Way to do Good*, *Hoary Head*, and *McDonner*) has enjoyed not only a wide circulation in this country, but numerous editions have been issued in England, Scotland, France, and Germany.

Besides his literary works, Mr. Abbott was very successful as a teacher in his well-known Mount Vernon School for Young Ladies, in Boston; and at a later period, when associated with his brother, John S. C. Abbott, in the Houston and Bleecker Street schools, in New York. During the last eight or ten years he has devoted his time entirely to writing,¹ and now resides in New York City.

INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

The great mass of mankind consider the intellectual powers as susceptible of a certain degree of development in childhood, to

¹ His works have been very numerous,—more than sixty volumes in all,—including a series of biographies of distinguished characters; and the *Rollo Books*. More interesting and instructive works, especially for the young, can hardly elsewhere be found.

prepare the individual for the active duties of life. This degree of progress they suppose to be made before the age of twenty is attained, and hence they talk of an education being finished! Now, if a parent wishes to convey the idea that his daughter has closed her studies at school, or that his son has finished his preparatory professional course and is ready to commence practice, there is perhaps no strong objection to his using the common phrase that the education is finished; but in any general or proper use of language, there is no such thing as a finished education. The most successful student that ever left a school, or took his degree at college, never arrived at a good place to stop in his intellectual course. In fact, the farther he goes the more desirous will he feel to go on; and if you wish to find an instance of the greatest eagerness and interest with which the pursuit of knowledge is prosecuted, you will find it undoubtedly in the case of the most accomplished and thorough scholar which the country can furnish, who has spent a long life in study, and who finds that the farther he goes the more and more widely does the boundless field of intelligence open before him.

Give up, then, at once, all idea of *finishing* your education. The sole object of the course of discipline at any literary institution in our land is not to *finish*, but just to show you how to *begin*; to give you an impulse and a direction upon that course which you ought to pursue with unabated and uninterrupted ardor as long as you have being. * * *

The objects of study are of several kinds: one is,—to *increase our intellectual powers*. Every one knows that there is a difference of ability in different minds; but it is not so distinctly understood that every one's abilities may be increased or strengthened by a kind of culture adapted expressly to this purpose,—I mean a culture which is intended not to *add to the stock of knowledge*, but only to *increase intellectual power*. Scholars very often ask, when pursuing some difficult study, "What good will it do me to know this?" But that is not the question. They ought to ask, "What good will it do me to *learn* it? What effect upon my habits of thinking, and upon my intellectual powers, will be produced by the efforts to examine and to conquer these difficulties?" Do not shrink, then, from difficult work in your efforts at intellectual improvement. You ought, if you wish to secure the greatest advantage, to have some difficult work, that you may acquire habits of patient research, and increase and strengthen your intellectual powers.

Another object of study is,—the *acquisition of knowledge*; and a moment's reflection will convince any one that the acquisition of knowledge is the duty of all. If there is any thing clearly manifest of God's intentions in regard to employment for man, it

is that he should spend a very considerable portion of his time upon earth in *acquiring knowledge*,—knowledge, in all the extent and variety in which it is offered to human powers. The whole economy of nature is such as to allure man to the investigation of it, and the whole structure of his mind is so framed as to qualify him exactly for the work. If now a person begins in early life, and even as late as twenty, and makes it a part of his constant aim to acquire knowledge,—endeavoring every day to learn something which he did not know before, or to fix something in the mind which was before not familiar,—he will make an almost insensible but a most rapid and important progress. The field of his intellectual vision will widen and extend every year. His powers of mind as well as his attainments will be increased; and as he can see more extensively, so he can act more effectually every month than he could in the preceding. He thus goes on through life, growing in knowledge and in intellectual and moral power; and if his spiritual progress keeps pace, as it ought to, with his intellectual advancement, he is, with the divine assistance and blessing, exalting himself higher and higher in the scale of being, and preparing himself for a loftier and wider field of service in the world to come.

Young Christian.

THE THING ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

There is one point in connection with the subject of the management of worldly affairs which ought not to be passed by, and which is yet an indispensable condition of human happiness. I mean the duty of every man to bring his expenses and his pecuniary liabilities fairly within his control. There are some cases of a peculiar character, and some occasional emergencies, perhaps, in the life of every man, which constitute exceptions; but this is the general rule.

The plentifulness of money depends upon its relation to our expenditures. An English nobleman, with an annual income of fifty thousand pounds sterling, may be pressed for money, and be harassed by it to such a degree as to make life a burden; while an Irish laborer on a railroad in New England, with eighty cents a day, in the dead of winter, may have a plentiful supply. Reduce, then, your expenditures, and your style of living, and *your business too*, so far below your pecuniary means, that you may have money in plenty. There is, perhaps, nothing which so grinds the human soul, and produces such an insupportable burden of wretchedness and despondency, as pecuniary pressure. Nothing more frequently drives men to suicide. And there is, perhaps, no danger to which men in an active and enterprising community are more exposed. Almost all are eagerly reaching

forward to a station in life a little above what they can well afford, or struggling to do a business a little more extensive than they have capital or steady credit for; and thus they keep, all through life, just above their means;—and *just above*, no matter by how small an excess, is inevitable misery.

Be sure, then, if your aim is happiness, to bring down, at all hazards, your style of living and your responsibilities of business to such a point that you shall *easily* be able to reach it. Do this, I say, at all hazards. If you cannot have money enough for your purposes in a house with two rooms, take a house with one. It is your only chance for happiness. For there is such a thing as happiness in a single room, with plain furniture and simple fare; but there is no such thing as happiness with responsibilities which cannot be met, and debts increasing without any prospect of their discharge.

Way to do Good.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D., was born in Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, in 1804, and was graduated at Yale College in 1827. After leaving college, he became the literary editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, and in 1829 was appointed tutor in Yale College. In May, 1838, he was called to be the pastor of the North Congregational Church in Hartford, which position he still retains.

Dr. Bushnell is a profound and therefore an independent thinker, and has consequently been arraigned by some of his clerical brethren as not soundly "orthodox," because he does not choose to adopt all the old phraseology. Those who have attacked him, however, on this ground, have had abundant reason to repent of their rashness; for he has vindicated his faith in a manner that has completely silenced his opponents. His writings have been mainly on the subject of theology, though he has occasionally stepped aside into the paths of literature. In 1837 he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at New Haven, *On the Principles of National Greatness*; in 1848, before the same society, at Cambridge, an oration entitled *Work and Play*; and in 1849 he addressed the New England Society of New York on *The Fathers of New England*. His chief theological works are entitled *God in Christ*;—*Views of Christian Nurture*;—and *Christ in Theology*. He has also contributed largely to the "New Englander," and published several occasional sermons, entitled *Unconscious Influence*,—*The Day of Roads*, tracing the progress of civilization by the character and condition of the great highways,—*Barbarism the First Danger*, in allusion to emigration; *Religious Music*; and *Politics under the Law of God*.

His latest published work—*Nature and the Supernatural as together constituting the One System of God*—is one of profound thought, and will arrest the attention of all thinking minds. Its starting-point of discussion, its definitions and modes of statement, the breadth of its view, the terseness of its language, and the vigor of its logic, give it a grasp and power over the main issue which no work on kindred

themes has shown since Butler wrote his "Analogy." Besides, too, since the "Analogy" was written, the ground in dispute has changed; and Dr. Bushnell goes beyond Butler, in proving not only an ANALOGY of Natural and Revealed religion, but the UNITY of Nature and the Supernatural in the one system of God.

WORK AND PLAY.

The drama, as a product of genius, is, within a certain narrow limit, the realization of play. But far less effectively, or more faintly, when it is acted. Then the counterfeit, as it is more remote, is more feeble. In the reading we invent our own sceneries, clothe into form and expression each one of the characters, and play out our own liberty in them as freely, and sometimes as divinely, as they. Whatever reader, therefore, has a soul of true life and fire within him, finds all expectation balked when he becomes an auditor and spectator. The scenery is tawdry and flat, the characters, definitely measured, have lost their infinity, so to speak, and thus their freedom, and what before was play descends to nothing better or more inspired than work. It is called going to the play, but it should rather be called going to the work, that is, to see a play worked, (yes, an *opera*! that is it!)—men and women inspired through their memory, and acting their inspirations by rote, panting into love, pumping at the fountains of grief, whipping out the passions into fury, and dying to fulfil the contract of the evening, by a forced holding of the breath. And yet this feeble counterfeit of play, which some of us would call only "very tragical mirth," has a power to the multitude. They are moved, thrilled it may be, with a strange delight. It is as if a something in their nature, higher than they themselves know, were quickened into power,—namely, that divine instinct of play, in which the summit of our nature is most clearly revealed.

In like manner, the passion of our race for war, and the eager admiration yielded to warlike exploits, are resolvable principally into the same fundamental cause. Mere ends and uses do not satisfy us. We must get above prudence and economy, into something that partakes of inspiration, be the cost what it may. Hence war, another and yet more magnificent counterfeit of play. Thus there is a great and lofty virtue that we call courage, (*cour-ager*,) taking our name from the heart. It is the greatness of a great heart, the repose and confidence of a man whose soul is rested in truth and principle. Such a man has no ends ulterior to his duty,—duty itself is his end. He is in it therefore as in play, lives it as an inspiration. Lifted thus out of mere prudence and contrivance, he is also lifted above fear. Life to him is the outgoing

of his great heart, (*heart-age*,) action from the heart. And because he now can die without being shaken or perturbed by any of the dastardly feelings that belong to self-seeking and work, because he partakes of the impassibility of his principles, we call him a hero, regarding him as a kind of God, a man who has gone up into the sphere of the divine.

Then, since courage is a joy so high, a virtue of so great majesty, what could happen but that many will covet both the internal exaltation and the outward repute of it? Thus comes bravery, which is the counterfeit, or mock virtue. Courage is of the heart, as we have said; bravery is of the will. One is the spontaneous joy and repose of a truly great soul; the other, bravery, is after an end ulterior to itself, and, in that view, is but a form of work,—about the hardest work, too, I fancy, that some men undertake. What can be harder, in fact, than to act a great heart, when one has nothing but a will wherewith to do it?

Thus you will see that courage is above danger, bravery in it, doing battle on a level with it. One is secure and tranquil, the other suppresses agitation or conceals it. A right mind fortifies one, shame stimulates the other. Faith is the nerve of one, risk the plague and tremor of the other. For, if I may tell you just here a very important secret, there be many that are called heroes who are yet without courage. They brave danger by their will, when their heart trembles. They make up in violence what they want in tranquillity, and drown the tumult of their fears in the rage of their passions. Enter the heart, and you shall find, too often, a dastard spirit lurking in your hero. Call him still a brave man, if you will; only remember that he lacks courage.

No, the true hero is the great, wise man of duty,—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God,—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

But if bravery be not the same as courage, still it is a very imposing and plausible counterfeit. The man himself is told, after the occasion is past, how heroically he bore himself, and when once his nerves have become tranquillized, he begins even to believe it. And since we cannot stay content in the dull, uninspired world of economy and work, we are as ready to see a hero as he to be one. Nay, we must have our heroes, as I just said, and we are ready to harness ourselves, by the million, to any man who will let us fight him out the name. Thus we find out occasions for war,—wrongs to be redressed, revenges to be taken, such

as we may feign inspiration and play the great heart under. We collect armies, and dress up leaders in gold and high colors, meaning, by the brave look, to inspire some notion of a hero beforehand. Then we set the men in phalanxes and squadrons, where the personality itself is taken away, and a vast impersonal person called an army, a magnanimous and brave monster, is all that remains. The masses of fierce color, the glitter of steel, the dancing plumes, the waving flags, the deep throb of the music lifting every foot,—under these the living acres of men, possessed by the one thought of playing brave to-day, are rolled on to battle. Thunder, fire, dust, blood, groans,—what of these?—nobody thinks of these, for nobody dares to think till the day is over, and then the world rejoices to behold a new batch of heroes. And this is the devil's play, that we call war.

LIGHT.

There are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature. It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man, cities, monuments, and temples, are in a moment levelled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire.

Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more; let the hour of morning come, and bring with it no dawn; the outcries of a horror-stricken world fill the air, and make, as it were, the darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder, yet colder, is the night. The vital blood, at length, of all creatures, stops congealed.

Down goes the frost to the earth's centre. The heart of the sea is frozen, nay, the earthquakes are themselves frozen in, under their fiery caverns. The very globe itself, too, and all the fellow-planets that have lost their sun, are become mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. Such is the light which revisits us in the silence of the morning.—It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in the cradle. And yet it perpetually new-creates the world, rescuing it each morning as a prey from night and chaos.

So the true Christian is a light, even "the light of the world;" and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere object, he is therefore powerless. The greatest powers

are ever those which lie back of the little stirrs and commotions of nature; and I verily believe that the insensible influences of good men are as much more potent than what I have called their voluntary and active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequence than her little disturbances and tumults.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

THIS graceful scholar and eloquent divine was born in New York, on the 18th of March, 1805. He is the only son of Mr. Divie Bethune,¹ a native of Ross-shire, Scotland, who for many years was an eminent merchant in New York,—eminent not only for business qualifications, but for an intelligent, ever-active piety. In 1819, he entered Columbia College, and, three years afterwards, the senior class of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. During that year (1822) he was the subject of a revival of religion that took place in the college, and he resolved to devote his life to the Christian ministry.² After graduating, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and, in 1827, was settled over the Reformed Dutch Church at Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, New York. In 1830, he removed to Utica, to take charge of the new Reformed Dutch Church, which he gathered and built up; and in 1834, he was called to the First Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. After laboring in this field two years, a number of his friends in that city determined to build a new house of worship for him; and in 1837, he was settled over the Third Reformed Dutch Church, worshipping at the corner of Tenth and Filbert Streets. Here he remained twelve years, when he left to take charge of the Reformed Dutch Church on Brooklyn Heights, New York, where he now resides.

In consequence of his fine scholarship, and his power as a writer and an orator, Dr. Bethune has received many invitations to posts of high honor and trust. The chair of Moral Philosophy at West Point was offered to him by President Polk; and he was elected Chancellor of the University of New York, to succeed

¹ Dr. Bethune's mother, Mrs. Joanna Bethune, was the daughter of the celebrated Isabella Graham, and inherited much of her mother's spirit of earnest philanthropy. She was very active in founding the Widow's Society and Orphan's Asylum in New York, and was among the first in laying the foundation of many benevolent institutions, such as the Sunday-school, the Society for the Promotion of Industry, &c. &c.

² Another subject of that revival was the late Erskine Mason, D.D., for twenty-one years pastor of the Bleecker Street Church, who died May 14, 1851. His sermons were distinguished for great compactness of thought and severe logical arrangement, united to a fervid and often impassioned eloquence, that gave him a very high rank as a pulpit-orator. An octavo volume of his sermons, entitled *The Pastor's Legacy*, has been published since his death, prefixed to which is an excellent memoir, by Rev. William Adams, D.D. Read also a very discriminating and beautifully-written article on his character, by the late Rev. R. S. Storrs Dickinson, for two years assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, whose early death was a great loss to the Christian church.

Mr. Frothinguysen. But these and other honors he declined, feeling it to be his duty to remain in the pulpit as the pastor of a people devotedly attached to him. The following are his chief publications:—*The Fruits of the Spirit*, a volume of Christian ethical essays, published in 1839; *Early Lost, Early Saved*, on the death and salvation of infants, 1846; a volume of *Sermons*, 1847; *History of a Penitent, or Guide to an Inquirer*, 1847; an edition of *Walton's Angler*, with copious literary and bibliographical notes, 1848; *Lays of Love and Faith, with other Fugitive Poems*, 1848; *The British Female Poets*, with biographical and critical notices, 1848.

For twenty years Dr. Bethune has been continually invited to deliver orations and lectures at various colleges, and before societies in different parts of the country; and of these the following have been published:—1837, *On Genius*, delivered at Union College; 1839, *Leisure, its Uses and Abuses*, before the Mercantile Library, and *The Age of Pericles*, before the Athenian Institute, Philadelphia; 1840, an *Oration* before the literary societies of the University of Pennsylvania; and the *Prospects of Art in the United States*, before the Artists' Fund Society, Philadelphia; 1842, *The Eloquence of the Pulpit*, at Andover Theological Seminary; and *The Duties of Educated Men*, at Dickinson College; 1845, *Discourse on the Death of Andrew Jackson*, Philadelphia; and *A Plea for Study*, at Yale College; 1849, *The Claims of our Country on its Literary Men*, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College.

OUR COUNTRY.

What has God done, what is he doing, what is he about to do, in this land? He has set it far away to the west, and made it so circumstantially independent, that, if all the rest of the habitable earth were sunk, we should feel no serious curtailment of our comforts. The products of the whole world are, or may soon be, found within our confederate limits. He brought here first the sternest, most religious, most determined representatives of Europe's best blood, best faith, best intellect; men, ay, and women (it is the mother who makes the child) who, because they feared God, feared no created power,—who, bowing before his absolute sovereignty, would kneel to no lord spiritual or temporal on earth,—and who, believing the Bible true, demanded its sanction for all law. To your Pilgrim Fathers the highest place may well be accorded; but forget not that, about the time of their landing on the Rock, there came to the mouth of the Hudson men of kindred faith and descent,—men equally loving freedom,—men from the sea-washed cradle of modern constitutional freedom, whose union of free burgher-cities taught us the lesson of confederate independent sovereignties, whose sires were as free, long centuries before *Magna Charta*, as the English are now, and from whose line of republican princes Britain received the

boon of religious toleration,—a privilege the States-General had recognised as a primary article of their government when first established; men of that stock which, when offered their choice of favors from a grateful monarch, asked a University;¹ men whose martyr-sires had baptized their land with their blood; men who had flooded it with ocean-waves rather than yield it to a bigot-tyrant; men whose virtues were sober as prose, but sublime as poetry;—the men of Holland! Mingled with these, and still farther on, were heroic Huguenots, their fortunes broken, but their spirit unbending to prelate or prelate-ridden king. There were others, (and a dash of cavalier blood told well in battle-field and council;)—but those were the spirits whom God had made the moral substratum of our national character. Here, like Israel in the wilderness, and thousands of miles off from the land of bondage, they were educated for their high calling, until, in the fulness of times, our confederacy with its Constitution was founded. Already there had been a salutary mixture of blood, but not enough to impair the Anglo-Saxon ascendancy. The nation grew morally strong from its original elements. The great work was delayed only by a just preparation. Now God is bringing hither the most vigorous scions from all the European stocks, to “make of them all *one new MAN* ;” not the Saxon, not the German, not the Gaul, not the Helvetian, but the AMERICAN. Here they will unite as one brotherhood, will have one law, will share one interest. Spread over the vast region from the frigid to the torrid, from Eastern to Western Ocean, every variety of climate giving them choice of pursuit and modification of temperament, the ballot-box fusing together all rivalries, they shall have one national will. What is wanting in one race will be supplied by the characteristic energies of the others; and what is excessive in either, checked by the counter-action of the rest. Nay, though for a time the newly-come may retain their foreign vernacular, our tongue, so rich in ennobling literature, will be the tongue of the nation, the language of its laws, and the accent of its majesty. ETERNAL GOD! who seest the end with the beginning, thou alone canst tell the ultimate grandeur of this people!

Phi Beta Kappa Oration.

¹ After the eventful issue of the siege of Leyden, the Prince of Orange and the States-General, grateful to the heroic defenders of that city, offered them their choice of an Annual Fair or a University. They chose the University; but, struck with the nobleness of the choice, the high authorities granted them both. The University was established in 1575, and became the *Alma Mater* of Grotius, Scaliger, Boerhaave, and many other renowned men. See page 688.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

As the Redeemer is glorified in his flesh, so shall the believer be raised up to glory at the last day. What then to him whose faith can grasp things hoped for and unseen, are all the passing ignominies, and pangs, and insults, which now afflict the follower of the Man of sorrows, the Lord of life and glory? Every revolution of the earth rolls on to that fulness of adoption, "when this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruption shall put on incorruption, and shall be brought to pass this saying, Death is swallowed up in victory;" when these eyes, now so dim and soon to be closed in dust, shall behold the face of God in righteousness; when these hands, now so weak and stained with sin, shall bear aloft the triumphant palm, and strike the golden harp that seraphs love to listen to; and these voices, now so harsh and tuneless, shall swell in harmony ineffable to the song of Moses and the Lamb, responsive to the Trisagion, the thrice holy of the angels. Yes, beloved Master, we see thee, "who wast made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor;" and thou hast promised that we shall share thy glory and thy crown!

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "Us!" And who are included in that sublime and multitudinous plural? "Not to me only," says the Apostle, "but to all them that love his appearing." Ye shall share it, ancient believers, who, from Adam to Christ, worshipped by figure, and under the shadow! Ye shall share it, ye prophets, who wondered at the mysterious promises of glory following suffering! Ye shall share it, ye mighty apostles, though ye doubted when ye heard of the broken tomb! Ye, martyrs, whose howling enemies execrated you, as they slew you by sword, and cross, and famine, and rack, and the wild beast, and flame! And ye, God's humble poor, whom men despised, but of whom the world was not worthy, God's angels are watching, as they watched the sepulchre in the garden, over your obscure graves, keeping your sacred dust till the morning break, when it shall be crowned with princely splendor! Yes, thou weak one, who yet hast strength to embrace thy Master's cross! Thou sorrowing one, whose tears fall like rain, but not without hope, over the grave of thy beloved! Thou tempted one, who, through much tribulation, art struggling on to the kingdom of God! Ye all shall be there, and ten thousand times ten thousand more! Hark! the trumpet! The earth groans and rocks herself as if in travail! They rise, the sheeted dead; but how lustrously white are their garments! How dazzling their beautiful holiness! What a mighty host! They fill the air; they acclaim hallelujahs; the heavens bend with

shouts of harmony; the Lord comes down, and his angels are about him; and he owns his chosen, and they rise to meet him, and they mingle with cherubim and seraphim, and the shoutings are like thunders from the throne,—thunderings of joy:—
 “O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!”

CLING TO THY MOTHER.

Cling to thy mother; for she was the first
 To know thy being, and to feel thy life;
 The hope of thee through many a pang she nurst;
 And when, 'midst anguish like the parting strife,
 Her babe was in her arms, the agony
 Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

Be gentle to thy mother; long she bore
 Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth;
 Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
 Thy cradle pray'd, and taught thy lisping truth.
 Yes, she is old; yet on thine adult brow
 She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother; close to her warm heart
 She carried, fed thee, lull'd thee to thy rest;—
 Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
 Exulting in the fledgling from her nest:
 And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
 Whose strength was thine in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother; brief perchance the time
 May be that she will claim the care she gave;
 Past are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime
 Of joy on earth; her friends are in the grave:
 But for her children, she could lay her head
 Gladly to rest among her precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother; words unkind,
 Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang
 To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined
 In love unutterable, more than fang
 Of venom'd serpent.¹ Wound not that strong trust,
 As thou wouldst hope for peace when she is dust.

O mother mine! God grant I ne'er forget,
 Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
 The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
 I owe thy love; but make my sweet employ
 Ever through thy remaining days to be
 To thee as faithful, as thou wert to me.

¹ “How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child!”—*Lear*.

LIVE TO DO GOOD.

Live to do good ; but not with thought to win
 From man return of any kindness done ;
 Remember Him who died on cross for sin,
 The merciful, the meek, rejected One ;
 When He was slain for crime of doing good,
 Canst thou expect return of gratitude ?

Do good to all ; but while thou servest best,
 And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
 When thine own heart with anguish is oppress'd,
 The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
 From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
 And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good ; but for His holy sake
 Who died for thine ; fixing thy purpose ever
 High as His throne no wrath of man can shake ;
 So shall He own thy generous endeavor,
 And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,
 When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do naught but good ; for such the noble strife
 Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
 And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
 Content to wait the recompense above ;
 Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
 In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

Within her downy cradle, there lay a little child,
 And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled ;
 When a strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,
 Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew,
 With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure hue ;
 Till every one who saw her was thankful for the sight
 Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents and a voice as musical
 As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's fall :
 Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish grace,
 Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,
 And within the lovely casket the precious gem enshrined ;
 Till all who knew her wonder'd that God should be so good
 As to bless with such a spirit a world so cold and rude .

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody, and truth,
 The budding of her childhood just opening into youth ;
 And to our hearts yet dearer, every moment than before,
 She became, though we thought fondly heart could not love her more.

Then out spake another angel, nobler, brighter than the rest,
 As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his breast:—
 “Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race,
 But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o’er her face:

“Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her tongue,
 And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be wrung,
 Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
 Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know a sense of sin.

“Lull’d in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
 Where there is no sin, nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor decay;
 And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be—
 Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality!”

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle breath:
 For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best, was DEATH:

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THIS accomplished writer, whose maiden name was Prince, was born in a village near Portland, Maine, and traces her descent, both on her father's and mother's side, to the early Puritans. She early showed uncommon powers of mind, and before she could write she would compose little stories, and print them in her rude way. At an early age she was married to Mr. Seba Smith, editor of the “Portland Advertiser,” who in 1839 removed to New York.¹ Her first published book was entitled *Riches without Wings*, written for the young, but interesting to readers of all ages. In 1842, she published a novel, *The Western Captive*, founded on traditions of Indian life. In 1844 appeared *The Sinless Child, and other Poems*, which was very favorably received, and passed through several editions. She then turned her attention to tragedy, and published *The Roman Tribute*, founded on a period in the history of Constantinople when Theodosius saved it from being sacked by paying its price to Attila, the Hun; and *Jacob Leisler*, founded upon a dramatic incident in the colonial history of New York in 1680. In 1848 appeared a fanciful prose tale, *The Salamander, a Legend for Christmas*; and in 1851, *Woman and Her Needs*, a volume on the “Woman's Rights” question, of which Mrs. Smith has been a prominent advocate. Her publication entitled *Bertha and Lily, or the Parsonage of Beech Glen, a Romance*, is a story of American country-life, which was followed by *The New-boy*, being a picture of the life of a too much neglected class. This work was the first public appeal in their behalf, and led to efficient measures for their improvement and relief; and so popular was it that it passed through a dozen editions the first year. Mrs. Smith now resides in New York, still actively employing her useful pen in magazines and other periodicals.

¹ See page 361.

THE DROWNED MARINER.

A mariner sat in the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimm'd was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleam'd in the wake of the whale,
As it flounder'd in the sea;
The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave, as it tower'd, then fell in spray,
Look'd an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

The mariner sway'd and rock'd on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well:
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watch'd as they hurried past,
Or lightly rose and fell—
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lash'd as they pass'd the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurb'd steed along;
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant prow the water ploughs,
But the ship is fleet and strong;
The topsails are reef'd, and the sails are furl'd,
And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
And holds him by the shroud;
And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.
Was that a face, looking up at him,
With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim?
Did it beckon him down? Did it call his name?
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner look'd, and he saw, with dread,
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
And its long hair out on the waves was spread—
Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rock'd with a reeling speed,
And the mariner groan'd, as well he need—
For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleam'd from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past:
A voice calls loud for thee:

There's a stifed prayer, the first, the last ;
 The plunging ship on her beam is cast—
 Oh, where shall thy burial be ?
 Bethink thee of oaths, that were lightly spoken ;
 Bethink thee of vows, that were lightly broken ;
 Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
 For thou art alone on the raging sea.

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
 To buffet the storm alone ;
 To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
 To struggle and feel there is none to save !
 God shield thee, helpless one !
 The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past ;
 The trembling hands on the deep are cast ;
 The white brow gleams a moment more,
 Then slowly sinks—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hush'd to sleep,
 Where the sea its dirge shall swell ;
 Where the amber-drops for thee shall weep,
 And the rose-lipp'd shell its music keep ;
 There thou shalt slumber well.
 The gem and the pearl lie heap'd at thy side ;
 They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
 From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
 As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed ;
 The mother and child are there :
 The fervent youth and the hoary head,
 The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
 The babe, with its silken hair :
 As the water moveth, they lightly sway,
 And the tranquil lights on their features play :
 And there is each cherish'd and beautiful form,
 Away from decay, and away from the storm.

THE WIFE.

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
 In its small cage, she moveth to and fro—
 And ever and anon will upward spring
 To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
 The murmur'd melody of pleasant thought,
 Unconscious utter'd, gentle-toned and low.
 Light household duties, evermore inwrought
 With placid fancies of one trusting heart
 That lives but in her smile, and turns
 From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,
 With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns
 To be refresh'd where one pure altar burns.
 Shut out from hence the mockery of life,
 Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting wife.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND, whose maiden name was Stansbury, is a native of the city of New York, where her father was a bookseller and publisher. After his death the family removed to the western part of the State, where she was married to Mr. William Kirkland.¹ After residing in Geneva for some years, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland removed to Detroit, Michigan, where they resided for two years, and for six more in the interior, about sixty miles west of Detroit. This gave our authoress an opportunity to observe Western life and manners; and how well she improved it was soon seen in her *New Home, Who'll Follow? or Glimpses of Western Life*, by Mrs. Mary Clavers, published in 1839, which made an immediate impression upon the public, by its keen observation and delightful humor. In 1842 appeared *Forest Life*, soon after which she returned with her husband to New York, where he commenced, in conjunction with Rev. H. W. Bellows, a weekly journal, called the "Christian Inquirer." Early in 1846 appeared *Western Clearings*, a collection of tales and sketches illustrative of Western life. After publishing *An Essay on the Life and Writings of Spenser*, Mrs. Kirkland undertook, in July, 1847, the editorship of the "Union Magazine," which the next year was transferred to Philadelphia, where it was published under the title of "Sartain's Magazine," edited jointly by Prof. John S. Hart and Mrs. Kirkland. In 1848, she visited Europe, and has recorded her impressions in a work entitled *Holidays Abroad, or Europe from the West*. In 1853 she published successively *The Evening Book, or Fireside Talk on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life; Autumn Hours; and The Home Circle*; and the same year appeared *The Book of Home Beauty*, a gift for the holidays, containing the portraits of twelve American ladies,—the text of which, however, has no reference to the "portraits," but consists of a story of American society, with occasional poetical quotations. Her latest work—*Memoirs of Washington*—presents a most lifelike and winning picture of the private as well as public life of that great man. The chaste and simple dedication shows its object:—"To all my young friends, known and unknown, and particularly to my own Sons and Daughters, this attempt to introduce WASHINGTON to their more intimate knowledge and tenderer regard, and so to make his goodness and patriotism irresistibly inspiring to them, is affectionately inscribed."²

¹ Mr. Kirkland was the son of the Hon. Joseph Kirkland, who lived in Utica, New York. He was at one time a professor in Hamilton College, and is the author of "Letters from Abroad," written after a residence in Europe. He was also a contributor to "The Columbian," and to "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine." He died in October, 1846.

² This book may be confidently and warmly commended to all "Young America," as giving an impression of Washington's everyday life far more beautiful, because more truthful, than some works of much higher pretensions.

"Mrs. Kirkland's writings are all marked by clear common sense, purity of style, and animated thought. Her keen perception of character is brought to bear on the grave as well as humorous side of human nature; on its good points as well as its foibles; and her satire is directed against the false refinements of artificial life as well as the rude angularities of the backwoods."—DUYCKINCK.

THE AUTHORITY IN A HOUSEHOLD.

We touched on authority as the basis of household happiness,—a proof how antiquated are our notions. But if the very mention of authority, even in connection with the training of children, give an air of mustiness to our page, how shall we face the reader of to-day, when we avow that we judge no family to be truly and rationally happy, unless the head of it possess absolute authority, in such sense that his known wish is law, his expressed will imperative? Is this an anti-democratic sentiment? By no means. The ideal family supposes a head who is himself under law, and that of the most stringent and inevitable kind. It supposes him to hold and exercise authority under a deep sense of duty, as being something with which God clothed him when he made him husband and father, and which he is, therefore, on no occasion or account, at liberty to put off or set aside as a thing indifferent. This power is necessary to the full development and exercise of that beautiful virtue of obedience, without which the human will must struggle on hopelessly forever, being forbidden by its very constitution to know happiness on any other terms. It is an ill sign of the times, that the old-fashioned promise of obedience in the marriage ceremony is now only a theme for small wit. Those wise fathers who placed it there knew the human heart better than we suppose. They knew that, as surely as man and wife are one, so surely do they thus united become a Cerberus-like monster if they retain more than one head. The old song says:—

“One of us two must obey:
Is it man or woman? say?”

A house in which this question remains undecided is always a pitiable spectacle, for both nature and religion are set aside there.

We had not dared to touch on this incendiary topic if we had not been sure of such support as admits not of gainsaying. Shakespeare's shrewdness, his knowledge of the human heart, his high ideal of woman as wife and mother, not to speak of his poetic appreciation of the beauty of fitness, render his opinion peculiarly valuable on this ticklish point. Hear him:—

“Thy husband is thy life, thy lord, thy keeper,
Thy ~~HEAD~~, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe:
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
Than love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt!”

If now we should in turn read a homily to this supreme head, (which is bound to have ears,) we might perhaps forfeit all the gratitude we suppose ourselves to have earned from him. We should show him such a list of the duties which true headship imposes, that he would be glad to be diminished, and perhaps change places with the least important of his subjects. The possession of unquestionable authority almost makes him responsible for the happiness of the household. No sunshine is so cheering as the countenance of a father who is feared as well as loved. A brow clouded with care, a mind too much absorbed by schemes of gain or ambition to be able to unbend itself in the domestic circle, a temper which vacillates between impatience under annoyance, and the decision which puts an end to it, a disposition to indulgence which has no better foundation than mere indolence, and which is, therefore, sure to be unequal—these are all forbidden to him whose right it is to rule. In short, unless he rule himself, he is obviously unfit to rule anybody else; so that, to assume this high position under law and gospel, is to enter into bonds to be good! which appears to us a fair offset against the duty of obedience on the other side.

One reason, certainly, why there is less household feeling than formerly, is that young married people, at present, think it necessary to begin life where their fathers left off—with a complete establishment, and not a loop-hole left for those little plans of future addition to domestic comforts or luxuries which give such a pleasant stimulus to economy, and confer so tender a value on the things purchased by means of an especial self-denial in another quarter. Charles Lamb, who was an adept in these gentle philosophies, said that after he had the ability to buy a choice book when he chose, the indulgence had, somehow, lost its sweetness, and brought nothing of the relish that used to attend a purchase after he and Mary had been looking and longing, and at last only dared buy upon the strength of days' or weeks' economizing. This is a secret worth learning by those who would get the full flavor of life, and make home the centre of a thousand delightful interests and memories.

BORROWING "OUT WEST."

Your true republican, when he finds that you possess any thing which would contribute to his convenience, walks in with, "Are you going to use your horses *to-day*?" if horses happen to be the thing he needs.

"Yes, I shall probably want them."

"Oh, well; if you want them—I was thinking to get 'em to go up north a piece."

Or, perhaps, the desired article comes within the female department.

"Mother wants to get some butter: that 'ere butter you bought of Miss Barton this mornin'."

And away goes your golden store, to be repaid, perhaps, with some cheesy, greasy stuff, brought in a dirty pail, with, "Here's your butter!"

A girl came in to borrow a "wash-dish," "because we've got company." Presently she came back: "Mother says you've forgot to send a towel."

"The pen and ink, and a sheet o' paper and a wafer," is no unusual request; and when the pen is returned, you are generally informed that you sent "an awful bad pen."

I have been frequently reminded of one of Johnson's humorous sketches. A man returning a broken wheelbarrow to a Quaker with, "Here, I've broke your rotten wheelbarrow usin' on't: I wish you'd get it mended right off, 'cause I want to borrow it again this afternoon;" the Quaker is made to reply, "Friend, it shall be done:" and I wished I possessed more of his spirit.

HOSPITALITY.

Like many other virtues, hospitality is practised in its perfection by the poor. If the rich *did their share*, how would the woes of this world be lightened! how would the diffusive blessing irradiate a wider and a wider circle, until the vast confines of society would bask in the reviving ray! If every forlorn widow whose heart bleeds over the recollection of past happiness made bitter by contrast with present poverty and sorrow, found a comfortable home in the ample establishment of her rich kinsman; if every young man struggling for a foothold on the slippery soil of life were cheered and aided by the countenance of some neighbor whom fortune had endowed with the power to confer happiness; if the lovely girls, shrinking and delicate, whom we see every day toiling timidly for a mere pittance to sustain frail life and guard the sacred remnant of gentility, were taken by the hand, invited and encouraged, by ladies who pass them by with a cold nod—but where shall we stop in enumerating the cases in which true, genial hospitality, practised by the rich ungrudgingly, without a selfish drawback—in short, practised as the poor practise it—would prove a fountain of blessedness, almost an antidote to half the keener miseries under which society groans!

Yes: the poor—and children—understand hospitality after the pure model of Christ and his apostles.

The forms of society are in a high degree inimical to true hospitality. Pride has crushed genuine social feeling out of too many

hearts, and the consequence is a cold sterility of intercourse, a soul-stiffing ceremoniousness, a sleepless vigilance for self, totally incompatible with that free, flowing, genial intercourse with humanity, so nourishing to all the better feelings. The sacred love of home—that panacea for many of life's ills—suffers with the rest. Few people have homes nowadays. The fine, cheerful, every-day parlor, with its table covered with the implements of real occupation and real amusement—mamma on the sofa, with her needle—grandmamma in her great chair, knitting—pussy winking at the fire between them—is gone. In its place we have two gorgeous rooms, arranged for company, but empty of human life; tables covered with gaudy, ostentatious, and useless articles—a very mockery of any thing like rational pastime—the light of heaven as cautiously excluded as the delicious music of free, childish voices; every member of the family wandering in forlorn loneliness, or huddled in some “back room” or “basement,” in which are collected the only means of comfort left them under this miserable arrangement. This is the substitute which hundreds of people accept in place of home! Shall we look in such places for hospitality? As soon expect figs from thistles. Invitations there will be occasionally, doubtless, for “society” expects it; but let a country cousin present himself, and see whether he will be put into the state apartments. Let no infirm and indigent relative expect a place under such a roof. Let not even the humble individual who placed the stepping-stone which led to that fortune ask a share in the abundance which would never have had a beginning but for his timely aid. “We have changed all that!”

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THIS highly-finished and fascinating writer was born in Salem, Massachusetts, about the year 1805. He was educated at Bowdoin College, and was graduated there in 1825, Professor Longfellow being one of his classmates. In 1837 he published the first, and in 1842 the second, volume of his *Twice-Told Tales*,—so called because they had before appeared in annuals and periodicals.¹ His next

¹ Of the character of these *Twice-Told Tales* the “Christian Examiner” thus speaks:—“These tales abound with beautiful imagery, sparkling metaphors, novel and brilliant comparisons. They are everywhere full of those bright gems of thought which no reader can ever forget. They have also a high moral tone. It is for this, for their reverence for things sacred, for their many touching lessons concerning faith, Providence, conscience, and duty, for the beautiful morals so often spontaneously conveyed, not with purpose preposse, but from the fulness of the author's own heart, that we are led to notice them in this journal.”—xv. 188. Read also an enthusiastic review of them in the “North American Review,” xiv. 59.

publication was *The Journal of an African Cruiser*, which he prepared and edited from the manuscript of Horatio Bridge, of the United States Navy. In 1843, he went to reside in Concord, in the "Old Munsee;" and in 1846 appeared a collection of his papers, which he wrote during his three years' residence there, for several magazines, under the title of *Mosses from an Old Manse*. The same year he was appointed by the President, Mr. Polk, surveyor in the custom-house at Salem, which post he held for a year, at the same time carefully observing (as it proved, for future use) the scenes and characters with which he was daily conversant; for, on being dismissed from that post, on a change of administration, he published *The Scarlet Letter*, in the preface of which he gives some of his custom-house experiences. Soon after, he took up his residence in Lenox, Massachusetts; and in 1851 appeared his *House with Seven Gables*, the scene of which is laid in Salem and connected with its earliest history. Since that, he has published the following:—*True Stories from History and Biography*, 1851; *The Blithedale Romance*, 1852; *A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls*, 1852; *The Snow Image, and other Twice-Told Tales*, 1852;¹ *Tanglewood Tales for Boys and Girls*, 1853.²

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

SCENE.—The corner of two principal streets. The TOWN PUMP talking through its nose.

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time

¹ A new edition of the *Twice-Told Tales* was published, in 1857, by Ticknor & Fields, in their usual, attractive style.

² "Hawthorne wrote numerous articles, which appeared in 'The Token:' occasionally an astute critic seemed to see through them, and to discover the soul that was in them; but in general they passed without notice. Such articles as 'Sights from a Steeple,' 'Sketches beneath an Umbrella,' 'The Wives of the Dead,' 'The Prophetic Pictures,' now universally acknowledged to be productions of extraordinary depth, meaning, and power, extorted hardly a word of either praise or blame; while columns were given to pieces since totally forgotten. I felt annoyed—almost angry, indeed—at this. I wrote several articles in the papers, directing attention to these productions; and, finding no echo of my views, I recollect to have asked John Pickering to read some of them and give me his opinion of them. He did as I requested: his answer was that they displayed a wonderful beauty of style, with a kind of double vision, a sort of second sight, which revealed, beyond the outward forms of life and being, a sort of spirit-world, somewhat as a lake reflects the earth around it and the sky above it; yet he deemed them too mystical to be popular. He was right, no doubt, at that period; but, ere long, a portion of mankind, a large portion of the reading world, obtained a new sense,—how, or where, or whence, is not easily determined,—which led them to study the mystical, to dive beneath and beyond the senses, and to discern, gather, and cherish gums and pearls of price in the hidden depths of the soul. Hawthorne was, in fact, a kind of Wordsworth in prose,—less kind, less genial toward mankind, but deeper and more philosophical. His fate was similar: at first he was neglected, at last he had worshippers."—*Goodrich's Recollections*, vol. ii.

of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire-department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the mall at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam,—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be

a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir,—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout? * * *

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper. * * *

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived till now what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor-casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honor of the Town Pump.

And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. * * *

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace.—Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old! Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!"

From Twice-Told Tales.

SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.

How various are the situations of the people covered by the roofs beneath me, and how diversified are the events at this moment befalling them! The new-born, the aged, the dying, the strong in life, and the recent dead, are in the chambers of these many mansions. The full of hope, the happy, the miserable, and the desperate, dwell together within the circle of my glance. In some of the houses over which my eyes roam so coldly, guilt is entering into hearts that are still tenanted by a debased and trodden virtue—guilt is on the very edge of commission, and the impending deed might be averted; guilt is done, and the criminal wonders if it be irrevocable. There are broad thoughts struggling in my mind, and, were I able to give them distinctness, they would make their way in eloquence. Lo! the rain-drops are descending.

The clouds, within a little time, have gathered over all the sky, hanging heavily, as if about to drop in one unbroken mass upon the earth. At intervals the lightning flashes from their brooding hearts, quivers, disappears, and then comes the thunder, travelling slowly after its twin-born flame. A strong wind has sprung up, howls through the darkened streets, and raises the dust in dense bodies, to rebel against the approaching storm. All people hurry homeward—all that have a home; while a few lounge by the corners, or trudge on desperately, at their leisure.

And now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble

majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinkling on my brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks out in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far distant points, like snowy-mountain-tops in the eddies of a flood; and let me look once more at the green plain, and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is riding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might beseech a city of the dead; and turning a single moment to the sky, now gloomy as an author's prospects, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world, and the trouble and tears of this, brightens forth the Rainbow!

VANITY FAIR.¹

Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures which are the grand object with too many visitants. The Christian reader, if he have had no accounts of the city later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that almost every street has its church, and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they deserve such honorable estimation; for the maxims of wisdom and virtue which fall from their lips, come from as deep a spiritual source, and tend to as lofty a religious aim, as those of the sagest philosophers of old. In justification of this high praise, I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-deep; the Rev. Mr. Stumble-at-Truth; that fine old clerical character, the Rev. Mr. This-to-day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to Rev. Mr. That-to-morrow; together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment; the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-spirit; and, last and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-doctrine. There is a species of machine here for the wholesale manufacture of individual morality. This excellent result is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes, with which a man has merely to connect himself, throwing,

¹ This extract is taken from "The Celestial Rail-Road," in the first part of *Mosses from an Old Manse*, wherein the author describes his journey to the Celestial City. It is one of his very best productions, and, as a sequel to Bunyan, and a satire on a bad age, it is inimitable.

as it were, his quota of virtue into the common stock, and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied. All these, and other wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made plain to my comprehension by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-it-away, inspired me with a vast admiration of *Vanity Fair*.

It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society—the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life—princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors, and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It was well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the bazaars, and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man, having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags. A very pretty girl bartered a heart as clear as crystal, and which seemed her most valuable possession, for another jewel of the same kind, but so worn and defaced as to be utterly worthless. In one shop there were a great many crowns of laurel and myrtle, which soldiers, authors, statesmen, and various other people, pressed eagerly to buy: some purchased these paltry wreaths with their lives; others by a toilsome servitude of years; and many sacrificed whatever was most valuable, yet finally slunk away without the crown. There was a sort of stock or scrip, called Conscience, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost any thing. Indeed, few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, and a man's business was seldom very lucrative, unless he knew precisely when and how to throw his hoard of Conscience into the market. Yet as this stock was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser in the long run. Several of the speculations were of a questionable character. Occasionally a member of Congress recruited his pocket by the sale of his constituents; and I was assured that public officers have often sold their country at very moderate prices. Thousands sold their happiness for a whim. Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell any thing valuable for a song, might find customers all over the Fair; and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birthrights. A few articles, however, could

not be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth, the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an auburn wig; if he demanded peace of mind, they recommended opium or a brandy-bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very disadvantageous rates, for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair. Prince Beelzebub himself took great interest in this sort of traffic, and sometimes condescended to meddle with smaller matters. I once had the pleasure to see him bargaining with a miser for his soul, which, after much ingenious skirmishing on both sides, his Highness succeeded in obtaining at about the value of sixpence. The prince remarked, with a smile, that he was a loser by the transaction.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN¹ is the son of the late distinguished Judge Josiah Ogden Hoffman, of New York, and was born in that city in 1806. At the age of fifteen he entered Columbia College, after leaving which he studied law with Harmanus Bleeker, of Albany, was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, and began to practise in New York. But his tastes for poetry and general literature were so strong that he soon gave up the law for what was more congenial. He became co-editor, with Mr. Charles King, of the "New York American," a very able daily journal, and published in it a number of brilliant papers under the signature of a star (*). Travelling in the West in 1833 for his health, he wrote for his paper a series of letters, which were afterwards published under the title of *A Winter in the West*, and became very popular. In 1837 appeared his *Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie*, and, shortly after, the romance of the *Greyslaer*, founded on the famous criminal trial of Beauchamp for the murder of Colonel Sharpe, the Solicitor-General of Kentucky.

The "Knickerbocker Magazine" commenced in 1833, under the editorship of Mr. Hoffman, a magazine which has ever maintained a high literary character. Afterwards he became proprietor of the "American Monthly Magazine," and for one year edited the "New York Mirror." In 1843 appeared *The Vigil of Faith, a Legend of the Adirondack Mountains, and other Poems*; and a second volume of poetry, under the title of *Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation*, was published in 1844. In 1846 and 1847, Mr. Hoffman was for eighteen months the editor of the "Literary World," a paper of a high literary character, and conducted with great

¹ He gets the name of Fenno from his maternal grandfather, John Fenno, of Philadelphia, a political writer of the old Federal party in Washington's administration.

ability. About this time a more complete collection of his lyrical compositions was published under the title of *Love's Calendar*.

For many years Mr. Hoffman has written very little. His residence is in the city of New York.

A MORNING HYMN.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" The Eternal spoke;
And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow'd.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day, come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouch'd by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
Utter'd again his fiat forth,
And shed the gospel's light abroad.
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flushes the signal light for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watch'd above thy sleeping soul,
To Him whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

INDIAN SUMMER, 1828.

Light as love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
The bluebird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air he carols, faintly quiver;
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;
Beaded with dew, the witch-elm's tassels shiver;
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gayly leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That richly deck the slow-declining year;
I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,

The gorgeous hues that tinge each failing leaf,
 Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too, brief:
 I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
 As on the wind he pours his parting lay
 And wings his loitering flight to summer climes away.

O, Nature! still I fondly turn to thee,
 With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were;—
 Though wild and passion-toss'd my youth may be,
 Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
 To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
 Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
 I still can, childlike, come as when in prayer
 I bow'd my head upon a mother's knee,
 And deem'd the world, like her, all truth and purity.

WE PARTED IN SADNESS.

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;
 We talk'd not of hopes that we both must resign;
 I saw not her eyes, and but one tear-drop starting,
 Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine:
 Each felt that the past we could never recover,
 Each felt that the future no hope could restore;
 She shudder'd at wringing the heart of her lover,
 I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Long years have gone by, and the spring-time smiles ever,
 As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their birth,
 Long years have gone by, yet that parting, oh, never
 Can it be forgotten by either on earth.
 The note of each wild bird that carols toward heaven,
 Must tell her of swift-wingéd hopes that were mine,
 And the dew that steals over each blossom at even,
 Tells me of the tear-drop that wept their decline.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
 With hue as red as the rosy bed
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.
 Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
 Of Time through Life's dominions,
 We here a while would now beguile
 The graybeard of his pinions,

To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
 Nor fond regret delay him,
 Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
 Nor sober Friendship stay him,
 We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, the novelist, historian, and poet, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 17th of April, 1806. It was at first intended that he should study medicine; but, his inclinations having led him to the law, he devoted himself to the study of that profession, not, however, allowing it to absorb his whole time, for from his earliest years he possessed a strong love for literature and poetry. At the age of eighteen, he published his first volume, entitled *Lyrical and other Poems*; which was followed in the next two years by *Early Lays*, and *The Vision of Cortez and other Pieces*; and in 1830 by *The Tricolor, or the Three Days of Blood in Paris*.

At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar; but, feeling a deep interest in political matters, he purchased the "Charleston City Gazette," and edited it for many years with great ability. Finally it failed, and by it he lost much of his property. Having now no ties to bind him to Charleston, (his wife and his father both being dead,) he visited the North in 1832, and, making a temporary residence in Hingham, Massachusetts, he there prepared for the press his principal poetical work, *Atalantis, a Story of the Sea*, which was published in New York. It met with a cordial reception, and was spoken of in terms of high praise by some of the leading English journals. In 1837, he brought out his first novel, *Martin Faber*, which was also favorably received. His other novels are,—*Guy Rivers*; *Yemassee*; *The Partisan*; *Mollichampe*; *Pelayo*; *Carl Werner*; *Richard Hurdie*; *Damsel of Darien*; *Beauchamp*; *The Kinsman*; *Katharine Walton*; *Confession, or the Blind Heart*, &c. His principal biographical and historical works consist of *Lives of Captain John Smith*, *General Marion*, *Chevalier Bayard*, and a *History of South Carolina*. In 1853, he made selections from his poetry, which were published in two beautiful volumes by Redfield, New York.

The above by no means comprise all Mr. Simms's published volumes: he has written besides a great deal for magazines, reviews, and other periodicals; and in 1849 he became the editor of the "Southern Quarterly Review," which was revived by his influence and contributions. It will thus be seen that he is one of

the most prolific and versatile writers of the day,¹ and whatever comes from his pen is characterized by earnestness and sincerity. "In all that he has written, his excellencies are unborrowed: their merits are the development of original native germs, without any apparent aid from models. His thoughts, his diction, his arrangement, are his own; he reminds you of no other author; even in the lesser graces of literary execution, he combines language after no pattern set by other authors, however beautiful."²

Mr. Simms now resides on his plantation at Midway, a town about seventy miles southwest of Charleston.

THE MAIDEN AND THE RATTLESNAKE.³

"He does not come,—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood! The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower gleaming from its green and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered,—her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head,—and the black snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct

¹ In Roorbach's "Bibliotheca Americana" is a list of his works, comprising fifty-three volumes of poetry, fiction, history, and biography. Mr. Simms cannot expect that in this "fast age" all his works can be generally read; but if he, or if some friend for him, would make a selection from his prose and poetry, to be comprised in five or six volumes, it would be a very choice contribution to our literature, and one which posterity "would not willingly let die."

² "Homes of American Authors."

³ From *Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina*. The heroine, Bess Matthews, is in the woods, waiting the coming of her lover.

were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed,—fastened, as it were, to a single spot, gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination.

Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes,—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance,—a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves,—seeming to be their very eye,—and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright and gorgeous gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam, and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth! And her own glance became intense, fixed also; but, with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch forth her hand and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her,—such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when, angrily, it raises its dusky crest and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and, though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own,—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own: there it

grew, fixed,—a very principle of light,—and such a light,—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look,—shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy; for, as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spellbound her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure,—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein throughout her person.

At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly-articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was at length conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, towards her, the eye still peering deeply into her own;—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered forever.

The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite, her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her,—its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaw, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing, with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone! and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momentarily approaching to the blow. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed; once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy,—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs forever upon them. She sees him approach,—now advancing, now receding,—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike,—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth,—and she sees no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted,—and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot, in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and, finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.¹

SONG OF THE ZEPHYR SPIRIT.

I have come from the deeps where the sea-maiden twines,
 In her bowers of amber, her garlands of shells;
 For a captive like thee, in her chamber she pines,
 And weaves for thy coming the subtlest of spells;
 She has breathed on the harp-string that sounds in her cave,
 And the strain as it rose hath been murmur'd for thee;
 She would win thee from earth for her home in the wave,
 And her couch, in the coral-grove, deep in the sea.

Thou hast dream'd in thy boyhood of sea-circled bowers,
 Where all may be found that is joyous and bright,—
 Where life is a frolic through fancies and flowers,
 And the soul lives in dreams of a lasting delight!
 Wouldst thou win what thy fancies have taught to thy heart?
 Wouldst thou dwell with the maiden now pining for thee?
 Flee away from the cares of the earth, and depart
 For her mansions of coral, far down in the sea.

Her charms will beguile thee when noonday is nigh,
 The song of her nymphs shall persuade thee to sleep,
 She will watch o'er thy couch as the storm hurries by,
 Nor suffer the sea-snake beside thee to creep;

¹ "The power of the rattlesnake to fascinate is a frequent faith among the superstitious of the Southern country-people. Of this capacity in reference to birds and insects, frogs, and the smaller reptiles, there is indeed little question. Its power over persons is not so well authenticated, although numberless instances of this sort are given by persons of very excellent veracity. The above is almost literally worded after a verbal narrative furnished the author by an old lady, who never dreamed, herself, of doubting the narration."

But still, with a charm which is born of the hours,
 Her love shall implore thee to bliss ever free;
 Thou wilt rove with delight through her crystalline bowers,
 And sleep without care in her home of the sea.

From Atalantis.

HEART ESSENTIAL TO GENIUS.

We are not always equal to our fate
 Nor true to our conditions. Doubt and fear
 Beset the bravest, in their high career,
 At moments when the soul, no more elate
 With expectation, sinks beneath the time.
 The masters have their weakness. "I would climb,"
 Said Raleigh, gazing on the highest hill,—
 "But that I tremble with the fear to fall."
 Apt was the answer of the high-soul'd queen:—
 "If thy heart fail thee, never climb at all!"
 The heart! if that be sound, confirms the rest,
 Crowns genius with his lion will and mien,
 And, from the conscious virtue in the breast,
 To trembling nature gives both strength and will.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

ISAAC McLELLAN is a native of Portland, Maine, and was born on the 21st of May, 1806. In early life, his father, Isaac McLellan, removed to Boston, where for many years he was a prominent merchant, distinguished for his integrity and success in business. The son, after receiving his degree at Bowdoin College, in 1826, returned to Boston, completed a course of legal study, and was admitted to practice in the courts of that city. But the Muses and general literature had more charms for him than clients and briefs, and for many years he contributed, both in prose and poetry, to several magazines and papers published in the city and vicinity, and had the editorial management of two or three of them. About the year 1840, he went abroad, and passed about two years in Europe. On his return, he gave a description of his journeyings, in a series of letters published in the "Boston Daily Courier." Since that period, he has been engaged chiefly in literary pursuits, and now resides in the city of New York.

Mr. McLellan's published works are, *The Fall of the Indian*, in 1830; *The Year, and other Poems*, in 1832; and *Mount Auburn, and other Poems*, in 1840. Though the Muse of Mr. McLellan aims at no ambitious flight, yet in the middle region of the descriptive and the lyrical in which she delights chiefly to play, she moves with even and graceful wing, bearing such offerings as the following:—

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.¹

New England's dead! New England's dead!

On every hill they lie;

On every field of strife made red

By bloody victory.

Each valley, where the battle pour'd

Its red and awful tide,

Beheld the brave New England sword

With slaughter deeply dyed.

Their bones are on the northern hill,

And on the southern plain,

By brook and river, lake and rill,

And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,

And holy where they fell;

For by their blood that land was bought,

The land they loved so well.

Then glory to that valiant band,

The honor'd saviours of the land!

Oh, few and weak their numbers were—

A handful of brave men;

But to their God they gave their prayer,

And rush'd to battle then.

The God of battles heard their cry,

And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,

Their flocks and herds without a fold,

The sickle in the unshorn grain,

The corn, half garner'd, on the plain,

And muster'd, in their simple dress,

For wrongs to seek a stern redress,

To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,

To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?

And where are ye to-day?

I call:—the hills reply again

That ye have pass'd away;

That on old Bunker's lonely height,

In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,

The grass grows green, the harvest bright,

Above each soldier's mound.

¹ "Mr. President: I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history. The world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will remain forever."—*Webster's Speech in Reply to Hayne*, 1830.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
 Shall muster them no more;
 An army now might thunder past,
 And they heed not its roar.
 The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,
 In many a bloody day,
 From their old graves shall rouse them not;
 For they have pass'd away.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

The tender Twilight with a crimson cheek
 Leans on the breast of Eve. The wayward Wind
 Hath folded her fleet pinions, and gone down
 To slumber by the darken'd woods; the herds
 Have left their pastures, where the sward grows green
 And lofty by the river's sedgy brink,
 And slow are winding home. Hark, from afar
 Their tinkling bells sound through the dusky glade
 And forest-openings, with a pleasant sound;
 While answering Echo, from the distant hill,
 Sends back the music of the herdsman's horn.
 How tenderly the trembling light yet plays
 O'er the far-waving foliage! Day's last blush
 Still lingers on the billowy waste of leaves,
 With a strange beauty—like the yellow flush
 That haunts the ocean, when the day goes by.
 Methinks, whene'er earth's wearying troubles pass
 Like winter shadows o'er the peaceful mind,
 'Twere sweet to turn from life, and pass abroad,
 With solemn footsteps, into Nature's vast
 And happy palaces, and lead a life
 Of peace in some green paradise like this.

The brazen trumpet and the loud war-drum
 Ne'er startled these green woods:—the raging sword
 Hath never gather'd its red harvest here!
 The peaceful summer day hath never closed
 Around this quiet spot, and caught the gleam
 Of War's rude pomp:—the humble dweller here
 Hath never left his sickle in the field,
 To slay his fellow with unholy hand:—
 The maddening voice of battle, the wild groan,
 The thrilling murmuring of the dying man,
 And the shrill shriek of mortal agony,
 Have never broke its Sabbath solitude.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS was born in Portland, Maine, January 20, 1807.¹ After being fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, he entered Yale, at sixteen years of age, and soon distinguished himself as a poet of true genius by writing a series of pieces on scriptural subjects,—pieces which have not been surpassed by any thing he has subsequently written, and which gave him at once a wide-spread and enviable reputation. On leaving college, in 1827, he was engaged by S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") to edit "The Legendary" and "The Token." In 1828, he established the "American Monthly Magazine," which he conducted for two years and a half, when it was merged in the "New York Mirror," and Mr. Willis went to Europe, and travelled through Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Turkey, and England, in which latter country he was married to Mary Leighton Stace, daughter of Commissary-General William Stace, then having charge of the arsenal at Woolwich. The letters he wrote while abroad were first published in the "New York Mirror," under the title of *Pencillings by the Way*. In 1835, he published *Inklings of Adventure*, a series of tales which appeared originally in a London magazine. In 1837, he returned home, and retired to a beautiful place on the Susquehanna, near Owego, New York, which he named Glenmary in compliment to his wife. In 1839, he became one of the editors of the "Corsair," a literary gazette in New York City, and towards the close of that year again went to London, where he published *Loiterings of Travel*, and two tragedies, *Tortosa the Usurer* and *Bianca Visconti*, under the united title of *Two Ways of Dying for a Husband*. In 1840 appeared an illustrated edition of his poems, and *Letters from under a Bridge*. In 1843, in conjunction with General George P. Morris, he revived the "New York Mirror," but withdrew from it upon the death of his wife in 1844, and again visited England. On his return home the next year, he issued a complete edition of his works, in an imperial octavo of eight hundred pages. In October, 1846, he was married to a daughter of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, member of Congress from Massachusetts, and removed to his present country home of Idlewild. He is now associated with General Morris as editor of the "Home Journal," a weekly literary paper, which is always enriched, more or less, with pieces from his pen, and which is hailed by its numerous readers, every week, as a genial and instructive fireside companion.

Though Mr. Willis's prose writings are full of beauty and wit, of rich paintings of natural scenery, and delicate and humorous touches of the various phases of social life, it is by his poetry, especially by his sacred poetry, that he will be chiefly known and prized by posterity. There is a tenderness, a pathos, and a richness of description in it which give him a rank among the first of American poets.²

¹ His father was Nathaniel Willis, who, a few years after the birth of Nathaniel, removed to Boston, and projected and edited the "Boston Recorder," the first religious journal established in this country.

² "No man has appeared in our literature, endowed with a greater variety

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
 With a strange beauty. Earth received again
 Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
 And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
 And every thing that bendeth to the dew,
 And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
 Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light,
 And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad
 To the dejected HAGAR. The moist earth
 Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
 And the young birds were singing as if life
 Were a new thing to them; but, oh! it came
 Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
 How cruelly it tries a broken heart
 To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
 She stood at ABRAHAM's tent. Her lips were press'd
 Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
 Of her transparent forehead were swell'd out,
 As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
 Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
 Which made its language legible, shot back
 From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
 Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
 Clasp'd in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
 Scarce train'd to balance on the tented floor,
 Sandall'd for journeying. He had look'd up

of fine qualities. He possesses an understanding quick, acute, distinguishing even in excess; enriched by culture, and liberalized and illuminated by much observation. He commands all the resources of passion, at the same time that he is master of the effects of manner. The suggestions of an animated sense are harmonized by feeling, and are adorned by a finished wit. His taste is nice, but it is not narrow or bigoted, and his sympathies with his reader are intimate and true. His works exhibit a profusion of pointed and just comment on society and life; they sparkle with delicate and easy humor; they display a prodigality of fancy, and are fragrant with all the floral charm of sentiment. He possesses surprising saliency of mind, which in his hasty effusions often fatigues, but in his matured compositions is controlled to the just repose of art. But distinct from each of these, and sovereign over them all, is the vivifying and directing energy of a fine poetical talent,—that prophetic faculty in man whose effects are as vast as its processes are mysterious; whose action is a moral enchantment that all feel, but none can fathom. This influence it is which, entering into and impregnating all his other faculties, gives force to some, elevation to others, and grace and interest to them all."—*Literary Criticisms*, by Horace Binney Wallace.

Read a good review of Willis's writings—prose and poetry—in the "North American Review," xliii. 384, in which he is ably defended from the attack in the fifty-fourth volume of the "London Quarterly." This paper was written by Lockhart, who, in condemning Willis for his personalities in his *Pencillings by the Way*, forgot that he himself was far more open to the same charge in his "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," in which he makes very free with the society at Edinburgh.

Into his mother's face until he caught
 The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
 Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
 Straighten'd up proudly in his tiny wrath,
 As if his light proportions would have swell'd,
 Had they but match'd his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
 Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
 Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
 So written with the converse of his God,
 Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
 His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
 Of vigor is not there; and, though the morn
 Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
 Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
 Oh! man may bear with suffering: his heart
 Is a strong thing, and godlike, in the grasp
 Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
 One chord affection clings to—part one tie
 That binds him to a woman's delicate love,—
 And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
 But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
 To look upon her face, but laid his hand
 In silent blessing on the fair-hair'd boy,
 And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should HAGAR weep? May slighted woman turn,
 And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
 Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
 Oh, no! by all her loveliness,—by all
 That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
 Make her a slave; steal from her cheek the rose,
 By needless jealousies; let the last star
 Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
 Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
 That makes her cup a bitterness, yet give
 One evidence of love, and earth has not
 An emblem of devotedness like hers.
 But oh! estrange her once,—it boots not how,—
 By wrong or silence,—any thing that tells
 A change has come upon your tenderness,—
 And there is not a high thing out of heaven
 Her pride o'er-mastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow,—
 Her press'd lip arch'd, and her clear eye undimm'd,
 As it had been a diamond, and her form
 Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
 Her child kept on in silence, though she press'd
 His hand till it was pain'd; for he had caught,
 As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
 Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning pass'd, and Asia's sun rode up
 In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.

The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
 And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
 On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
 It was an hour of rest! but HAGAR found
 No shelter in the wilderness, and on
 She kept her weary way, until the boy
 Hung down his head, and open'd his parch'd lips
 For water; but she could not give it him.
 She laid him down beneath the sultry sky—
 For it was better than the close, hot breath
 Of the thick pines—and tried to comfort him;
 But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
 Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
 Why God denied him water in the wild.
 She sat a little longer, and he grew
 Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
 It was too much for her. She lifted him,
 And bore him further on, and laid his head
 Beneath the shadow of a desert-shrub;
 And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
 And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
 Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourn'd:—

“God stay thee in thine agony, my boy:
 I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
 Upon thy brow to look,
 And see death settle on my cradle-joy.
 How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
 And could I see thee die?”

“I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
 Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
 Or wiling the soft hours,
 By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
 Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
 So beautiful and deep.

“Oh, no! and when I watch'd by thee the while,
 And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
 And thought of the dark stream
 In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
 How pray'd I that my father's land might be
 An heritage for thee!

“And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee!
 And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
 And, oh! my last caress
 Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
 How can I leave my boy, so pillow'd there
 Upon his clustering hair!”

She stood beside the well her God had given
 To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
 The forehead of her child until he laugh'd
 In his reviving happiness, and lisp'd
 His infant thought of gladness at the sight
 Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,
 Of wild and careless play,
 And persuade myself that I am not old
 And my locks are not yet gray ;
 For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
 And makes his pulses fly,
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
 And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walk'd the world for fourscore years ;
 And they say that I am old,
 That my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
 And my years are wellnigh told.
 It is very true ; it is very true ;
 I'm old, and " I 'hide my time :"
 But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
 And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on ; I am with you there,
 In the midst of your merry ring ;
 I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
 And the rush of the breathless swing.
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
 And I whoop the smother'd call,
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
 And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
 And I shall be glad to go ;
 For the world at best is a weary place,
 And my pulse is getting low :
 But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
 In treading its gloomy way ;
 And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
 To see the young so gay.

THE ANNOYER.

Love knoweth every form of air,
 And every shape of earth,
 And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
 Like thought's mysterious birth.
 The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
 Are written with Love's words,
 And you hear his voice unceasingly,
 Like song, in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
 From the tip of a stooping plume,
 And the serried spears, and the many men,
 May not deny him room.
 He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
 And be busy in his dream,

And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud, and the open sky,—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he:
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will Love be lurking nigh.

REVERIE AT GLENMARY.

I have enough, O God! My heart to-night
Runs over with its fulness of content;
And as I look out on the fragrant stars,
And from the beauty of the night take in
My priceless portion,—yet myself no more
Than in the universe a grain of sand,—
I feel His glory who could make a world,
Yet in the lost depths of the wilderness
Leave not a flower unfinish'd!

Rich, though poor!
My low-roof'd cottage is this hour a heaven.
Music is in it,—and the song she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear
Of my young child awake upon her knee;
And with his calm eye on his master's face,
My noble hound lies couchant; and all here—
All in this little home, yet boundless heaven—
Are, in such love as I have power to give,
Blessed to overflowing.

Thou, who look'st
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,

Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew
 Sent to the hidden violet by Thee;
 And, as that flower, from its unseen abode,
 Sends its sweet breath up, duly, to the sky,
 Changing its gift to incense, so, O God!
 May the sweet drops that to my humble cup
 Find their far way from heaven, send up, to Thee,
 Fragrance at thy throne welcome!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW is the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, of Portland, Maine, and was born in that city on the 27th of February, 1807. At the age of fourteen, he entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, and was graduated there in 1825. Soon after, being offered a professorship of modern languages in his own college, he resolved to prepare himself thoroughly for his new duties, and accordingly left home for Europe, and passed three years and a half in travelling or residing in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England. He returned in 1829, and entered upon the duties of his office. In 1835, on the resignation of Mr. George Ticknor, he was elected Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. Again he went abroad, and passed more than twelve months in Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and Switzerland. On his return to resume the duties of his chair, he took up his residence in the old Cragie House, near Mount Auburn, Cambridge, renowned as having been the headquarters of Washington when he assumed the command of the American army. Here he has ever since resided, though he resigned his professorship in 1854.

Mr. Longfellow's literary career began very early. Before leaving college, he wrote a few carefully-finished poems for the "United States Literary Gazette," and while professor at Bowdoin, he contributed some valuable criticisms to the "North American Review." In 1835 appeared his *Outre-Mer*, a collection of travelling sketches and miscellaneous essays; in 1839, *Hyperion, a Romance*, and *Voices of the Night*, his first collection of poems; in 1841, *Ballads, and other Poems*; in 1842, *Poems on Slavery*; in 1843, *The Spanish Student*, a play; in 1845, the "Poets and Poetry of Europe," and the *Belfry of Bruges*; in 1847, *Ecangeline*; in 1848, *Kavanagh, a Tale*; in 1849, *The Seaside and the Fireside*; in 1851, *The Golden Legend*; in 1855, *The Song of Hiawatha*; and in 1858, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*,¹ of which his publishers² sold twenty-five thousand copies in a month from its publication. But it is in hexameter verse, and, though popular for the time from its novelty, it can never obtain a permanent hold of the hearts of the people.

¹ "A charming story, which will do more to throw an attractive, familiar light upon the bleak shores of Plymouth, and the grim-visaged Puritan colonists who landed upon them, than all the New-England Society orations and labored historical eulogies that were ever uttered or printed."—*New York Evening Post*.

² Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have published all of Longfellow's works in various beautiful styles, characteristic of their house.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Longfellow is a most prolific writer; and the numerous editions of his works that are called for, show that he is also a very popular one. His genius is as heartily recognised in England as in this country; for every thing from his pen is eagerly caught up and republished there. And his popularity he richly deserves; for his poetry, as well as his prose, is marked by great tenderness of feeling, purity of sentiment, elevation of thought, and deep human interest. His genius is versatile, for he has trodden almost every path of polite literature, and gathered flowers from them all; and if his strength has failed to carry him to the topmost eminence, he has the satisfaction of knowing that many of his writings have become, as they deserve, "household words," and have so touched the heart, that posterity will not willingly let them die.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be men and doir
 With ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~rate~~,
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
 "Have naught but the bearded grain?
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kiss'd their drooping leaves;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
 The Reaper said, and smiled;
 "Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where he once was a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love;
 She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The Reaper came that day;
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are number'd,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul, that slumber'd,
 To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 Dance upon the parlor-wall;

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door;
 The belovéd, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the road-side fell and perish'd,
 Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
 Comes that messenger divine,
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
 Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depress'd and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died!

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnish'd arms;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the villagers with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
 What loud lament and dismal Miserère
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamor,
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sack'd and burning village ;
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
 The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage ;
 The wail of famine in beleagu'ed towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accurs'd instruments as these,
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorréd !
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !¹

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace !"

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden ! with the meek, brown eyes,
 In whose orbs a shadow lies
 Like the dusk in evening skies !

Would that the ninth and tenth verses of this fine poem might be engraved upon the mind and heart of every man and woman, in both hemispheres, that speaks the English tongue !

Thou whose looks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumber'd
Birds and blossoms many-number'd;—
Age, that bough with snows encumber'd.

Gather, then, each flower that grows
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

THE WARNING.

Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore
 The lion in his path,—when, poor and blind,
 He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
 Shorn of his noble strength, and forced to grind
 In prison, and, at last, led forth to be
 A pander to Philistine revelry;

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
 His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
 Destroy'd himself, and with him those who made
 A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
 The poor blind slave, the scoff and jest of all,
 Expired, and thousands perish'd in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
 Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
 Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
 And shake the pillars of this commonweal,
 Till the vast temple of our liberties
 A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village pass'd
 A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
 Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior!

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answer'd, with a sigh,
 Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!"
 This was the peasant's last good-night;
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Half buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior!

LITERARY FAME.

Time has a Doomsday-Book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names. But, as often as a new name is written there, an old one disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated characters never to be effaced. These are the high nobility of Nature,—Lords of the Public Domain of Thought. Posterity shall never question their titles. But those, whose fame lives only in the indiscreet opinion of unwise men, must soon be as well forgotten as if they had never been. To this great oblivion must most men come. It is better, therefore, that they should soon make up their minds to this: well knowing that, as their bodies must ere long be resolved into dust again, and their graves tell no tales of them, so must their names likewise be utterly forgotten, and their most cherished thoughts, purposes, and opinions have no longer an individual being among men; but be resolved and incorporated into the universe of thought.

Yes, it is better that men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within them, for some higher motive, in what they do, than the approbation of men, which is Fame; namely, their duty; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself. Difficult must this indeed be, in our imperfection; impossible, perhaps, to achieve it wholly. Yet the resolute, the indomitable will of man can achieve much,—at times even this victory over himself;

being persuaded that fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.

It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age; which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common; namely, that, of these men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, every possible future is behind them. We cannot suppose that a period of time will ever arrive, when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as fully to comprehend them.

And, oh! how majestically they walk in history! some like the sun, "with all his travelling glories round him;" others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars. Through the else silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the sublime vision of an earthly paradise, attendant angels bearing golden lights before them, and, above and behind, the whole air painted with seven listed colors, as from the trail of pencils!

And yet, on earth, these men were not happy,—not all happy, in the outward circumstance of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison-bars, and the damp, weeping walls of dungeons! Oh, I have looked with wonder upon those who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort, and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much;—and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death,—and the world talks of them, while they sleep!

It would seem, indeed, as if all their sufferings had but sanctified them! As if the death-angel, in passing, had touched them with the hem of his garment, and made them holy! As if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls! And as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and forever!

Hyperion.

GEORGE BARRELL CHEEVER.

GEORGE BARRELL CHEEVER was born at Hallowell, Maine, on the 17th of April, 1807, was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, and studied theology at Andover, Massachusetts. He was licensed to preach in 1830, and in 1832 was ordained pastor of the Howard Street Church, Salem, Massachusetts. He com-

menced his ministry with an uncompromising spirit against every thing that hindered the spread of the gospel of Christ, of the object of which "gospel" he seemed to have a clear understanding. Such a spirit could not long need a subject against which to direct its energies. Accordingly, when the temperance reformation began, he was found the foremost and the boldest in the van of those who enlisted in this great moral warfare. In February, 1835, appeared in the "Salem Landmark" a piece entitled *Inquire at Amos Giles' Distillery*, which quite electrified that quiet community; for, under the guise of "a dream," it depicted, in the most appalling colors, the hateful, soul-destroying business of distilling and vending intoxicating drinks. Every one immediately or remotely engaged in it meditated revenge against the author, and a prosecution was instituted against him for libel, alleging that under the name of "Deacon Giles" the writer really meant a certain "deacon" long and notoriously engaged in distilling; who was also "a treasurer of a Bible Society, and had a little counting-room in one corner of the distillery, where he sold Bibles." Mr. Cheever pleaded his own cause; but, to the lasting disgrace of that judiciary, he was condemned, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment,—an event to which his children may well look back with pride.

In 1836, Mr. Cheever went to Europe, and was absent about two years and a half. On his return he was installed pastor of the Allen Street Church, New York. In 1844, he again visited Europe, and remained there a year. In 1846, he was installed pastor of the "Church of the Puritans," in New York, in which he still remains.

Mr. Cheever is the author of a great number of works, all excellent in their kind, evincing genius, scholarship, and industry in an eminent degree.² But he has what all scholars have not,—ardent philanthropy and pure Christian patriotism, taking a deep interest in every thing that pertains to the well-being of his

¹ *Εὐαγγέλιον*, "Good will to man."

² The following list, I believe, comprises all his works:—*American Common-place Book of Prose*, 1828; *American Common-place Book of Poetry*, 1829; *Studies in Poetry, with Biographical Sketches of the Poets*, 1830; *Selections from Archbishop Leighton, with an Introductory Essay*, 1832; *God's Hand in America*, 1841; *The Argument for Punishment by Death*, 1842; *Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress*, 1843; *Hierarchical Lectures*, 1844; *Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadows of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp*, 1846; *The Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth*, 1848; *The Hill Difficulty, and other Allegories*, 1849; *The Windings of the River of the Water of Life*, 1849; *Voices of Nature to her Foster-Child, the Soul of Man*, 1852; *Reel in a Bottle, or Voyage to the Celestial Country, by an Old Silt*, 1853; *Right of the Bible in our Common Schools*, 1854; *Lectures on Couper*, 1856; *The Powers of the World to Come*, 1856; *God Against Slavery*, 1857.

Dr. Cheever, in earlier years, was a contributor to the "United States Literary Gazette," "The Quarterly Register," "The New Monthly Magazine," and the "North American Review." He has written articles of great ability for "The Biblical Repository," "The New-Englander," "The Bibliotheca Sacra," and "The Quarterly Observer." He was a valuable correspondent of the "New York Observer" when in Europe, and editor of the "New York Evangelist" during 1845 and 1846. In 1857, he wrote a series of articles for "The Bibliotheca Sacra," on the Judgment of the Old Testament against Slavery, which evince characteristic argumentation, combined with remarkable philological investigation.

brother man. As in the first years of his ministry Mr. Cheever entered heartily the lists against our wide-spread vice,—intemperance,—over which almost the whole community were sleeping, so for the past few years his vigorous pen and eloquent preaching have been directed against our great national sin,—slavery. To the columns of the "New York Independent" he has been a regular contributor since its establishment in 1849; and all his pieces, whether in literature, politics, practical morals, or religion, evince great power and genius, but, above all, the pure Christian patriot.¹

THE BENEFIT OF GREEK CULTURE.²

With the exception of Shakspeare, on whom was bestowed one of the greatest minds God ever gave to man, the sweetest and best of English poetry is that which Greek scholars have written. Every page shows the power of an early familiarity with the treasures of antiquity. Spenser, that romantic and harmonious mind, grew up with Sir Philip Sidney, under the influence of classical studies. A greater than these, and after Shakspeare,³ it may be the greatest of all poets, was one of the profoundest Greek scholars that ever lived. He does not know the true power of Milton's poetry, who is ignorant of Milton's Greek. His genius, it is true, was baptized in a purer fountain: it was familiar with the infinite, the eternal, the religiously sublime, in the poetry of the Bible; his mind was nourished and moulded more by the sacred writers than by all his other studies put together. Next to these came the orators, poets, and historians

¹ "The fundamental trait of Dr. Cheever's character, which is the key to his preaching, is his sense of RIGHT. He detests compromises; he abhors oppression; he magnifies justice; he contends with all systems which bind, or enslave, or deteriorate, whether of governments, or forms, or laws, or institutions. He does not regard expediency or consult consequences. Fear is a feeling utterly unknown to him. He becomes fired with indignation against all Austrias and Judge Jeffries. His fullest sympathies go forth towards the oppressed Bunyans, or the pilloried Baxters, or the exiled Kossuths, or the imprisoned Williamsons."—*Fowler's American Pulpit*.

² "It was not an accident that the New Testament was written in Greek, the language which can best express the highest thoughts and worthiest feelings of the intellect and heart, and which is adapted to be the instrument of education for all nations." Again: "How great has been the honor of the Greek and Latin tongues! associated together, as they are, in the work of Christian education, and made the instruments for training the minds of the young in the greatest nations of the earth."—*Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul*, chap. i.

³ That is, of course, "after" in point of time; for no one can doubt the superiority of Milton over Shakspeare in learning, genius, affluence and grandeur of thought, varied power, and sublimity.

* He alludes to the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson, of Philadelphia, by Judge Kane, for an alleged contempt of court,—an act so mean, as well as tyrannical and unjust, that it excited contempt and indignation throughout the land.

of Greece. He was wont to prepare himself for composition by the perusal of his Hebrew Bible, or of some Greek poet :

“Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
(So were I equall'd with them in renown !)
Blind Thamyras, and blind Mœonides :
And Tiresias and Phineas, prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers.”

He had “unsphered the spirit of Plato,” and held companionship with Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides, and in thought and imagination was all fragrant with the richness of Grecian mind : his exquisite language was moulded on those ancient models, not less in its great strength in *Paradise Lost*, than in the lightness and harmony of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Andrew Marvell, that rare example of virtuous patriotism, one of Milton's most intimate friends, and one of our best prose writers as well as most pleasant poets, grew up under the same kind of discipline. Gray has been called the most learned man in Europe : he was certainly one of the most finished classical scholars. The spirit of the Grecian mind pervades his poetry, so elaborately wrought, so pure in its moral influence, abounding in such rich personifications, such lofty images, and often such sweet thoughts. Collins, too, that child of imagination and tenderness, was a superior Greek scholar, as any man would judge from his exquisite lyrical productions. And it is worthy of remark that the purest and the most valued of all English poetry should happen to be the production of minds thus severely disciplined. Indeed, it is preposterous to think of becoming a true scholar, even in English literature merely, without a knowledge of Greek.

BUNYAN IN HIS CELL.

Now let us enter his little cell. He is sitting at his table to finish by sunlight the day's work, for the livelihood of his dear family, which they have prepared for him. On a little stool, his poor blind child sits by him, and, with that expression of cheerful resignation with which God seals the countenance when he takes away the sight, the daughter turns her face up to her father as if she could see the affectionate expression with which he looks upon her and prattles to her. On the table and in the grated window there are three books,—the Bible, the Concordance, and Bunyan's precious old copy of the *Book of Martyrs*. And now

the day is waning, and his dear blind child must go home with the laces he has finished, to her mother. And now Bunyan opens his Bible and reads aloud a portion of Scripture to his little one, and then, encircling her in his arms and clasping her small hands in his, he kneels down on the cold stone floor, and pours out his soul in prayer to God for the salvation of those so inexpressibly dear to him, and for whom he has been all day working. This done, with a parting kiss he dismisses her to her mother by the rough hands of the gaoler.

And now it is evening. A rude lamp glimmers darkly on the table, the tagged laces are laid aside, and Bunyan, alone, is busy with his Bible, the Concordance, and his pen, ink, and paper. He writes as though joy did make him write. His pale, worn countenance is lighted with a fire as if reflected from the radiant jasper walls of the Celestial City. He writes, and smiles, and clasps his hands, and looks upward, and blesses God for his goodness, and then again turns to his writing, and then again becomes so entranced with a passage of Scripture, the glory of which the Holy Spirit lets in upon his soul, that he is forced, as it were, to lay aside all his labors, and give himself to the sweet work of his closing evening devotions. The last you see of him for the night, he is alone, kneeling on the floor of his prison; he is alone with God.

RETRIBUTIVE PROVIDENCES.

God's retributive providence may be invisible as the angel of death, and gradual as the remorseless tide that steals its march for centuries, or the malaria that depopulates cities and makes the very sight of them the dread of the traveller. Sometimes a series of retributive providences is unfolded, no one of which, by itself, excites alarm or surprise, till in the lapse of ages the solemn work is done, the nation has passed from existence, and historians write its epitaph, and philosophize upon the causes of its fall. A lingering decay may be far worse than a sudden overthrow; so that, in such a case, the common lamentation of mankind may be deeper for the degradation that remains than the glory that has departed. A nation dies when the spirit of every thing good and noble dies in it. The name may live when the elements of life and beauty have departed. God may suffer the sins which a nation is cherishing to consume its energies, till the gangrene becomes incurable, and then his abused mercies work their own revenge. How solemn, in such a case, are the records and the proofs of the divine indignation; the prediction and the fulfilment seen and read together!

I have stood beneath the walls of the Coliseum in Rome, the Parthenon in Athens, and the Temple of Karnak in Egypt; each

of them the mighty relic of majestic empires, and the symbol of the spirit of the most remarkable ages in the world. The last, carrying you back as in a dream over the waste of four thousand years, might be supposed to owe its superior impressiveness to its vast antiquity; but that is not the secret of the strange and solemn thoughts that crowd into the mind: it is the demonstration of God's wrath fulfilled according to the letter of the Scriptures! No ruins of antiquity are so overwhelming in their interest as the gigantic remains of that empire, once the proudest in the world, and now, according to the very letter of the divine prediction, "the basest of the kingdoms." From the deep and grim repose of those sphinxes, obelisks, and columns,—those idols broken at the presence of God,—as the mind wanders back to the four hundred years of Israel's bondage in Egypt, methinks you may hear the wail of that old and awful prophecy, with the lingering echo of every successive prediction:—"THE NATION WHOM THEY SHALL SERVE WILL I JUDGE!" Who would have believed it possible, four thousand years ago, amidst the vigor and greatness of the Egyptian kingdom, that, after that vast lapse of time, travellers should come from a world then as new, unpeopled, and undiscovered as the precincts of another planet, to read the proofs of God's veracity in the vestiges at once of such stupendous glory and such a stupendous overthrow! And now, if any man, contemplating the youthful vigor, the energy, the almost indestructible life of our own country, finds it difficult to believe that the indulgence of the same national sin, under infinitely clearer light, may be followed with a similar overthrow, let him wander on the banks of the Nile, and think down hours to moments in the silent sanctuaries of its broken temples.

"STEP TO THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE AND SETTLE!"

This old watchword, so often heard by travellers in the early stages of steam-navigation, is now and then ringing in our ears with a very pointed and pertinent application. It is a note that belongs to all the responsibilities of this life for eternity. There is a day of reckoning, a day for the settlement of accounts. All unpaid bills will then have to be paid; all unbalanced books will have to be settled. There will be no loose memorandums forgotten; there will be no heedless commissioners for the convenience of careless consciences; there will be no proxies; there will be no bribed auditors.

Neither will there be such a thing as a hesitating conscience; but the inward monitor, so often drugged and silenced on earth, will speak out. There will be no doubt nor question as to the right and the wrong. There will be no vain excuses, nor any

attempt to make them. There will be no more sophistry, no more considerations of expediency, no more pleading of the laws of men and the customs of society, no more talk about organic sins being converted into constructive righteousness, or collective and corporate frauds releasing men from individual responsibilities.

When we see a man, a professed Christian, running a race with the worshippers of wealth and fashion, absorbed in the vanities of the world, or endeavoring to serve both God and mammon, we hear the voice, *Step to the Captain's office and settle!*

When we see a man spending his whole time and energies in getting ready to live, but never thinking how he shall learn to die, endeavoring even to forget that he *must* die,—poor man, he must *step to the Captain's office and settle!*

When we see editors and politicians setting power in the place of goodness, and expediency in the place of justice, and law in the place of equity, and custom in the place of right, putting darkness for light, and evil for good, and tyranny for general benevolence, we think of the day when the issuers of such counterfeit money will be brought to light, and their sophistries and lies exposed,—for among the whole tribe of unprincipled politicians there will be great consternation when the call comes to *step to the Captain's office and settle.*

When we see unjust rulers in their pride of power fastening chains upon the bondmen, oppressing the poor, and playing their pranks of defiant tyranny before high heaven, then also come these words to mind, like a blast from the last trumpet,—*Step to the Captain's office and settle!*

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

We speak a language containing vast treasures of religious wisdom, and vernacular, more or less, over a large portion of the globe, and, for this and other causes, perhaps destined to become an organ of international communication more universal than any other tongue. The students at the missionary seminary at Basle, in Germany, well denominated the English language the missionary language. It might almost be called the language of religion, in reference to the vast treasures of theological science, the mines of religious truth, and, above all, the inestimable works of practical piety, of which it furnishes a key. There is in it a capital of speculative and practical theology, rich and deep enough for the whole world to draw upon. From time to time, God himself has especially honored it, and prepared it more and more for his glory, by giving to the world, through its medium, such works as the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Paradise Lost*. It is the language of Protestantism, the language of civil and religious free-

dom, the language of commercial enterprise, the language spoken by the greater portion of seamen in the world. It is the language of the two freest, most enterprising, most powerful, and, so far as the appellation can at present be admitted in a national sense, most truly Christian, nations on the globe.

Taking all these influences into consideration, there is not another language in the world so sacred, so connected with holy associations, and, for the treasures of religion which it embalms, so important to man's highest interests, as the English language. We therefore cannot but regard its increasing prevalence as a great and special indication of the providence of God. The time is not far distant, other causes being supposed to maintain their influence, when this language shall have become an organ for the world's literature; and in addition to this, if we mistake not, the world's religious book-mart, and most elevated and important literary centre, will be found in America.

A SLAVE-HOLDING CHRISTIANITY.

A slave-holding Christianity is a forgery and falsehood, a corruption of religion, a defiance of the living God, a libel upon the gospel, and a perversion of it for the sanction and protection of some of the worst forms of human wickedness and misery. By the testimony of God's word and the verdict of mankind, the climax of oppression, the consummation of its malignity, and the concentration of all its evils, is personal slavery,—the buying and selling of men, the claiming, holding, and making merchandise of human beings as property. The whole family relation, the whole domestic state, is poisoned, is perverted and prostituted by it, and turned into an engine of merchandise and misery. What God meant should be the source and inspiration of happiness, becomes the fountain of sin and woe. God "setteth the solitary in families;" but the independence, the mutual endearment, the sacred relationships and obligations of members of the family circle to one another and to God, are elements of holiness and happiness that cannot exist in a slave's household.

By the nature of slavery, by its remorseless consecration to the owner of all capacities and obligations from birth till death, the sacred names of husband, wife, father, mother, son, daughter, are themselves chattelized, and become merely the exponents of various forces and values in the owner's property. The family relations and affections of slavery, being subjected, in a Christian state and community, to the will, the avarice, the necessities and passions of the slave-holder, are made, just like all things of faculty, capacity, intelligence, force, emotion, and sensibility in the slave, articles of pecuniary worth alone, of barter and sale,

with reference to the market value, and for future increase; and this constitutes a violation of God's arrangements for the good of his creatures, and an anomaly of heaven-defying wickedness, ten thousand times worse than the family chaos of savage life, or the ignorance and cruelty of heathenism. Our iniquity in the sanction and support of slavery is pre-eminently this of the wholesale oppression and sacrifice of children. We become a people of men-stealers in perpetuating this iniquity.

Address before the American Missionary Association, May, 1858.

RICHARD HILDRETH.

RICHARD HILDRETH, the historian of the United States, was born at Deerfield, Massachusetts, on the 28th of June, 1807. When four years old, his father, the Rev. Hosea Hildreth, was called to preside over the English department of Phillips Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, and the family removed thither. In 1822, he entered Harvard College, where he was distinguished for his high class-rank, as well as for his attainments in general literature. After graduating, he kept a school in Concord, Massachusetts, one year, and then studied law at Newburyport and Boston, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1830. In 1832, while engaged in his profession, he was one of a small number who founded the "Boston Atlas," for which he furnished the greater part of the editorial articles; at the same time contributing many papers of interest and value to Buckingham's "New England Magazine."

In consequence of feeble health, Mr. Hildreth went to the South in 1834, and remained there two winters. While there, he wrote the powerful novel *Archy Moore*, exhibiting a few of the features of slavery in their true light. On his return, it was published anonymously, was republished in England, and received deserved praise from the critics.¹ He did not resume the practice of law, but became again connected with the "Boston Atlas," of which, in 1837-38, he was the Washington correspondent. On his return to Boston in the spring of 1838, he became the chief editor of that paper, and furnished a series of very able articles upon Texas, which were among the first efforts to arouse the North to a true sense of the iniquitous scheme of "Annexation," as it was called. Being strongly in favor of the enactment by the Legislature of Massachusetts of a prohibitive liquor law, and thus differing from the proprietors of the "Atlas," he retired from that paper at the end of 1839. In 1840, he published *Despotism in America*, an able work on the moral, political, and social character of slavery. In the same year he published a *History of Banks*, advocating a system of free

¹ This was republished in 1852, under the title of "The White Slave."

banking, with security to bill-holders; and a translation, from the French of Dumont, of "Bentham's Theory of Legislation."

Feeble health making another visit to a warmer climate necessary, Mr. Hildreth went, in 1840, to Demerara, (in British Guiana,) where he spent three years, employing his time in editing successively two newspapers in Georgetown, the capital, and in writing his *Theory of Morals*, which was published in 1844, soon after his return to Boston. In 1849 appeared the first volume of the great work on which his fame will chiefly rest,—his *History of the United States*, of which five more volumes appeared in the course of the three succeeding years, bringing down the narrative to the close of the first term of Mr. Monroe's administration.¹ In 1853 appeared his *Theory of Politics*, one of his ablest and most acute treatises. In 1854, he gave us a new edition of *Despotism in America*, with a "continuation," such as the significant events that had occurred since the appearance of the first edition enabled him to make. *Japan as it Was and as it Is* appeared in 1855, when he became a regular contributor to the "New York Tribune," and at the close of the year removed to New York, where he now resides. His latest work—*Atrocious Judges; or, Lives of Judges Infamous as Tools of Tyrants and Instruments of Oppression*—was published in 1856.²

The following extracts from some of Mr. Hildreth's able works will give a fair idea of his strong, manly style, and his power of description and narration as an historian. The prominent qualities of his mind are courage and honesty; and he is never afraid to speak out the deep convictions of his soul.

THE MURDER OF THE SOUL.

There are some people whose sympathies have been excited upon the subject of slavery, who, if they can only be satisfied that the slaves have enough to eat, think it is all very well, and that nothing more is to be said or done.

If slaves were merely animals, whose only or chief enjoyment consisted in the gratification of their bodily appetites, there would be some show of sense in this conclusion. But, in fact, however crushed and brutified, they are still men; men whose bosoms beat with the same passions as our own; whose hearts swell with the same aspirations,—the same ardent desire to improve their condition; the same wishes for what they have not; the same indifference towards what they have; the same restless love of social superiority; the same greediness of acquisition, the same desire to know; the same impatience of all external control.

¹ "Hildreth is a historian of most truthful and methodical accuracy. His style is clear, concise, and charming, though without figurative ornament. He makes points like the point of a diamond. His analysis of motives and causes stamps him as a philosopher of the first rank."—*Democratic Review*, January, 1850.

² In the Appendix to this work is the decision of Judge Kane, imprisoning Passmore Williamson for an alleged "contempt of court." See note on p. 571.

The excitement which the singular case of Casper Hauser produced a few years since in Germany is not yet forgotten. From the representations of that enigmatical personage, it was believed that those from whose custody he declared himself to have escaped, had endeavored to destroy his intellect, or rather to prevent it from being developed, so as to detain him forever in a state of infantile imbecility. This supposed attempt at what they saw fit to denominate the *murder of the soul*, gave rise to great discussions among the German jurists; and they soon raised it into a new crime, which they placed at the very head of social enormities.

It is this very crime, the *murder of the soul*, which is in the course of continuous and perpetual perpetration throughout the Southern States of the American Union; and that not upon a single individual only, but upon nearly one-half of the entire population.

Consider the slaves as men, and the course of treatment which custom and the laws prescribe is an artful, deliberate, and well-digested scheme to break their spirit; to deprive them of courage and of manhood; to destroy their natural desire for an equal participation in the benefits of society; to keep them ignorant, and therefore weak; to reduce them, if possible, to a state of idiocy; to crowd them down to a level with the brutes.

Despotism in America.

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

The dying embers of the Continental Congress, barely kept alive for some months by the occasional attendance of one or two delegates, as the day approached¹ for the new system to be organized, quietly went out, without note or observation. History knows few bodies so remarkable. The Long Parliament of Charles I., and the French National Assembly, are alone to be compared with it. Coming together, in the first instance, a mere collection of consulting delegates, the Continental Congress had boldly seized the reins of power, assumed the leadership of the insurgent States, issued bills of credit, raised armies, declared independence, negotiated foreign treaties, carried the nation through an eight years' war; finally, had extorted from the proud and powerful mother-country an acknowledgment of the sovereign authority so daringly assumed and so indomitably maintained. But this brilliant career had been as short as it was glorious. The decline had commenced even in the midst of the war. Exhausted by such extraordinary efforts,—smitten with the curse of poverty,

¹ March 3, 1789.

their paper money first depreciating and then repudiated, overwhelmed with debts which they could not pay, pensioners on the bounty of France, insulted by mutineers, scouted at by the public creditors, unable to fulfil the treaties they had made, bearded and encroached upon by the State authorities, issuing fruitless requisitions which they had no power to enforce, vainly begging for additional authority which the States refused to grant, thrown more and more into the shade by the very contrast of former power,—the Continental Congress sunk fast into decrepitude and contempt. Feeble is the sentiment of political gratitude! Debts of that sort are commonly left for posterity to pay. While all eyes were turned—some with doubt and some with apprehension, but the greater part with hope and confidence—towards the ample authority vested in the new government now about to be organized, not one respectful word seems to have been uttered, not a single reverential regret to have been dropped over the fallen greatness of the exhausted and expiring Continental Congress.

HAMILTON, WASHINGTON, AND JAY.

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, ornament, and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian,—if less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched, in fact not to be approached, in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great, now angels, and now toads and serpents, there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth!

JAMES MADISON.

The political character of the retiring President sprang, naturally enough, from his intellectual temperament and personal and party relations. Phlegmatic in his constitution, moderate in all his feelings and passions, he possessed remarkable acuteness, and ingenuity sufficient to invest with the most persuasive plausibility whichever side of a question he espoused. But he wanted the decision, the energy, the commanding firmness, necessary in a leader. More a rhetorician than a ruler, he was made only for second places, and therefore never was but second, even when he

seemed to be first. A Federalist from natural largeness of views, he became a Jeffersonian Republican because that became the predominating policy of Virginia. A peace man in his heart and judgment, he became a war man to secure his re-election to the Presidency, and because that seemed to be the prevailing bias of the Republican party. Having been, in the course of a long career, on both sides of almost every political question, he made friends among all parties, anxious to avail themselves, whenever they could, of his able support; escaping, thereby, much of that searching criticism, so freely applied, with the unmitigated severity of party hatred, to his more decided and consistent compatriots and rivals.

Let us, however, do Madison the justice to add, that, as he was among the first, so he was, all things considered, by far the ablest and most amiable, of that large class of our national statesmen, become of late almost the only class, who, instead of devotion to the carrying out of any favorite ideas or measures of their own, put up their talents, like mercenary lawyers, as too many of them are, to be sold to the highest bidder; espousing, on every question, that side which, for the moment, seems to offer the surest road to applause and promotion.

PAST AND PRESENT POLITICS.

With the reannexation of Florida to the Anglo-American dominion, the recognised extension of our western limit to the shores of the Pacific, and the partition of those new acquisitions between slavery and freedom, closed Monroe's first term of office; and with it a marked era in our history. All the old landmarks of party, uprooted as they had been, first by the embargo and the war with England, and then by peace in Europe, had since, by the bank question, the internal improvement question, and the tariff question, been completely superseded and almost wholly swept away. At the Ithuriel touch of the Missouri discussion, the slave interest, hitherto hardly recognised as a distinct element in our system, had started up, portentous and dilated, disavowing the very fundamental principles of modern democracy, and again threatening, as in the Federal Convention, the dissolution of the Union. It is from this point, already beginning, indeed, to fade away in the distance, that our politics of to-day take their departure.

Close of his History.

JONATHAN LAWRENCE, 1807—1833.

THIS young poet of great promise was born in New York in November, 1807, and was graduated at Columbia College in 1823. He entered the profession of the law; and the highest expectations were formed of his future eminence, when he was suddenly removed by death on the 26th of April, 1833. After his death, his brother collected, and had printed for private circulation, his various writings, consisting of prose essays and poetry, which are distinguished for great beauty and purity of thought and style. Among them is the encouraging direction, in all the trials of life, to

LOOK ALOFT.¹

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft!" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are array'd,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft,"—and depart.

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER, 1807—1834.

THIS lovely poet and prose-writer, the last years of whose short life were devoted to the cause of humanity, was born at Centre, near Wilmington, Delaware, on the 24th of December, 1807. She had the misfortune to lose both her parents at an early age, when she was placed under the care of her grandmother, Elizabeth Evans, of Philadelphia, and there attended school till she was thirteen or fourteen. At the age of sixteen, she began to write for the press, and her pieces were

¹ This spirited piece was suggested to Mr. Lawrence by an anecdote related to him of a ship-boy who, growing dizzy, was about to fall from the rigging, but was saved by the mate's characteristic exclamation, "Look aloft, you lubber!"

extensively copied; but what brought her especially into notice was her poem entitled *The Slave Ship*, written when she was but eighteen, and which gained for her the prize offered by the publishers of "The Casket," a monthly magazine. Soon after this, she became a frequent contributor to "The Genius of Universal Emancipation," published in Baltimore, and edited by Benjamin Lundy. "It is not enough to say that her productions were chaste, eloquent, and classical. Her language was appropriate, her reasoning clear, her deductions logical, and her conclusions impressive and convincing. Her appeals were tender, persuasive, and heart-reaching; while the strength and cogency of her arguments rendered them incontrovertible. She was the first American female author that ever made the Abolition of Slavery the principal theme of her active exertions."¹

Miss Chandler continued to reside in Philadelphia till 1830, when she removed with her aunt and brother to Tecumseh, Lenawee County, Michigan, about sixty miles southwest of Detroit. Here, at her home called "Hazlebank," on the banks of the river Raisin, which has been appropriately called "classic ground," she continued to write and labor in the cause of the oppressed, till 1834, when she was attacked by a remittent fever, which terminated in her death on the 2d of November of that year. Never did the grave close over a purer spirit, nor one more fully sensible of a strict accountability for the right employment of every talent.

THE SLAVE'S APPEAL.

Christian mother! when thy prayer
Trembles on the twilight air,
And thou askest God to keep,
In their waking and their sleep,
Those whose love is more to thee
Than the wealth of land or sea,
Think of those who wildly mourn
For the loved ones from them torn!

Christian daughter, sister, wife!
Ye who wear a guarded life,—
Ye whose bliss hangs not, like mine,
On a tyrant's word or sign,
Will ye hear, with careless eye,
Of the wild despairing cry
Rising up from human hearts,
As their latest bliss departs?

Blest ones! whom no hand on earth
Dares to wrench from home and hearth,
Ye whose hearts are shelter'd well
By affection's holy spell,
Oh, forget not those for whom
Life is naught but changeless gloom;
O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow
Hope may paint no brighter morrow.

¹ *Poetical Works and Essays of Elizabeth Margaret Chandler; with a Memoir of her Life and Character, by Benjamin Lundy.* This early pioneer in the cause of freedom—Benjamin Lundy—has never received the attention he deserved.

THE PARTING.¹

It has been well and beautifully said that there is no medicine for a wounded heart like the sweet influences of Nature. The broad, still, beautiful expansion of a summer landscape,—the stealing in of the sunlight by glimpses among the trees,—the unexpected meeting with a favorite blossom, half hidden among the luxuriant verdure,—the sudden starting of a wild bird almost from beneath your feet,—the play of light and shade upon the surface of the gliding brook, and the ceaseless, glad, musical ripple of its waters,—the gushing melody poured from a thousand throats, or the rapid and solitary warble, breaking out suddenly on the stillness, and withdrawn again almost as soon as heard,—the soft, hymn-like murmur of the honey-bees,—and, above all, the majesty of the blue, clear, bending sky!—from all these steals forth a spirit of calm enjoyment, that mingles silently with the darker thoughts of the heart, and removes their bitterness.

“If thou art worn and hard beset
 With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,—
 If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
 Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,—
 Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.”²

Yet there are moods of the soul that even the ministering tenderness of Nature cannot brighten. There are sorrows which she cannot soothe, and, too often, alas! darker passions, which all her sweet and balmy influences cannot hush into tranquillity. When the human heart is foul with avarice and the unblest impulses of tyranny, the eloquence of her meek beauty is breathed in vain. The most sublime and lovely scenes of nature have been made the theatre of wrong and violence; and the stony heart of the oppressor, though surrounded by the broad evidences of omnipotent love, has persisted, unrelenting, in the selfishness of its own device.

There was all the gloriousness of summer beauty round the little bay, in whose sleeping waters rested a small vessel, almost freighted for her departure. A few human beings, only, were to be added to her cargo, and as her spiry masts caught the first rays of the beaming sunlight, the frequent hoarse and brief command, and the ready response of the seamen, told that they were about

¹ Heart-rending as this “Parting” is, the author assures us in a note that it is but a description of what, to her own knowledge, had actually occurred.

² Longfellow.

to weigh anchor and depart. Among those who approached the shore was a household group,—a mother and her babes, the price of whose limbs lay heaped in the coffers of one who called himself a Christian, and who were now about to be torn from the husband and the father forever. It was a Christian land; and, perchance, if the bustle of the departing vessel had not drowned its murmur, the voice of praise and prayer to the merciful and just God might have been dimly heard floating off upon the still waters. But there was no one to save those unhappy beings from the grasp of unrighteous tyranny. The husband had been upon the beach since daybreak, pacing the sands with a troubled step, or lying in moody anguish by the water's edge, covering his face from the breaking in of the glorious sunlight, and pleading at times with the omnipotent God, whom, slave as he was, he had learned to worship, for strength to subdue the passionate grief and indignation of his heart, and for humility patiently to endure his many wrongs.

A little fond arm was twined about his neck, and the soft lip of a young child was breathing loving, but half-sorrowful kisses all over his burning forehead.

"Father! dear father! we are going! will you not come with us? Look where my mother, and my sisters and brothers, are waiting for you."

With a shuddering and convulsive groan, the unhappy man arose, and lifted the frightened child to his bosom.

"Will you not go with us, father?" repeated the boy; but the slave made him no answer, except by straining him to his bosom with a short bitter laugh, and imprinting one of his sobbing kisses upon his cheek. With a convulsive effort for the mastery, he subdued the workings of his features, and, with a seemingly calm voice and countenance, approached his children. One by one he folded them in his arms, and, breathing over them a prayer and a blessing, gave them up forever. Then once more he strove to nerve his heart for its severest trial. There was one more parting,—one more sad embrace to be given and returned. There stood the mother of his children,—his own fond and gentle wife, who had been for so many years his heart's dearest blessing; and who, ere one short hour had passed, was to be to him as if the sea had swallowed her up in its waves, or the dark gloomy earth had hidden her beneath its bosom! A thousand recollections and agonizing feelings came rushing at once upon his heart, and he stood gazing on her, seemingly bewildered and stupefied, motionless as a statue, and with features to which the very intensity of his passion gave the immobility of marble; till, suddenly flinging up his arms with a wild cry, he dropped

at once senseless to the earth,¹ with the blood gushing in torrents from his mouth and nostrils. And the miserable wife, amid the shrieks of her despair, was hurried on board the vessel, and borne away from him, over the calm, sleeping, and beautiful sea, forever.

MARY S. B. DANA.

THIS lady is the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Palmer, of Charleston, South Carolina. She is the author of a volume of sweet religious and elegiac poetry, entitled *The Parted Family, and other Poems*; also of the *Northern Harp*; the *Southern Harp*; *Original Sacred and Moral Songs*; and *Temperance Lyre*. From *The Parted Family* I select the following beautiful and instructive piece, which was written soon after she had lost her husband and her only child.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
 Bedeck'd in her snowy array;
 And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
 And the future look'd blooming and gay:
 And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
 At the shrine of idolatrous love,
 And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth,
 By the chain which her tenderness wove.
 But I saw, when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,
 And the chain had been sever'd in two,
 She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
 And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
 But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
 And wiping the tears from her eyes,
 And he strengthen'd the chain he had broken in twain,
 And fasten'd it firm to the skies!
 There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
 "I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
 O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
 And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmur'd her name,
 While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
 Oh, sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,
 When its fragrance is flung on the air,
 So fresh and so bright to that mother he seem'd,
 As he lay in his innocence there.

¹ This reminds us of Bryant's touching poem—"The African Chief."

But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
 Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
 But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
 And the tale of her sorrow was told!
 But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,
 And taken her treasure away;
 To allure her to heaven, He has placed it on high,
 And the mourner will sweetly obey.
 There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
 "I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the fond brother, with glances of love,
 Gazing down on a gentle young girl,
 And she hung on his arm, and breathed soft in his ear,
 As he play'd with each graceful curl.
 Oh, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery voice,
 Let her use it in sadness or glee;
 And he twin'd his arms round her delicate form,
 As she sat in the eve on his knee.
 But I saw when he gazed on her death-stricken face,
 And she breathed not a word in his ear,
 And he clasp'd his arms round an icy-cold form,
 And he moisten'd her cheek with a tear.
 But the Healer was there, and he said to him thus,
 "Grieve not for thy sister's short life,"
 And he gave to his arms still another fair girl,
 And he made her his own cherish'd wife!
 There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of his God:
 "I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw, too, a father and mother who lean'd
 On the arms of a dear gifted son,
 And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
 As they saw the proud place he had won;
 And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
 And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
 And the starlight of love glimmer'd bright at the end,
 And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
 And I saw them again, bonding low o'er the grave,
 Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
 And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
 And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
 But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
 And he led them with tenderest care;
 And he show'd them a star in the bright upper world,
 'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!
 They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God:
 "I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

HENRY REED, 1808—1854.

PROFESSOR HENRY REED was born in Philadelphia, on the 11th of July, 1808. After the usual preparatory studies, under that accomplished school-master, Mr. James Ross, he entered the sophomore class in the University of Pennsylvania, in September, 1822, and graduated in 1825. He began to study law with Hon. John Sergeant, and was admitted to practice in the courts of the city and county of Philadelphia in 1829. In September, 1831, he relinquished his profession, on being elected Assistant Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. In November of the same year, he was chosen Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy, and in 1835 he was elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. He continued in the service of the college for twenty-three years, discharging his duties with untiring industry, and with such ability and zeal, united to great urbanity of manners, as to secure the warm attachment and profound respect of all who came under his instruction.

It had long been Professor Reed's earnest wish to visit Europe; but his professional duties and other claims had prevented him. Early in 1854, however, leave of absence was granted by the trustees; and in May he sailed for England. His reputation as a scholar had preceded him, and he was received with the kindest welcome by many of England's most distinguished poets and scholars. He also visited the continent, and returned to England in the latter part of the summer.

On the 20th of September, he embarked at Liverpool for New York in the steamship *Arctic*. Seven days afterwards, at noon, a fatal collision occurred, and before sundown every human being left upon the ship—about three hundred in all—had sunk under the waves. When the news of his loss reached Philadelphia, feelings of intense grief pervaded all hearts which had had even a slight knowledge of him. It was felt that Philadelphia had lost one of her most gifted spirits,—one who was an ornament to the elevated position which he held in the University, and who, had his life been spared, would have resumed his responsible duties with increased zeal, efficiency, and usefulness.

Professor Reed was married, in 1834, to Elizabeth White Bronson, a granddaughter of Bishop White.

Shortly after Professor Reed's death, his brother, William B. Reed, Esq., prepared for publication, with his well-known taste and judgment, his manuscript notes and lectures on English Literature and Poetry, which are among the choicest contributions to American Literature. These are *Lectures on English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson*, 1 vol. 12mo; *Lectures on the British Poets*, 2 vols. 12mo; *Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry, as illustrated by Shakespeare*, 1 vol. 12mo; and *Two Lectures on the History of the American Union*; of all of which fine editions have been published by Parry & McMillan, Phila.¹

¹ Before he went to England, Professor Reed had prepared editions of the following works:—Alexander Reid's "Dictionary of the English Language;" Graham's "English Synonyms, enriched by Poetical Citations from Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth;" Wordsworth's Poems, with an appreciative Introduction; Gray's Poems, with a new Memoir; Arnold's "Lectures on Modern History;" and Lord Mahon's "History of England."

BEST METHOD OF READING.

It is not unfrequently thought that the true guidance for habits of reading is to be looked for in prescribed courses of reading, pointing out the books to be read, and the order of proceeding with them. Now, while this external guidance may to a certain extent be useful, I do believe that an elaborately prescribed course of reading would be found neither desirable nor practicable. It does not leave freedom enough to the movements of the reader's own mind; it does not give free enough scope to choice. Our communion with books, to be intelligent, must be more or less spontaneous. It is not possible to anticipate how or when an interest may be awakened in some particular subject or author, and it would be far better to break away from the prescribed list of books, in order to follow out that interest while it is a thoughtful impulse. It would be a sorry tameness of intellect that would not, sooner or later, work its way out of the track of the beat of any such prescribed courses. This is the reason, no doubt, why they are so seldom attempted, and why, when attempted, they are so apt to fail.

It may be asked, however, whether every thing is to be left to chance or caprice; whether one is to read what accident puts in the way,—what happens to be reviewed or talked about. No! far from it: there would in this be no more exercise of rational will than in the other process: in truth, the slavery to chance is a worse evil than slavery to authority. So far as the origin of a taste for reading can be traced in the growth of the mind, it will be found, I think, mostly in the mind's own prompting; and the power thus engendered is, like all other powers in our being, to be looked to as something to be cultivated and chastened, and then its disciplined freedom will prove more and more its own safest guide. It will provide itself with more of philosophy than it is aware of in its choice of books, and will the better understand its relative virtues. On the other hand, I apprehend that often a taste for reading is quenched by rigid and injudicious prescription of books in which the mind takes no interest, can assimilate nothing to itself, and recognises no progress but what the eye takes count of in the reckoning of pages it has travelled over. It lies on the mind, unpalatable, heavy, undigested food. But reverse the process; observe or engender the interest as best you may, in the young mind, and then work with that,—expanding, cultivating, chastening it.

POETICAL AND PROSE READING.

The disproportion usually lies in the other direction,—prose reading to the exclusion of poetry. This is owing chiefly to the want of proper culture; for although there is certainly a great disparity of imaginative endowment, still the imagination is part of the universal mind of man, and it is a work of education to bring it into action in minds even the least imaginative. It is chiefly to the wilfully unimaginative mind that poetry, with all its wisdom and all its glory, is a sealed book. It sometimes happens, however, that a mind well gifted with imaginative power loses the capacity to relish poetry simply by the neglect of reading metrical literature. This is a sad mistake, inasmuch as the mere reader of prose cuts himself off from the very highest literary enjoyments; for if the giving of power to the mind be a characteristic, the most essential literature is to be found in poetry, especially if it be such as English poetry is,—the embodiment of the very highest wisdom and the deepest feeling of our English race. I hope to show in my next lecture, in treating the subject of our language, how rich a source of enjoyment the study of English verse, considered simply as an organ of expression and harmony, may be made; but to readers who confine themselves to prose, the metrical form becomes repulsive instead of attractive. It has been well observed by a living writer, who has exercised his powers alike in prose and verse, that there are readers “to whom the poetical form merely and of itself acts as a sort of veil to every meaning which is not habitually met with under that form, and who are puzzled by a passage occurring in a poem, which would be at once plain to them if divested of its cadence and rhythm; not because it is thereby put into language in any degree more perspicuous, but because prose is the vehicle they are accustomed to for this particular kind of matter; and they will apply their minds to it in prose, and they will refuse their minds to it in verse.”¹

The neglect of poetical reading is increased by the very mistaken notion that poetry is a mere luxury of the mind, alien from the demands of practical life,—a light and effortless amusement. This is the prejudice and error of ignorance. For look at many of the strong and largely-cultivated minds which we know by biography and their own works, and note how large and precious an element of strength is their studious love of poetry. Where could we find a man of more earnest, energetic, practical cast of character than Arnold?—eminent as an historian, and in other the gravest departments of thought and learning, active in the

¹ Taylor's Notes from Books, p. 215.

cause of education, zealous in matters of ecclesiastical, political, or social reform; right or wrong, always intensely practical and single-hearted in his honest zeal; a champion for truth, whether in the history of ancient politics or present questions of modern society; and, with all, never suffering the love of poetry to be extinguished in his heart, or to be crowded out of it, but turning it perpetually to wise uses, bringing the poetic truths of Shakspeare and of Wordsworth to the help of the cause of truth; his enthusiasm for the poets breaking forth when he exclaims, "What a treat it would be to teach Shakspeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line and word by word, and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would, after a time, almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped, as it were, in such an atmosphere of brilliance!"¹

TRAGIC POETRY.

Tragic poetry has been well described as "poetry in its deepest earnest." The upper air of poetry is the atmosphere of sorrow. This is a truth attested by every department of art,—the poetry of words, of music, of the canvas, and of marble. It is so, because poetry is a reflection of life; and when a man weeps, the passions that are stirring within him are mightier than the feelings which prompt to cheerfulness or merriment. The smile plays on the countenance; the laugh is a momentary and noisy impulse; but the tear rises slowly and silently from the deep places of the heart. It is at once the symbol and the relief of an o'ermastering grief; it is the language of emotions to which words cannot give utterance,—passions whose very might and depth give them a sanctity we instinctively recognise by veiling them from the common gaze. In childhood, indeed, when its little griefs and joys are blended with that absence of self-consciousness which is both the bliss and the beauty of its innocence, tears are shed without restraint or disguise; but when the self-consciousness of manhood has taught us that tears are the expression of emotions too sacred for exposure, the heart will often break rather than violate this instinct of our nature. Tragic poetry, in dramatic, or epic, or what form soever, has its original, its archetype, in the sorrows which float like clouds over the days of human existence. Afflictions travel across the earth on errands mysterious, but merciful, could we but understand them; and the poet, fashioning the likeness of them in some sad story, teaches the imaginative lesson of their influences upon the heart.

¹ Arnold's Life, p. 284, (American edition,) in a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER, whose name is associated with the literature of the West, was born in Philadelphia in 1808, and in 1816 migrated with his widowed mother to Cincinnati, and became a printer. In 1831 he was married, and shortly after edited the "Cincinnati Mirror," contributing himself much to its columns. Subsequently he was connected with the "Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review," with the "Western Monthly Magazine," and with the "Hesperian, a Monthly Miscellany of General Literature." In 1839, the late Charles Hammond offered to share with him the editorship of the "Cincinnati Gazette," with which he continued to be connected till 1849, when he was appointed a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. In 1853, he removed to Kentucky, where he now resides, on a farm a few miles from Louisville.

In 1835, Mr. Gallagher published a small volume of poems under the title of *Erato*; and, in the two following years, the second and third parts of the same. In 1841, he edited a volume of choice poetry entitled *Selections from the Poetical Literature of the West*; and in 1846, a collection of his own pieces that he esteemed the best, under the simple title of *Poems*. Of his numerous prose contributions to magazines, reviews, &c. he has never made a collection.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

On the page that is immortal,
 We the brilliant promise see:—
 "Ye shall know the truth, my people,
 And its might shall make you free!"

For the truth, then, let us battle,
 Whatsoever fate betide;
 Long the boast that we are freemen
 We have made and publish'd wide.

He who has the truth, and keeps it,
 Keeps what not to him belongs,—
 But performs a selfish action,
 That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the truth, and trembles
 At the dangers he must brave,
 Is not fit to be a freeman,—
 He at best is but a slave.

He who hears the truth, and places
 Its high promptings under ban,
 Loud may boast of all that's manly,
 But can never be a man!

Friend, this simple lay who readest,
 Be not thou like either them,—

But to truth give utmost freedom,
And the tide it raises stem.

Bold in speech and bold in action
Be forever!—Time will test,
Of the free-soul'd and the slavish,
Which fulfils life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble ancient,—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear:
Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first apostles,—
Be thou like heroic PAUL:
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly,—speak it all!

Face thine enemies,—accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod;
And, if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak, and leave the rest to God!

THE LABORER.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—who more?
A soul as dauntless mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurb'd passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus check'd;—

These are thine enemies,—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot:

Thy labor and thy life accursed.
 Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
 And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
 The great!—what better they than thou?
 As theirs, is not thy will as free?
 Has God with equal favors thee
 Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not,—'tis but dust!
 Nor place,—uncertain as the wind!
 But that thou hast which, with thy crust
 And water, may despise the lust
 Of both,—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
 True faith, and holy trust in God,
 Thou art the peer of any man.
 Look up, then: that thy little span
 Of life may be well trod!

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD was born at Machias, Maine, on the 22d of September, 1808, and, after a due preparatory course of study at the Boston Latin School, he entered Harvard College in 1824. In 1833, he was admitted to the Suffolk County (Boston) Bar, and has ever since been engaged in the practice of his profession in that city. In 1845, he was elected to the Common Council of Boston, and served a year and a half as its President. In 1836, he was a member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and was elected to the State Senate in 1850, where he exhibited abilities which elicited warm commendation from his friends. But politics is evidently not a field congenial to the tastes and feelings of Mr. Hillard. It is in the higher and purer walks of literature that this polished scholar shows himself to be at home; and here he has won a fame for refined taste, purity of style, and elevation of moral sentiment scarcely second to any one in our country.

Mr. Hillard's publications are as follows:—*Fourth of July Oration before the City Authorities of Boston*, 1835; *Discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society*, 1843; *Connection between Geography and History*, 1846; *Address before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston*, 1850; *Address before the New York Pilgrim Society*, 1851; *Eulogy on Daniel Webster before the City Authorities of Boston*, 1852; *Six Months in Italy*,¹ of which five editions have been published; a series

¹ "The mass of information contained in these two volumes is immense; the criticisms novel, and, in our humble opinion, judicious; the writer's own thoughts and feelings beautifully expressed. * * * Mr. Hillard is evidently a scholar, a man of taste and feeling; something, we should opine, of a poet; and unmistakably a gentleman."—*Frazer's Magazine*. Of this interesting work, Ticknor & Fields have published the sixth edition, in their usual style of beauty.

of "Class Readers," four in number, for schools, consisting of extracts in prose and verse, with biographical and critical notices of the authors;¹ Guizot's "Essay on the Character and Influence of Washington," translated from the French, 1840; an edition of Spenser, in five volumes, with an Introduction and Notes; "Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor," 1856. He also prepared, in 1844, "A Selection from the Writings of Henry R. Cleveland, with a Memoir."²

Mr. Hillard was for some time one of the editors of the "American Jurist," and has contributed valuable articles to the "North American Review," "Christian Examiner," and "New England Magazine." To him also we are indebted for the life of the leader of the first settlers in Virginia—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH—to be found in the second volume of Sparks's "Library of American Biography."

EXCURSION TO SORRENTO.³

On the morning of March 19th, I left Naples for Sorrento, making one of a party of five. The cars took us to Castellamare, a town beautifully situated between the mountains and the sea, much resorted to by the Neapolitans in the heats of summer. A lover of nature could hardly find a spot of more varied attractions. Before him spreads the unrivalled bay,—dotted with sails and unfolding a broad canvas, on which the most glowing colors and the most vivid lights are dashed,—a mirror in which the crimson and gold of morning, the blue of noon, and the orange and yellow-green of sunset behold a lovelier image of themselves,—a gentle and tideless sea, whose waves break upon the shore like caresses, and never like angry blows. Should he ever become weary of waves and languish for woods, he has only to turn his back upon the sea and climb the hills for an hour or two, and he will find himself in the depth of sylvan and mountain solitudes,—in a region of vines, running streams, deep-shadowed valleys, and broad-armed oaks,—where he will hear the ring-dove coo and see the sensitive hare dart across the forest aisles. A great city is within an hour's reach; and the shadow of Vesuvius hangs over the landscape, keeping the imagination awake by touches of mystery and terror.

From Castellamare to Sorrento, a noble road has within a few years past been constructed between the mountains and the sea,

¹ I consider these among the best reading-books for schools, evincing good taste and judgment in the selections, and just views in the critical notices.

² I always regretted that this valuable volume of Essays and Dissertations was only "printed for private distribution," and not published for the general good.

³ About eighteen miles southeast of Naples.

which in many places are so close together that the width of the road occupies the whole intervening space. On the right, the traveller looks down a cliff of some hundred feet or more upon the bay, whose glossy floor is dappled with patches of green, purple, and blue,—the effect of varying depth, or light and shade, or clusters of rock overgrown with sea-weed scattered over a sandy bottom.¹ The road combined rare elements of beauty; for it nowhere pursued a monotonous straight line, but followed the windings and turnings of this many-curved shore. Sometimes it was cut through solid ledges of rock; sometimes it was carried on bridges over deep gorges and chasms, wide at the top and narrowing towards the bottom, where a slender stream tripped down to the sea. The sides of these glens were often planted with orange and lemon trees; and we could look down upon their rounded tops, presenting, with their dark-green foliage, their bright, almost luminous fruit, and their snowy blossoms, the finest combination of colors, which the vegetable kingdom, in the temperate zone at least, can show. The scenery was in the highest degree grand, beautiful, and picturesque,—with the most animated contrasts and the most abrupt breaks in the line of sight,—yet never savage or scowling. The mountains on the left were not bare and scalped, but shadowed with forests, and thickly overgrown with shrubbery,—such wooded heights as the genius of Greek poetry would have peopled with bearded satyrs and buskined wood-nymphs, and made vocal with the reeds of Pan and the hounds and horn of Artemis. All the space near the road was stamped with the gentle impress of human cultivation. Fruit-trees and vines were thickly planted; garden vegetables were growing in favorable exposures; and houses were nestling in the hollows or hanging to the sides of the cliff. Over the whole region there is a smiling expression of wooing and invitation, to which the sparkling sea murmured a fitting accompaniment. No pitiless ice and granite chill or wound the eye; no funereal cedars and pines darken the mind with their Arctic shadows; but bloom and verdure, thrown over rounded surfaces, and rich and gay forms of foliage mantling gray cliffs or waving from rocky ledges, give to the face of Nature that mixture of animation and softness which is equally fitted to soothe a wounded spirit or restore an overtaken mind. If one could only forget the existence of such words as “duty” and “progress,” and step

¹ “The colors of the bay of Naples were a constant surprise and delight to me, from the predominance of blue and purple over the grays and greens of our coast. I was glad to find that my impressions on this point were confirmed by the practised eye of Cooper. There seem to be some elements affecting the color of the sea, not derived from the atmosphere or the reflection of the heavens.”

aside from the rushing stream of onward-moving life, and be content with being, merely, and not doing; if these lovely forms could fill all the claims and calls of one's nature, and all that we ask of sympathy and companionship could be found in mountain breezes and breaking waves; if days passed in communion with nature, in which decay is not hastened by anxious vigils or ambitious toils, made up the sum of life,—where could a better retreat be found than along this enchanting coast? Here are the mountains, and there is the sea. Here is a climate of delicious softness, where no sharp extremes of heat and cold put strife between man and nature. Here is a smiling and good-natured population, among whom no question of religion, politics, science, literature, or humanity is ever discussed, and the surface of the placid hours is not ruffled by argument or contradiction. Here a man could hang and ripen, like an orange on the tree, and drop as gently out of life upon the bosom of the earth. There is a fine couplet of Virgil, which is full of that tenderness and sensibility which form the highest charm of his poetry, as they probably did of his character, and they came to my mind in driving along this beautiful road:—

“Hic gelidi fontes; hic mollia prata, Lycori;
Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.”¹

There is something in the musical flow of these lines which seems to express the movement of a quiet life, from which day after day loosens and falls, like leaf after leaf from a tree in a calm day of autumn. But Virgil's air-castle includes a Lycoris; that is, sympathy, affection, and the heart's daily food. With these, fountains, meadows, and groves may be dispensed with; and without them, they are not much better than a painted panorama. To have something to do, and to do it, is the best appointment for us all. Nature, stern and coy, reserves her most dazzling smiles for those who have earned them by hard work and cheerful sacrifice. Planted on these shores and lapped in pleasurable sensations, man would turn into an indolent dreamer and a soft voluptuary. He is neither a fig nor an orange; and he thrives best in the sharp air of self-denial and on the rocks of toil.

¹ “Here cooling fountains roll through flowing meads,
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads,
Here could I wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.”

Virgil's Bucolics, x. 42, Wharton's version.

SPAIN.

History is ever justifying the ways of God to man, and never more forcibly than in the fortunes of Spain. If the power has been taken away from her, it is because it was abused; if the sceptre has been wrested from her grasp, it is because it was converted into a scourge. To no men it is permitted to do wrong with impunity; least of all to the rulers of the earth. The selfishness of tyranny is punished by the weakness to which it leads, and bigotry extinguishes in time the religious principle from which its power to do mischief is derived. In her present weakness, Spain is reaping the harvest of wrong-doing. If her ships, colonies, and commerce are gone; if agriculture and manufactures are neglected; if she has no railroads, no active press, no general diffused education,—it is because her rulers have been tyrants, her ministers of religion iron-hearted and narrow-minded bigots, and her nobles indolent and profligate courtiers. In her desolate estate insulted humanity is avenged, and the retributive justice which has overtaken her, speaks in a voice of warning to the oppressor and of consolation to his victim.

And is there hope for Spain? Will the night pass away and the morning dawn? To hazard even a conjectural answer to these questions requires far more knowledge of the country than we possess. No traveller has visited Spain without bringing away a strong sense alike of the virtues and the capacities of her people. With God all things are possible; and for mourning Iberia the hour may yet strike, and the man may yet come. Who would not rejoice to see that prostrate form reared again, and the light of hope once more kindling those downcast eyes,—the golden harvest of opportunity again waving over her plains, and the future once more unbarring to the enterprise of her sons its gates of sunrise?

BOOKS.

In that most interesting and instructive book, Boswell's Life of Johnson, an incident is mentioned which I beg leave to quote in illustration of this part of my subject. The Doctor and his biographer were going down the Thames, in a boat, to Greenwich, and the conversation turned upon the benefits of learning, which Dr. Johnson maintained to be of use to all men. “‘And yet,’ said Boswell, ‘people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning.’ ‘Why, sir,’ replied Dr. Johnson, ‘that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of

Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors.' He then called to the boy, 'What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?' 'Sir,' said the boy, 'I would give what I have.' Johnson was much pleased with this answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, 'Sir,' said he, 'a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.'"

For the knowledge that comes from books I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being, on the other. "The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life." I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with gross vices, and not unfrequently with contemptible weaknesses, and that a community at once cultivated and corrupt is no impossible monster. But it is no overstatement to say that, other things being equal, the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations; if for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul, and the train of Idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem in which the Devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook. To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime, for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when

perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the Middle Ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book, and candle; you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle.

Address before the Mercantile Library Association.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON, 1808--1825.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON, second daughter of Dr. Oliver Davidson, was born, September 27, 1808, at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain. Her parents were in straitened circumstances, and her mother in feeble health, and from these causes it became necessary that she should devote most of her time to domestic duties. But for these she had no inclination; and therefore, when her work was done, she retired to enjoy those intellectual and imaginative pursuits in which her whole heart was engaged. Her thirst for knowledge was wonderful; and before she was twelve years old, she had read Shakspeare, and many of the standard English poets. Though she had no one to direct or advise her, she continued not only to read poetry, but also to write it so as to excite the astonishment and admiration of every one. When about twelve years old, a gentleman who was delighted with her verses sent her a bank-note of twenty dollars. Her first joyful thought was that she had now the means of increasing her little stock of books; but, looking towards the sick bed of her mother, who had been confined by illness for many months, tears came into her eyes, and she instantly put the note into her father's hand, saying, "Take it, father: it will buy many comforts for mother. I can do without the books." Such an exhibition of filial love and gratitude endears her to us far more than all her poetry.

When she had just passed sixteen, a gentleman who was on a visit at Plattsburg, being made acquainted with her history, genius, and limited means, resolved to afford her the benefits of a good education. Accordingly, she was placed at the "Troy Female Seminary," where she had all the advantages for which she had hungered and thirsted. Here her application was incessant, and its effects on her constitution—already somewhat debilitated by previous disease—soon became apparent. On her return home in vacation, she had a serious illness, which left her more feeble than ever, and she gradually declined, till death released her pure spirit from its prison-house on the 27th of August, 1825. "In our own language," says the poet Southey, "we can call to mind no instance, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement."¹

¹ "Let no parent wish for a child of precocious genius, nor rejoice over such a one, without fear and trembling! Great endowments, whether of nature or of fortune, bring with them their full proportion of temptations and dangers; and, perhaps, in the endowments of nature the danger is greatest, because there is most at stake. It seems, in most cases, as if the seeds of moral and intellectual excellence were not designed to bring forth fruits on earth, but that they are brought into existence, and developed here, only for transportation to a world where there shall be nothing to corrupt or hurt them, nothing to impede their

In person, Miss Davidson was singularly beautiful: she had a high, open forehead, a soft black eye, perfect symmetry of features, a fair complexion, and luxuriant, dark hair. The prevailing expression of her face was melancholy.

SONG AT TWILIGHT.¹

When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;
When not a murmur, not a sound,
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When Nature, soften'd by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give,
Oh, sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive!

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And, hovering, trembles half afraid,
Oh, sister, sing the song once more
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day;
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When, sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love?

THE PROPHECY.

Let me gaze a while on that marble brow,
On that full dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow;
Let me gaze for a moment, that, ere I die,
I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.
That brow may beam in glory a while;
That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile;
That full, dark eye may brightly beam
In life's gay morn, in hope's young dream;
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.
I know by that spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly-flashing eye,

growth in goodness, and their progress towards perfection." Read the article in the "Quarterly Review" for November, 1829, by the poet Southey; also "Remains," by S. F. B. Morse.

¹ Addressed to her sister, requesting her to sing Moore's "Farewell to his Harp."

That, maiden, there's that within thy breast
 Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblest'd;
 The strife of love with pride shall wring
 Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string;
 And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee,
 Shall be drain'd to the dregs in agony.
 Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye
 A dark and a doubtful prophecy.
 Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy curse;
 Thou wilt need no heavier, shalt feel no worse.
 I see the cloud and the tempest near;
 The voice of the troubled tide I hear;
 The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,
 The rushing waves of a wretched life;
 Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
 And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.
 Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the wave!
 Maiden, I've gazed on thine early grave.
 When I am cold, and the hand of Death
 Hath crown'd my brow with an icy wreath;
 When the dew hangs damp on this motionless lip;
 When this eye is closed in its long, last sleep,—
 Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,
 And think on my last, sad prophecy.

TO MY MOTHER.¹

O thou whose care sustain'd my infant years,
 And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
 Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
 And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove;
 To thee my lay is due, the simplest song
 Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
 To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
 Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.
 Oh, say, amid this wilderness of life,
 What bosom would have throb'd like thine for me?
 Who would have smiled responsive?—who in grief
 Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieved like thee?
 Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
 Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear?
 Who would have mark'd my bosom bounding high,
 And clasp'd me to her heart, with love's bright tear?
 Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
 And fann'd, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
 Who would have fondly pressed my fever'd lip,
 In all the agony of love and woe?
 None but a mother,—none but one like thee,
 Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch;

¹ This was written but a few months before her death.

Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery ;
 Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.
 Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
 By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom,—
 Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
 That woe hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.
 Oh, then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
 Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
 To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
 Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD was born in Lancaster, Vermont; but while yet a child her father removed to Newburyport, Massachusetts. She early wrote for several periodicals, and in 1832 her poetical pieces were collected in a volume. In 1835 and in 1841, a second and third volume appeared, entitled simply *Poems*; and in 1846 she collected a volume of her prose compositions, entitled *Gathered Leaves*. Of her poetry, a writer in the "Christian Examiner"¹ remarks that it is impossible to find fault. It is so sweet and unpretending, so pure in purpose, and so gentle in expression, that criticism is disarmed of all severity, and engaged to say nothing of it but good. It is poetry for a sober, quiet, kindly-affectioned Christian heart. It is poetry for a united family circle in their hours of peace and leisure. For such companionship it was made, and into such it will find and has found its way.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walk'd the ocean strand;
 A pearly shell was in my hand:
 I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand
 My name—the year—the day.
 As onward from the spot I pass'd,
 One lingering look behind I cast:
 A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And wash'd my lines away.
 And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
 With every mark on earth from me:
 A wave of dark Oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place
 Where I have trod the sandy shore
 Of Time, and been to be no more,
 Of me—my day—the name I bore,
 To leave nor track nor trace.

¹ Vol. xiv. p. 320.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
 And holds the waters in his hands,
 I know a lasting record stands,
 Inscribed against my name,
 Of all this mortal part has wrought;
 Of all this thinking soul has thought:
 And from these fleeting moments caught
 For glory or for shame.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
 Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;—
 "Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
 I am abiding, while ages flee.
 The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
 Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
 And the tender dew has sought to melt
 Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
 There's none can tell about my birth,
 For I'm old as the big, round earth.
 The children of men arise, and pass
 Out of the world, like the blades of grass;
 And many a foot on me has trod,
 That's gone from sight, and under the sod.
 I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
 Rattling along from the restless bough!"

The Acorn was shock'd at this rude salute,
 And lay for a moment abash'd and mute;
 She never before had been so near
 This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
 And she felt for a time at a loss to know
 How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
 But to give reproof of a nobler sort
 Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
 At length she said, in a gentle tone,
 "Since it has happen'd that I am thrown
 From the lighter element where I grew,
 Down to another so hard and new,
 And beside a personage so august,
 Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
 And quickly retire from the sight of one
 Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
 Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
 Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
 And soon in the earth she sank away
 From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
 By the peering head of an infant oak!
 And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
 The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,
 "A modest Acorn—never to tell
 What was enclosed in its simple shell!

That the pride of the forest was folded up
 In the narrow space of its little cup!
 And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
 Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!
 And, oh! how many will tread on me,
 To come and admire the beautiful tree,
 Whose head is towering toward the sky,
 Above such a worthless thing as I!
 Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
 I have been idling from year to year.
 But never from this shall a vaunting word
 From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
 Till something without me or within
 Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"
 The Pebble its vow could not forget,
 And it lies there wrapt in silence yet.

THE FROST.

The Frost look'd forth one still clear night,
 And whisper'd, "Now I shall be out of sight:
 So, through the valley, and over the height,
 In silence I'll take my way.
 I will not go on like that blustering train—
 The Wind and the Snow, the Hail and the Rain—
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
 But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powder'd its crest;
 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
 In diamond beads; and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread
 A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear
 That he hung on its margin, far and near
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
 By the light of the moon, were seen
 Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees;
 There were bevvies of birds, and swarms of bees;
 There were cities, with temples and towers,—and these
 All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
 He peep'd in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
 "Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
 "This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THIS true poet of freedom and humanity, known and loved in both hemispheres, is of a Quaker family, and was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. Until he was eighteen years of age, he remained at home, passing his time in the district school, in assisting his father on the farm, and writing occasional verses for the "Haverhill Gazette." After spending two years in the Academy at Haverhill, he went to Boston in 1828, and became editor of the "American Manufacturer," a newspaper devoted to the interest of a protective tariff. In 1830, he became editor of the "New England Weekly Review," published at Hartford, and remained connected with it for about two years; during which period he published a volume of poems and prose sketches, entitled *Legends of New England*. He then returned home, and soon after was elected by the town of Haverhill a representative to the Legislature of his native State. In 1836, he was elected Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and defended its principles as editor of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," a weekly paper published in Philadelphia. About this time appeared his longest poem, *Mogg Megone*, an Indian story, which takes its name from a leader among the Saco Indians in the bloody war of 1677.

In 1840, Mr. Whittier removed to Amesbury, Massachusetts, where all his later publications have been written. In 1845 appeared *The Stranger in Lowell*, a series of sketches of scenery and character such as that famed manufacturing town might naturally suggest. In 1847, he became corresponding editor of the "National Era," published at Washington, and gave to that paper no small share of its deserved celebrity. The next year, a beautifully-illustrated edition of all his poems, including his *Voices of Freedom*, was published by Mussey, of Boston. In 1849 appeared his *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, written in the antique style by the fictitious fair journalist, who visits New England in 1678, and writes letters to a gentleman in England, to whom she is to be married, descriptive of the manners and influences of the times. In 1850 appeared his volume *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*, a series of prose essays on Bunyan, Baxter, &c.; and, in the same year, *Songs of Labor, and other Poems*, in which he dignifies and renders interesting the mechanic arts by the associations of history and fancy. Since that time he has published *Lays of Home*, and *The Chapel of the Hermit, and other Poems*; while he frequently enriches the columns of the "National Era" with some felicitous prose essay, or some soul-stirring poem. Since the establishment of the "Atlantic Monthly" he has contributed to almost every number.

Though boldness, energy, and strength are Whittier's leading characteristics, and though many of his poems breathe, in soul-stirring language, a defiant tone to the oppressor, and show a hatred of slavery as intense, if possible, as it deserves, yet many of his prose works and poems are marked by a tenderness, a grace, and a beauty not exceeded by those of any other American writer. He thus unites qualities seemingly opposite in a heart every pulsation of which beats warmly for humanity.

PALESTINE.

Blest land of Judea ! thrice hallow'd of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng ;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before ;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-side before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between ;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below ;
But where are the sisters who hasten'd to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet ?

I tread where the **TWELVE** in their wayfaring trod ;
I stand where they stood with the **CHOSEN** of God,—
Where His blessings were heard and His lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came,—
These hills He toil'd over in grief, are the same,—
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow !

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet ;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God ?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him.

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved among men ;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me !

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bow'd him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here ;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone!—but, in glory and power,
 The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;
 Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
 On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

[In the Report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 4th of 9th month, 1835, published in the "Courier" of that city, it is stated,—*"The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene."*]

Just God! and these are they
 Who minister at thine altar, God of Right!
 Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
 On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach, and kidnap men?
 Give thanks,—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?
 Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then
 Bolt hard the captive's door!

What! servants of Thy own
 Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
 The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down
 The task'd and plunder'd slave!

Pilot and Herod, friends!
 Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!
 Just God and holy! is that church, which lends
 Strength to the spoiler, Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
 Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
 Of those high words of truth which search and burn
 In warning and rebuke;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!
 And, in your tassell'd pulpits, thank the Lord
 That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,
 Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long
 Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
 And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong
 At Thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretch'd forth
 Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?
 Shall not the living God of all the earth,
 And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind
 Their brethren of a common Father down!
 To all who plunder from the immortal mind
 Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the priesthood! woe
 To those whose hire is with the price of blood,—

Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might
Shall perish; and their very names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty.

Oh! speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease,—and Liberty and Love,
And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be known
As in their home above.

ICHABOD !¹

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all!
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall.

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
Dishonor'd brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honor'd, nought
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

¹ These lines, so full of tender regret, deep grief, and touching pathos, were written when the news came of the sad course of Daniel Webster in supporting the "Compromise Measures," including the "Fugitive Slave Law," in his speech delivered in the United States Senate, on the 7th of March, 1850.

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glow'd the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing fill'd her breast,—
A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid;
And ask'd a draught from the spring that flow'd
Through the meadow across the road.
She stoop'd where the cool spring bubbled up,
And fill'd for him her small tin cup,
And blush'd as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tatter'd gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaff'd."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talk'd of the haying, and wonder'd whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;
And listen'd, while a pleased surprise
Look'd from her long-lash'd hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller look'd and sigh'd: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge look'd back as he climb'd the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he humm'd in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watch'd a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Look'd out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He long'd for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnish'd rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sigh'd, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearn'd and poor,
And many children play'd round her door.

But care, and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretch'd away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turn'd,
The tallow candle an astral burn'd,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest, are these : "It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame ;
The yearning of the mind is still'd,—
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away,—
Oh ! sweet, fond dream of human Love !
For thee I may not pray.

But, bow'd in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known,—
I only ask a will resign'd,
O Father, to thine own !

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
 I crave alone for peace and rest,
 Submissive in thy hand to lie,
 And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
 A miracle our Life and Death;
 A mystery which I cannot pierce,
 Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
 In vain the sage's thought I scan;
 I only feel how weak and vain,
 How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
 And longs for light whereby to see,
 And, like a weary child, would come,
 O Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
 My weak resolves have pass'd away,
 In mercy lend thy helping hand
 Unto my prayer to-day!

VIRTUE ALONE BEAUTIFUL.

"Handsome is that handsome does,—hold up your hands, girls," is the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubuſc's Eve, or that statue of Venus which enchants the world, could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good-looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle,—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of those around you, and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words or admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is given you on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

"Hold up your heads, girls;" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-

stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kind and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the home-sick Park seemed the dark maids of Sigo, as they sung their low and simple songs of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn." Oh! talk as you may of beauty, as a thing to be chiselled upon marble or wrought on canvas,—speculate as you may upon its colors and outline,—what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind,—looking through outward environments, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections,—uniting the awe and the mystery of the mother's miraculous allotment with the inexpressible love, the unutterable tenderness, of young maternity,—Heaven's crowning miracle with nature's sweetest and holiest instinct. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven,—how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place?

EMMA C. EMBURY.

Among American female writers, Emma C. Embury takes no mean rank. She is the daughter of Dr. James R. Manly, an eminent physician of New York, and in 1828 was married to Daniel Embury, a gentleman of wealth, residing in Brooklyn, and much valued for his intellectual and social qualities,—having the taste to appreciate the talents of his gifted wife, and the good sense to encourage and aid her in her literary pursuits. But these pursuits, happily, have never caused her to neglect the duties of a wife or a mother.

Mrs. Embury's published works are—*Guido, and other Poems, by Ianthe*; a volume on *Female Education*; *The Blind Girl, and other Tales*; *Pictures of Early Life*; *Glimpses of Home Life, or Causes and Consequences*; *Nature's Gems, or American Wild Flowers*; *Love's Token-Flowers*; *The Waldorf Family, or Grandfather's Legends*. All her writings exhibit good sense, true cultivation, and healthy natural feeling, united to much refinement; and it is to be deeply lamented that a protracted illness has deprived her, for many years, of the physical and mental power requisite for literary pursuits, or even for domestic duties. Great nervous debility and paralysis have shattered her vigorous body and her noble mind, and have left only the gentle affections of her nature untouched.

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

He wooes me with those honey'd words
 That women love to hear,
 Those gentle flatteries that fall
 So sweet on every ear.
 He tells me that my face is fair,
 Too fair for grief to shade:
 My cheek, he says, was never meant
 In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me, when I sing
 The songs of other days,
 And whispers, in love's thrilling tones,
 The words of heartfelt praise;
 And often in my eyes he looks,
 Some answering love to see,—
 In vain! he there can only read
 The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake
 With every gentle word;
 How, by his looks and tones, the founts
 Of tenderness are stirr'd.
 The visions of my youth return,
 Joys far too bright to last;
 And while he speaks of future bliss,
 I think but of the past.

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,
 Amid my heart's deep gloom,
 Affection sheds its holiest light
 Upon my husband's tomb.
 And, as those lamps, if brought once more
 To upper air, grow dim,
 So my soul's love is cold and dead,
 Unless it glow for him.

OH! TELL ME NOT OF LOFTY FATE.

Oh! tell me not of lofty fate,
 Of glory's deathless name;
 The bosom love leaves desolate
 Has naught to do with fame.

Vainly philosophy would soar,—
 Love's height it may not reach;
 The heart soon learns a sweeter lore
 Than ever sage could teach.

The cup may bear a poison'd draught,
 The altar may be cold;
 But yet the chalice may be quaff'd,—
 The shrine sought as of old.

Man's sterner nature turns away
To seek ambition's goal!
Wealth's glittering gifts, and pleasure's ray,
May charm his weary soul;

But woman knows one only dream,—
That broken, all is o'er;
For on life's dark and sluggish stream
Hope's sunbeam rests no more.

THE MAIDEN SAT AT HER BUSY WHEEL.

The maiden sat at her busy wheel,
Her heart was light and free,
And ever in cheerful song broke forth
Her bosom's harmless glee:
Her song was in mockery of Love,
And oft I heard her say,
"The gather'd rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

I look'd on the maiden's rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,
And I sigh'd to think that the traitor Love
Should conquer a heart so light:
But she thought not of future days of woe,
While she caroll'd in tones so gay,—
"The gather'd rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

A year pass'd on, and again I stood
By the humble cottage door;
The maiden sat at her busy wheel,
But her look was blithe no more:
The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say,
"The gather'd rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

Oh, well I knew what had dimm'd her eye
And made her cheek so pale:
The maid had forgotten her early song,
While she listen'd to Love's soft tale;
She had tasted the sweets of his poison'd cup,
It had wasted her life away,—
And the stolen heart, like the gather'd rose,
Had charm'd but for a day.

PARK BENJAMIN.

THIS gentleman is the author of a great number of unclaimed poems; and some of them, written many years ago, are still "going the rounds of the press," both in this country and in Great Britain. They have never been collected into a volume, as they richly deserve to be,—for they have not only been very popular, but they have received high praise from "mouths of wisest censure." Mr. Benjamin has also written largely in prose; and many of his articles have appeared in the "North American Review," the "New York Review," the "American Monthly," and other prominent magazines.

Mr. Benjamin was born in Demerara, South America, in the year 1809. His father was a highly-respected merchant, a native of New England, and his mother an English lady, closely allied to a noble family. Their son Park was sent to this country at a very tender age, under the care of an excellent female guardian. From the age of fourteen until his graduation from college, he resided chiefly in Boston and its vicinity. He studied law under the eminent Mr. Justice Story, and also in the school of Chief-Justice Daggett, in Yale College. He commenced the practice in Boston, but was soon lured away by his love of letters, to which he has with great fidelity devoted himself. He has edited several very successful periodicals:—first, the "New England Magazine," and then, on his removal to New York in 1836, the "American Monthly;" afterwards, in connection with Horace Greeley, he conducted the "New-Yorker;" then, with Rufus W. Griswold, the "Brother Jonathan." But the paper with which Mr. Benjamin was longest connected, and which was for years under his sole charge, was "THE NEW WORLD." This hebdomadal has never been excelled as a repository of the best literature of the day, and for its fair and able criticisms. Weary of excessive literary toil, notwithstanding its satisfactory results, Mr. Benjamin disposed of his interest in THE NEW WORLD, with the design of spending some years in Europe.

Our limits permit us to say no more than that since that time this writer has continued his literary pursuits with ardor and success. He has delivered lectures in many of our principal towns and cities, which have been universally liked and have won him "golden opinions." He is still by profession a public speaker, resides in New York City, and is constantly invited to deliver poems and addresses before various literary associations. Of the following selections, the sonnet—*A Life of Lettered Ease*—has never before, we believe, appeared in print.

THE DEPARTED.

The departed! the departed!
 They visit us in dreams,
 And they glide above our memories
 Like shadows over streams;
 But where the cheerful lights of home
 In constant lustre burn,

The departed, the departed
Can never more return !

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep !
Or where the hurrying night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above their narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead !

I look around, and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown ;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress-trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice ! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain ;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
As their remember'd words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone.

"HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS!"

How cheery are the mariners,—
Those lovers of the sea !
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,
As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
In circles round the mast ;
And sing when deep in foam the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ?
There's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.

Let billows toss to mountain-heights,
 Or sink to chasms low,
 The vessel stout will ride it out,
 Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvass furl'd,
 The gallant hull will float
 Securely, as on inland lake
 A silken-tassell'd boat :
 And sound asleep some mariners,
 And some with watchful eyes,
 Will fearless be of dangers dark
 That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners !
 And temper all the gales
 That sweep against the rocky coast
 To their storm-shatter'd sails ;
 And men on shore will bless the ship
 That could so guided be,
 Safe in the hollow of His hand,
 To brave the mighty sea !

SPORT.

To see a fellow of a summer's morning,
 With a large foxhound of a slumberous eye,
 And a slim gun, go slowly lounging by,
 About to give the feather'd bipeds warning
 That probably they may be shot hereafter,
 Excites in me a quiet kind of laughter ;
 For, though I am no lover of the sport
 Of harmless murder, yet it is to me
 Almost the funniest thing on earth to see
 A corpulent person, breathing with a snort,
 Go on a shooting-frolic all alone ;
 For well I know that, when he's out of town,
 He and his dog and gun will all lie down,
 And undestructive sleep till game and light are flown.

PRESS ON.

Press on ! there's no such word as fail !
 Press nobly on ! the goal is near,—
 Ascend the mountain ! breast the gale !
 Look upward, onward,—never fear !
 Why shouldst thou faint ? Heaven smiles above,
 Though storm and vapor intervene ;
 That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
 Serenely o'er Life's shadow'd scene.

Press on ! surmount the rocky steeps,
 Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch ;
 He fails alone who feebly creeps ;
 He wins, who dares the hero's march.

Be thou a hero! let thy might
 Tramp on eternal snows its way,
 And through the ebon walls of night
 Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if Fortune play thee false
 To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
 Whom now she sinks she now exalts,
 Taking old gifts and granting new.
 The wisdom of the present hour
 Makes up for follies past and gone,—
 To weakness strength succeeds, and power
 From frailty springs,—press on! press on!

Press on! what though upon the ground
 Thy love has been pour'd out like rain?
 That happiness is always found
 The sweetest, which is born of pain.
 Oft 'mid the forest's deepest glooms,
 A bird sings from some blighted tree,
 And, in the dreariest desert, blooms
 A never-dying rose for thee.

Therefore, press on! and reach the goal,
 And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
 Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
 Come wealth and honor and renown.
 To thine own self be true, and keep
 Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
 Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
 A heavenly harvest for thy toil!

THE SEXTON.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
 Lean'd a sexton old on his earth-worn spade.
 His work was done, and he paused to wait
 The funeral train through the open gate:
 A relic of bygone days was he,
 And his locks were white as the foamy sea,—
 And these words came from his lips so thin:—
 "I gather them in! I gather them in!

"I gather them in! for, man and boy,
 Year after year of grief and joy,
 I've builded the houses that lie around
 In every nook of this burial-ground.
 Mother and daughter, father and son,
 Come to my solitude one by one,—
 But, come they strangers or come they kin,
 I gather them in! I gather them in!

"Many are with me, but still I'm alone!
 I am king of the dead,—and I make my throne
 On a monument-slab of marble cold,
 And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.

Come they from cottage or come they from hall,—
Mankind are my subjects,—all, all, all!
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilsfully spin,—
I gather them in! I gather them in!

"I gather them in,—and their final rest,
Is here, down here in the earth's dark breast;"—
And the sexton ceased,—for the funeral train
Wound mutely over that solemn plain:
And I said to my heart,—When time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din,—
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

A LIFE OF LETTERED EASE.

A life of letter'd ease! what joy to lead
A life of intellectual calm and peace:
Such as a poet in a vale of Greece—
Thine, Arcady—might have enjoy'd, indeed,
Where hour on hour, untouch'd by haste or speed,
Might lapse serenely like a summer stream;
Where not a single thought of gain or greed
Could mar the murmurous music of his dream.
Oh that such life were mine!—to hoard, not spend!—
The golden moments would like ingots seem,
Each affluent day with new-found treasure teem,
And my large wealth have neither loss nor end.
Meet in the markets, merchants, as you please,—
Be mine the scholar's life of letter'd ease.

ROBERT T. CONRAD, 1809—1858.

ROBERT T. CONRAD, the son of John Conrad, who was for many years an extensive bookseller and publisher in Philadelphia, was born in that city on the 10th of June, 1809. He studied law with his uncle, Thomas Kittera, an eminent jurist, and was admitted to practice in 1830. While a student, he wrote his first tragedy, *Conrad of Naples*, which was quite successful, and is regarded by many as the best of his poems. Shortly after he was admitted to the bar, he connected himself with the press, and shared the editorial duties of some of the leading journals of the city; but, the labor proving too much for his health, he resumed the practice of his profession in 1834. On the 15th of July, 1836, he was appointed by Governor Ritner Recorder of the Recorder's Court; and on the 27th of March, 1838, with the unanimous recommendation of the bar, he was commissioned by the same Governor to be a Judge of the Court of Criminal Sessions for the city and county of Philadelphia,—being a higher and more extended jurisdiction. Upon the union of the several municipalities of Philadelphia into one great "consolidated" city in 1854, he was elected Mayor by a large majority. On

the resignation of Judge Kelley in 1856, he was appointed by Governor Pollock, on the 30th of November of that year, to fill the vacancy in the Court of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions. But he did not live long to discharge the duties of this responsible post, as he died on Sunday, June 27, 1858.

In 1852, Judge Conrad published *Aylmere, or the Bondman of Kent; and other Poems*. The tragedy of *Aylmere* is his principal production, and its merits as an acting play are said to be great. The hero, who assumes the name of *Aylmere*, is Jack Cade, the celebrated leader of the English peasantry in the insurrection of 1450. The other principal poems of our author are,—*The Sons of the Wilderness*, a meditative poem on the aborigines of our land; and a series of *Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer*, marked by great vigor as well as beauty and pathos.

THE PRIDE OF WORTH.

There is a joy in worth,
A high, mysterious, soul-pervading charm;
Which, never daunted, ever bright and warm,
Mocks at the idle, shadowy ills of earth;
Amid the gloom is bright, and tranquil in the storm.

It asks, it needs no aid;
It makes the proud and lofty soul its throne:
There, in its self-created heaven, alone,
No fear to shake, no memory to upbraid,
It sits a lesser God;—life, life is all its own!

The stoic was not wrong:
There is no evil to the virtuous brave;
Or in the battle's rift, or on the wave,
Worshipp'd or scorn'd, alone or 'mid the throng,
He is himself,—a man! not life's nor fortune's slave.

Power and wealth and fame
Are but as weeds upon life's troubled tide:
Give me but these,—a spirit tempest-tried,
A brow unshrinking, and a soul of flame,
The joy of conscious worth, its courage and its pride!

SONNET.—THY KINGDOM COME!

Thy kingdom come! Speed, angel wings, that time!

Then, known no more the guile of gain, the leer
Of lewdness, frowning power or pallid fear,
The shriek of suffering or the howl of crime,
All will be Thine,—all blest! Thy kingdom come!

Then in Thy arms the sinless earth will rest,
As smiles the infant on its mother's breast.

The dripping bayonet and the kindling drum
Unknown,—for not a foe; the throng unknown,—

For not a slave; the cells o'er which Despair
Flaps his black wing and fans the sigh-swollen air,
Deserted! Night will pass and hear no groan;
Glad Day look down, nor see nor guilt nor guile,
And all that Thou hast made reflect Thy smile.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D., the poet-physician, is a son of the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, author of the "Annals of America." He was born on the 29th of August, 1809, and was graduated at Harvard University in 1829. He then studied medicine, and in 1833 went to Europe. Returning home in 1835, he commenced the practice of medicine in Boston the following year. In 1838, he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Dartmouth College. This professorship he resigned on his marriage in 1840, and, in 1847, he was elected to the chair of Anatomy in Harvard University, vacated by the resignation of Dr. John C. Warren, which he still fills. In 1849, he relinquished practice, and fixed his summer residence in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. In the winter he resides in Boston.

Dr. Holmes has written a number of prize medical essays, and has contributed occasionally to medical journals; but he was earlier and better known to the public by his poems, which, by their genuine, easy, and unaffected wit, are unrivalled in our literature.¹ Within the last year, however, Dr. Holmes has displayed more fully his wonderful powers in the papers commenced in the "Atlantic Monthly," in November, 1857, entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*. This series of papers constitutes, in our estimation, one of the most racy, interesting, and brilliant series of magazine-articles ever published either in this country or in England. For wit, pathos, profound philosophical speculation, nice descriptive powers, keen insight into human nature, aptness and force of illustration, united to great wealth of literary, scientific, and artistic knowledge, and all in a style that is a model for the light essay, these papers have given the author a very high rank in American literature.²

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone:
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?

¹ A beautiful edition of his poems is published by Ticknor & Fields.

² He has begun a series of similar papers in the same magazine for 1859, entitled *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*. The first papers—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*—have been published in one vol. by Phillips & Sampson.

How can she lay her glasses down,
 And say she reads as well,
 When, through a double convex lens,
 She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
 This erring lip its smiles—
 Vow'd she should make the finest girl
 Within a hundred miles.
 He sent her to a stylish school;
 'Twas in her thirteenth June;
 And with her, as the rules required,
 "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
 To make her straight and tall;
 They laced her up, they starved her down,
 To make her light and small;
 They pinch'd her feet, they singed her hair,
 They screw'd it up with pins,—
 Oh, never mortal suffer'd more
 In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
 My grandsire brought her back;
 (By daylight, lest some rabid youth
 Might follow on the track;)
 "Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
 Some powder in his pan,
 "What could this lovely creature do
 Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
 Nor bandit cavalcade
 Tore from the trembling father's arms
 His all-accomplish'd maid.
 For her how happy had it been!
 And Heayen had spared to me
 To see one sad, ungather'd rose
 On my ancestral tree.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I wrote some lines once on a time
 In wondrous merry mood,
 And thought, as usual, men would say
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
 I laugh'd as I would die;
 Albeit, in the general way,
 A sober man am I.

I call'd my servant, and he came:
 How kind it was of him,
 To mind a slender man like me,
 He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaim'd,
 And, in my humorous way,
 I added, (as a trifling jest,)
 "There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watch'd,
 And saw him peep within;
 At the first line he read, his face
 Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
 And shot from ear to ear;
 He read the third; a chuckling noise
 I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
 The fifth, his waistband split;
 The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
 And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
 I watch'd that wretched man,
 And since, I never dare to write
 As funny as I can.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadow'd main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!
 And every chamber'd cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies reveal'd,—
 Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreath'd horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—
 Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE TWO ARMIES.

As life's unending column pours,
 Two marshall'd hosts are seen,—
 Two armies on the trampled shores
 That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
 The wide-mouth'd clarion's bray,
 And bears upon a crimson scroll,
 " Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
 With sad, yet watchful eyes,
 Calm as the patient planet's gleam
 That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
 No blood-red pennons wave:
 Its banner bears the single line,
 " Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
 At Honor's trumpet-call,
 With knitted brow and lifted blade,
 In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
 No stirring battle-cry;
 The bloodless stabber calls by night,—
 Each answers, " Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laurell'd bust,
 The builder's marble piles,
 The anthems pealing o'er their dust
 Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
 That floods the lonely graves,
 When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
 In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
 And angels wait above,
 Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
 Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew,—

While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

THE FRONT AND SIDE DOORS.

Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted,—with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it!

Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones,—touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberg in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul: it takes one that knows it well,—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very

careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.

OLD AGE AND THE PROFESSOR.

Old Age, this is Mr. Professor; Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

Old Age.—Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together?

Professor, (drawing back a little.)—We can talk more quietly, perhaps, in my study. Will you tell me how it is you seem to be acquainted with everybody you are introduced to, though he evidently considers you an entire stranger?

Old Age.—I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years*.

Professor.—Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that?

Old Age.—I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it; yet I see you have it with you.

Professor.—Where?

Old Age.—There, between your eyebrows,—three straight lines running up and down; all the probate courts know that token,—“Old Age, his mark.” Put your forefinger on the inner end of one eyebrow, and your middle finger on the inner end of the other eyebrow; now separate the fingers, and you will smooth out my sign manual; that's the way you used to look before I left my card on you.

Professor.—What message do people generally send back when you first call on them?

Old Age.—*Not at home.* Then I leave a card and go. Next year I call; get the same answer; leave another card. So for five or six—sometimes ten—years or more. At last, if they don't let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

We talked together in this way some time. Then Old Age said again,—Come, let us walk down the street together,—and offered me a cane, an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of over-shoes. —No, much obliged to you, said I. I don't want those things, and I had a little rather talk with you here, privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way and walked out alone;—got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with a lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter.

•

THE BRAIN.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

THE SEA-SHORE AND THE MOUNTAINS.

I have lived by the sea-shore and by the mountains. No, I am not going to say which is best. The one where your place is the best for you. But this difference there is: you can domesticate mountains, but the sea is *feræ naturæ*. You may have a hut, or know the owner of one, on the mountain-side; you see a light half-way up its ascent in the evening, and you know there is a home, and you might share it. You have noted certain trees, perhaps; you know the particular zone where the hemlocks look so black in October, when the maples and beeches have faded. All its reliefs and intaglios have electrotyped themselves in the medallions that hang round the walls of your memory's chamber. The sea remembers nothing. It is feline. It licks your feet,—its huge flanks purr very pleasantly for you; but it will crack your bones and eat you, for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains give their lost children berries and water; the sea mocks their thirst and lets them die. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity; the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints,—but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all. In deeper suggestiveness I find as great a difference. The mountains dwarf mankind and foreshorten the procession of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time; it has no sympathy with either; for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song for ever and ever.

Yet I should love to have a little box by the sea-shore. I should love to gaze out on the wild feline element from a front window of my own, just as I should love to look on a caged panther, and see it stretch its shining length, and then curl over and lap its smooth sides, and by-and-by begin to lash itself into rage, and show its white teeth, and spring at its bars, and howl the cry of its mad, but, to me, harmless fury.

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

I can't say just how many walks she and I had taken together, before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the school-house steps. * * *

The schoolmistress had tried life. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all which this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city-life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness which was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question,—Will you take the long path with me? Certainly,—said the schoolmistress,—with much pleasure. Think,—I said,—before you answer: if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more! The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree. Pray, sit down,—I said. No, no,—she answered, softly,—I will walk the *long path* with you!

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly,—“Good-morning, my dears!”

ALBERT PIKE.

ALBERT PIKE was born in Boston, December 29, 1809. At the age of sixteen, he was admitted to Harvard College, but, not being able to meet its expenses, he became an assistant teacher in a grammar-school at Newburyport, and at the end of the year its principal. In 1831 he was seized with a spirit of adventure, and started in his travels to the West and South, going through New York, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, to St. Louis,—thence to Santa Fe, where he was engaged a year in merchandise,—and thence along the Red River to Little Rock. Here a trifling circumstance caused him to make that place his home; for, being out of funds, he wrote some pieces of poetry for a newspaper printed there, with which the editor was so much pleased that he invited him to become his partner. The proposition was gladly accepted, and here commenced a new era of his life. The “Arkansas Advocate” was edited by him to the close of the year 1834, when it became his property. Soon after this he studied law, was admitted to the bar, sold his printing-establishment, and devoted himself to his profession.

Mr. Pike has published a volume entitled *Prose Sketches and Poems*. Among the latter is a beautiful and spirited piece, for which he deserves to be remembered, entitled

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
 Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
 Of these green solitudes,—and all the clear,
 Bright joyance of their song enthalls the ear
 And floods the heart. Over the spherèd tombs
 Of vanish'd nations rolls thy music-tide.
 No light from history's starlike page illumines
 The memory of those nations,—they have died.
 None cares for them but thou, and thou mayst sing,
 Perhaps, o'er me,—as now thy song doth ring
 Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
 The world's turmoil and never-ceasing din,
 Where one from others no existence weaves,
 Where the old sighs, the young turns gray and grieves,
 Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within;
 And thou dost flee into the broad, green woods,
 And with thy soul of music thou dost win
 Their heart to harmony,—no jar intrudes
 Upon thy sounding melody. Oh, where,
 Amid the sweet musicians of the air,
 Is one so dear as thee to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! the Æolian strain
 Goes floating through the tangled passages
 Of the lone woods,—and now it comes again,—
 A multitudinous melody,—like a rain
 Of glossy music under echoing trees,

Over a ringing lake; it wraps the soul
 With a bright harmony of happiness,—
 Even as a gem is wrapt, when round it roll
 Their waves of brilliant flame,—till we become,
 E'en with the excess of our deep pleasure, dumb,
 And pant like some swift runner clinging to the goal.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
 Amid the eloquent grandeur of the shades,
 Alone with nature,—but it may not be;
 I have to struggle with the tumbling sea
 Of human life until existence fades
 Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
 Through the thick woods and shadow-checker'd glades,
 While naught of sorrow casts a dimness o'er
 The brilliance of thy heart,—but I must wear,
 As now, my garmenting of pain and care,—
 As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain?—What though fond hopes deferr'd
 Have overshadow'd Youth's green paths with gloom!
 Still, joy's rich music is not all unheard,—
 There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
 To welcome me, within my humble home;—
 There is an eye with love's devotion bright,
 The darkness of existence to illumine!

Then why complain? When death shall cast his blight
 Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest
 Beneath these trees,—and from thy swelling breast,
 O'er them thy song shall pour like a rich flood of light.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES is the daughter of Judge Shackelford, of Georgetown, South Carolina. When a child, her father removed to Charleston, where she was educated. For many years she wrote poetry for various magazines, under the signature of *Moïna*. In 1830, she was married to Mr. John C. Dinnies, of St. Louis, Missouri, where she resided for many years. In 1845, her husband removed to New Orleans, where she now lives. In 1846, she published a richly-illustrated volume, entitled *The Floral Year*. Her pieces celebrating the domestic affections are marked by unusual grace and tenderness.

THE WIFE.

"She flung her white arm round him—'Thou art all
 That this poor heart can cling to.'"

I could have stemm'd misfortune's tide,
 And borne the rich one's sneer,
 Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
 Nor shed a single tear.

I could have smiled on every blow
 From Life's full quiver thrown,
 While I might gaze on thee, and know
 I should not be "alone."

I could—I *think* I could—have brook'd,
 E'en for a time, that thou
 Upon my fading face hadst look'd
 With less of love than now;
 For then I should at least have felt
 The sweet hope still my own
 To win thee back, and, whilst thou dwelt
 On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
 Thy brightening eye and cheek,
 And watch thy life-sands waste away
 Unnumber'd, slowly, meek;
 To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
 And catch the feeble tone
 Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
 And feel, I'll be "alone;"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
 And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
 As, fill'd with heavenward trust, they say,
 "Earth may not claim thee longer;"
 Nay, dearest, 'tis too much,—this heart
 Must break when thou art gone:
 It must not be; we may not part:
 I could not live "alone!"

TO MY HUSBAND'S FIRST GRAY HAIR.

"I know thee not,—I loathe thy race;
 But in thy lineaments I trace
 What time shall strengthen,—not efface."
Giaour.

Thou strange, unbidden guest! from whence
 Thus early hast thou come?
 And wherefore? Rude intruder, hence!
 And seek some fitter home!
 These rich young locks are all too dear,—
 Indeed, thou must not linger here!

Go! take thy sober aspect where
 The youthful cheek is fading,
 Or find some furrow'd brow, which Care
 And Passion have been shading;
 And add thy sad, malignant trace,
 To mar the aged or anguish'd face!

Thou wilt not go? Then answer me,
 And tell what brought thee *here*!
 Not one of all thy tribe I see
 Beside thyself appear,

And through these bright and clustering curls
Thou shinest, a tiny thread of pearls.

Thou art a *moralist*? ah, well!

And comest from Wisdom's land,
A few sage axioms just to tell?

Well! well! I understand:—
Old Truth has sent thee here to bear
The maxims which we fain *must* hear.

And now, as I observe thee nearer,
Thou'rt pretty—very pretty—quite
As glossy and as fair—nay, fairer—
Than these, but not so bright;
And since thou came Truth's messenger,
Thou shalt remain, and speak of her.

She says thou art a herald, sent
In kind and friendly warning,
To mix with locks by Beauty blent,
(The fair young brow adorning,)
And 'midst their wild luxuriance taught
To show thyself, and waken *thought*.

That thought, which to the dreamer preaches
A lesson stern as true,
That all things pass away, and teaches
How youth must vanish too!
And thou wert sent to rouse anew
This thought, whene'er thou meet'st the view.

And comes there not a whispering sound,
A low, faint, murmuring breath,
Which, as thou movest, floats around
Like Echoes in their death?

"Time onward sweeps, youth flies, *prepare*"—
Such is thine errand, First Gray Hair.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, 1810—1841.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK¹ was born in Otisco, Onondaga County, New York, in the year 1810. His father was an intelligent farmer, and early saw the indications of that poetic talent which manifested itself in many beautiful effusions while he was yet a youth. After completing his scholastic course, when about twenty years of age, he repaired to Philadelphia, where his reputation as a poet had already preceded him, and, under the auspices of his friend, the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D., he commenced a weekly miscellany, similar in its design and character to the "Mirror" of New York. He soon found, however, that the

¹ His twin-brother, Lewis Gaylord Clark, is the editor of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," to the popularity of which he has largely contributed by his lively and instructive monthly lucubrations,—*"The Editor's Table,"* and *"Gossip with Readers and Correspondents."*

profits were disproportioned to the labor, and was induced to abandon it. He then assumed, in conjunction with the Rev. Dr. Brantley, the charge of the "Columbian Star," a religious and literary periodical of a high character. While connected with this, he published numerous fugitive pieces of great merit, which were collected and published in a volume, under the simple title of *Poems*. He also wrote for the "Knickerbocker" an admirable series of papers, called *Ollapodiana*, which also were published in one volume.

After being associated a few years with the editor of the "Columbian Star," he was solicited to take charge of the "Philadelphia Gazette," one of the oldest and most respectable daily papers of the city. He ultimately became its proprietor and conducted it with great ability to the time of his death. In 1836, he was married to Anne Poyntell Caldeleugh, a lady of great personal attractions and rare accomplishments. But, of a naturally delicate constitution, she was taken away in the very midst of her youth and happiness. The blow fell with a crushing weight upon her husband, and from this time his health gradually declined. He continued, however, to write for his paper until the last day of his life, the 12th of June, 1841.¹

MEMORY.

'Tis sweet to remember! I would not forego
 The charm which the past o'er the present can throw,
 For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
 In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
 We know not the future,—the past we have felt,—
 Its cherish'd enjoyments the bosom can melt;
 Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
 When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.

'Tis sweet to remember! when storms are abroad,
 To see in the rainbow the promise of God:
 The day may be darken'd, but, far in the west,
 In vermilion and gold, sinks the sun to his rest;
 With smiles like the morning he passeth away:
 Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play,

¹ "Mr. Clark's distinguishing traits are tenderness, pathos, and melody. In style and sentiment he is wholly original; but, if he resemble any writer, it is Mr. Bryant. The same lofty tone of sentiment, the same touches of melting pathos, the same refined sympathies with the beauties and harmonies of nature, and the same melody of style, characterize, in an almost equal degree, these delightful poets. The ordinary tone of Mr. Clark's poetry is gentle, solemn, and tender. His effusions flow in melody from a heart full of the sweetest affections, and upon their surface is mirrored all that is gentle and beautiful in nature, rendered more beautiful by the light of a lofty and religious imagination. He is one of the few writers who have succeeded in making the *poetry of religion* attractive. Young is sad and austere, Cowper is at times constrained, and Wordsworth is much too dreamy for the mass; but with Clark religion is unaffectedly blended with the simplest and sweetest affections of the heart. His poetry glitters with the dew, not of Castalia, but of heaven. No man, however cold, can resist the winning and natural sweetness and melody of the tone of piety that pervades his poems."—*American Quarterly Review*, xxii. 462.

A feeling and beautifully-written memoir of Mr. Clark will be found in the eighteenth volume of the "Knickerbocker."

When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers
Which love scatter'd round us in happier hours.

'Tis sweet to remember! When friends are unkind,
When their coldness and carelessness shadow the mind:
Then, to draw back the veil which envelops a land
Where delectable prospects in beauty expand;
To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear;
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,
To list the fond voices of childhood again,—
Oh, this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,
Binds up, when the banquet of hope is refused.

'Tis sweet to remember! And naught can destroy
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,
Which spring from that fountain, to gladden our way,
When the changeful and faithless desert or betray.
I would not forget!—though my thoughts should be dark,
O'er the ocean of life I look back from my bark,
And I see the lost Eden, where once I was blest,
A type and a promise of heavenly rest.

THE INVITATION.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze,
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer-buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come,—and secure interminable rest!

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone;
Those who now love thee will have pass'd forever,
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing
Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky;
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray;
Oh, touch the sceptre!—win a hope in heaven!
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away!

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul;—

And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
 Will of thy patient race appear the goal:
 Home of the weary!—where, in peace reposing,
 The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
 Though o'er its dust the curtain'd grave is closing,
 Who would not, *early*, choose a lot like this?

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Young mother, he is gone!
 His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;
 No more the music-tone
 Float from his lips, to thine all fondly press'd;
 His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee;
 Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour,
 And he had pass'd in beauty from the day,
 A bud, not yet a flower,
 Torn, in its sweetness, from the parent spray;
 The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
 As frost, in spring-time, blights the early rose.

Never on earth again
 Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,
 Like some *Æolian* strain,
 Breathing at eventide serene and clear;
 His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes
 The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,
 Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
 A gladness must depart,
 And those kind eyes with many tears be dim;
 While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
 Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner, while the day
 Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
 And hope forbids one ray
 To stream athwart the grief-discolor'd sky,
 There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom
 A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'Tis from the better land!
 There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,
 Thy loved one's wings expand;
 As with the choiring cherubim he sings,
 And all the glory of that God can see,
 Who said, on earth, to children, "Come to me."

Mother, thy child is bless'd;
 And though his presence may be lost to thee,
 And vacant leave thy breast,
 And miss'd, a sweet load from thy parent knee;
 Though tones familiar from thine ear have pass'd,
 Thou'lt meet thy first-born with his LORD at last.

EDGAR ALLEN POE, 1811--1849.

EDGAR ALLEN POE was born in Baltimore, in January, 1811, was left an orphan by the death of his parents at Richmond, Virginia, in 1815, and adopted by John Allen, a wealthy merchant of that city. This gentleman indulged his *protégé* injudiciously, and thus increased his naturally proud and petulant disposition. In 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Allen visited England, taking Edgar with them. He remained there five years at school, returned in 1822, and soon after entered the University of Virginia, where he was graduated in 1826. After this, he led a wandering and dissipated life: first he is in Europe for a year; then, returning home, at West Point; then as a common soldier in the army; then in Charleston, South Carolina, as editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger;" till, in 1838, he settled in Philadelphia, having married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, and became the chief editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," and "Graham's Magazine." In 1844, he went to New York, and found employment in editing the "Broadway Journal," and in contributing to various other magazines. In 1845 appeared his popular poem of *The Raven*; but he could not, or would not, break through his habits of dissipation, and he was reduced to the greatest poverty; and in the winter of the next year his wife died.

In August of 1849, he left New York to deliver some lectures in Virginia. On his return, he stopped for a few hours in Baltimore. Here he met with acquaintances who invited him to drink: all his resolutions and duties were soon forgotten; and such were the effects of his carousing, that he was carried to an hospital; and there, on the evening of the 7th of October, 1849, he died, at the age of thirty-eight years.

Mr. Poe is known chiefly for his criticisms, poems, and tales. In his criticisms he has displayed a keen analysis, a clear discrimination: they are sharp and well defined, but unfair. Influenced greatly by fear or favor, they are often absurdly contradictory; and through many of them there run a petty spirit of fault-finding, a burning jealousy, a self-complacent egotism. In his poems he has evinced the same subtlety of analysis, the same distinctness, the same deep knowledge of the power of words. Their elaboration is minute, their metre exquisite, both in its adaptation and polish; but they do not move the heart, for of *feeling* there is an essential want. His poetry, as he himself tells us, is the result of cold, mathematical calculation.

But it is through his tales that Mr. Poe is best known, and in them is displayed the real bent of his genius. Their chief characteristic is a grim horror,—sometimes tangible, but usually shadowy and dim. He revelled in faintly sketching scenes of ghastly gloom, in imagining the most impossible plots, and in making them seem real by minute detail. His wild and weird conceptions have great power; but they affect the fears only, rarely the *heart*; while sometimes his morbid creations are repulsive and shocking; yet, in the path which he has chosen, he is unrivalled.¹

¹ A fine edition of his works, with a memoir by R. W. Griswold, and notices of his life and genius by N. P. Willis and J. R. Lowell, has been published by Redfield, New York, in four volumes. Read a good article on Poe and his works in the "North American Review," October, 1856.

THE RAVEN.¹

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door;
 "'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door,—
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wish'd the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
 Thrill'd me,—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door:
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I open'd wide the door,—
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word, "Lenore!"
 This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word, "Lenore!"—
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
 "Surely," said I,—"surely that is something at my window-lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepp'd a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-door,—
 Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door,—
 Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

¹ This poem is generally allowed to be one of the most remarkable examples of a harmony of sentiment with rhythmical expression to be found in any language. While the poet sits musing in his study, endeavoring to win from books "surcease of sorrow for the lost Lenore," a raven—the symbol of despair—enters the room and perches upon a bust of Pallas. A colloquy follows between the poet and the bird of ill omen with its haunting croak of "Never more."

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore,—
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvell'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy—bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber-door,—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,—
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing further then he utter'd;—not a feather then he flutter'd;—
 Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown before—
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said, "Never more."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
 Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore,—
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
 Of 'Never—never more.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheel'd a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking, "Never more."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor,
 "Wretch!" I cried, "thy god hath lent thee—by these angels *he* hath
 sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore,
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,—
 On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,—
 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,

Tell this soul, w. th sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden¹
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

And the Raven, never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor,
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted—never more!

It is difficult to make any selections from Mr. Poe's prose works that will give a correct idea of his manner and style, because his stories to be fully appreciated must be read as a whole. We will venture, however, to make an extract from *The Fall of the House of Usher*. The narrator has been invited to spend some weeks with the proprietor of the mansion, Roderick Usher, who had been one of his "boon companions in boyhood." While there, a tenderly-beloved sister—his sole companion for long years, Madeline by name, his last relative on earth—died of a severe illness. The following is a part of the story,—the account of

THE BURIAL OF LADY MADELINE.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping-apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and, in later days, as a place of deposit for powder or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed

¹ The Greek accusative of "Aïdes," the same as "Hades."

lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words, from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead; for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue; but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness; for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified,—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was especially upon retiring to bed late at night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the Lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch, while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all, of what I felt, was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room,—of the dark and tattered draperies which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at

length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste, (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night,) and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognised it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped, with a gentle touch, at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan; but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes,—an evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me; but any thing was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

“And you have not seen it?” he said, abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence,—“you have not, then, seen it?”——“Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it,—yet I dared not,—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I now tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I *dared* not speak! And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? *Mudman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*”

Here the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back upon the instant their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust; but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the Lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold; then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and, in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber and from that mansion I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened,—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind,—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight,—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder,—there was a long, tumultuous, shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters,—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the “*House of Usher*.”

CHARLES SUMNER.

THIS distinguished scholar, jurist, statesman, and philanthropist¹ is the son of Charles Pinckney Sumner, for some years sheriff of Suffolk County, and was born in Boston, January 6, 1811. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1830, and in 1831 commenced his studies at the Cambridge law-school. While yet a student, he wrote several articles for the “*American Jurist*,” which attracted attention by their learning and ability; and thereupon he became the editor of that periodical, which position he occupied for three years. In 1834, he commenced the practice of his profession in Boston; and, having been appointed reporter to the Circuit Court, he published three volumes known as *Sumner's Reports*. In 1836, he edited “*A Treatise on the Practice of the Courts of Admiralty in Civil Causes of Maritime Jurisdiction*, by Andrew Dunlap,” adding an “*Appendix*” equal in extent to the original work. In 1837, he visited Europe, where he remained three years, enjoying unusual advantages of social intercourse with the most distinguished men of the day.

On his return from Europe, Mr. Sumner lectured at the Cambridge law-school, and in 1844 edited an edition of “*Vesey's Reports*,” in twenty volumes, to which he contributed numerous valuable notes and treatises on the points in question. The next year he delivered an *Oration on the True Grandeur of Nations*, before the authorities of the city of Boston, July 4,—taking therein a position as bold and novel as it was beautiful and truthful.²

¹ Well and beautifully was it thus written by Edmund Burke's schoolmaster—Abraham Shackleton: “The memory of Edmund Burke's philanthropic virtues will outlive the period when his shining political talents will cease to act. New fashions of political sentiment will exist; but PHILANTHROPY—IMMORTALE MANET.”

² It had been customary, “from time immemorial,” for the authorities of Boston to appoint some one to deliver an oration before them and the assembled

From this time forward, Mr. Sumner took a more prominent part in public affairs. He early opposed the annexation of Texas; and when the Whig party in Massachusetts, in 1848, would not act up to its professions against that iniquitous scheme, he abandoned it. In 1851, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, from Massachusetts, as the successor of Mr. Webster, and soon distinguished himself as one of the ablest and most eloquent, as all acknowledged him the most learned, of that body. On the 26th of August, 1852, he delivered his masterly and unanswerable speech on the unconstitutionality and wickedness of the "Fugitive Slave Bill."¹ So powerful were his efforts in the cause of freedom, and so unanswerable his positions, that some of the more violent slaveholding members of the Senate and of the House felt that he must be silenced, and employed one Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House from South Carolina, to do the work. On the 22d of May, 1856, he, accompanied by L. M. Keitt, of the same House and from the same State, entered the Senate-chamber, after the adjournment of the Senate, and seeing Mr. Sumner, with no one near him, seated in his arm-chair writing at his desk, (which was fastened to the floor,) approached him with a heavy bludgeon, and, by one severe blow upon the head, stunned him so that he fell upon his desk. In endeavoring to extricate himself from his seat, Mr. Sumner wrenched the desk from its fastenings, and fell senseless and bleeding upon the floor. His assailant renewed the blows upon the head of his prostrate victim, until, after more than a dozen had been given, he was stopped by some members of the Senate who happened to be present. Mr. Sumner was taken to his lodgings in a carriage, so severely injured that it was thought he could not recover. The news of this high-handed assault upon such a man, and in such a place, ran like lightning through the nation, and aroused the deepest indignation in every breast. For weeks, Mr. Sumner was confined to his room and bed; but he gradually gained strength, and hoped that he might be able to return to the Senate in the December following: this his physicians peremptorily forbade, and he spent the winter in Boston. In the spring of 1857, he went to Europe for his health, receiving there, from all the noblest and most learned wherever he went, the highest marks of attention and respect. He returned in the fall, somewhat improved; but, his former symptoms returning as soon as he began to apply himself to public duties, his physicians urged him to go abroad again, and accordingly he sailed for Europe in the spring of 1858. The accounts received, from time to time, of the state of his health are rather favorable; yet it is doubtful whether he will be able very soon to resume his seat in the Senate.²

citizens and military on the anniversary of our national independence. These orations, though often eloquent and learned, were generally cast in about the same mould,—that of national vanity and military glory. It was left for Charles Sumner to strike out in an entirely new path, and to show, by rare eloquence, learning, and by an array of facts and figures, not to be gainsaid, on the cost, the horrors, and the inefficacy of war, that the "True Grandeur of Nations" consists in cultivating the arts of peace.

¹ The following admirable sentiment from Oliver Cromwell was printed on the title-page of this speech:—"If any man thinks that the interests of these nations, and the interests of Christianity, are two separate and distinct things, I wish my soul may never enter into his secret."

² A beautiful edition of his *Speeches, Addresses, and Literary Essays*, has been published by Ticknor & Fields, in three volumes.

EXPENSES OF WAR AND EDUCATION COMPARED.

It appears from the last Report of the Treasurer of Harvard University, that its whole available property, the various accumulations of more than two centuries of generosity, amounts to \$703,175.

There now swings idly at her moorings, in this harbor, a ship of the line, the *Ohio*, carrying ninety guns, finished as late as 1836, for \$547,888; repaired only two years afterwards, in 1838, for \$223,012; with an armament which has cost \$53,945; making an amount of \$834,845, as the actual cost at this moment of that single ship; more than \$100,000 beyond all the available accumulations of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land! Choose ye, my fellow-citizens of a Christian state, between the two caskets,—that wherein is the loveliness of knowledge and truth, or that which contains the carrion death.

Still further let us pursue the comparison. The pay of the captain of a ship like the *Ohio* is \$4,500, when in service; \$3,500, when on leave of absence, or off duty. The salary of the President of the Harvard University is \$2,205; without leave of absence, and never being off duty!

If the large endowments of Harvard University are dwarfed by a comparison with the expense of a single ship of the line, how much more must it be so with those of other institutions of learning and beneficence, less favored by the bounty of many generations! The average cost of a sloop of war is \$315,000; more, probably, than all the endowments of those twin stars of learning in the western part of Massachusetts, the colleges at Williamstown and Amherst, and of that single star in the East, the guide to many ingenuous youth, the Seminary at Andover. The yearly cost of a sloop of war in service is above \$50,000; more than the annual expenditures of these three institutions combined.

Take all the institutions of learning and beneficence, the precious jewels of the Commonwealth, the schools, colleges, hospitals, and asylums, and the sums by which they have been purchased and preserved are trivial and beggarly, compared with the treasures squandered within the borders of Massachusetts in vain preparations for war. There is the Navy Yard at Charlestown, with its stores on hand, all costing \$4,741,000; the fortifications in the harbors of Massachusetts, in which have been sunk already incalculable sums, and in which it is now proposed to sink \$3,853,000 more; and, besides, the Arsenal at Springfield, containing, in 1842, 175,118 muskets, valued at \$2,999,998, and which is fed by an annual appropriation of about \$200,000, but whose highest value will ever be, in the judgment of all lovers of truth, that it inspired a poem which in its influence shall be

mightier than a battle, and shall endure when arsenals and fortifications have crumbled to the earth.¹

True Grandeur of Nations.

TRUE GLORY.

Whatever may be the temporary applause of men, or the expressions of public opinion, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, *that no true and permanent Fame can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.* There are not a few who will join with Milton in his admirable judgment of martial renown:—

“They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies
But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those, their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin, wheresoe’er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy?”²

Well does the poet give the palm to moral excellence! But it is from the lips of a successful soldier, cradled in war, the very pink of the false heroism of battle, that we are taught to appreciate the literary Fame, which, though less elevated than that derived from disinterested acts of beneficence, is truer and more permanent far than any bloody Glory. I allude to Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, who has attracted, perhaps, a larger share of romantic interest than any of the gallant generals in English history. We behold him, yet young in years, at the head of an adventurous expedition, destined to prostrate the French empire in Canada,—guiding and encouraging the firmness of his troops in unaccustomed difficulties,—awakening their personal attachment by his kindly suavity, and their ardor by his own example,—climbing the precipitous steeps which conduct to the heights of the strongest fortress on the American continent,—there, under its walls, joining in deadly conflict,—wounded—stretched upon the field—faint with the loss of blood—with sight already dimmed,—his life ebbing fast,—cheered at last by the sudden cry that the enemy is fleeing in all directions,—and then his dying breath mingling with the shouts of victory. An eminent artist has portrayed this scene of death in a much-admired picture. History and poetry have dwelt upon it with peculiar fondness. Such is the Glory

¹ See Longfellow's "Arsenal of Springfield," page 364.

² Paradise Regained, Book iii. v. 71.

of arms! But there is, happily, preserved to us a tradition of this day, which affords a gleam of a truer Glory. As the commander floated down the currents of the St. Lawrence in his boat, under cover of the night, in the enforced silence of a military expedition, to effect a landing at an opportune promontory, he was heard to repeat to himself that poem of exquisite charms,—then only recently given to mankind, now familiar as a household word wherever the mother-tongue of Gray is spoken,—the “Elegy in a Country Churchyard.” Strange and unaccustomed prelude to the discord of battle! And as the ambitious warrior finished the recitation, he said to his companions, in a low but earnest tone, that he “would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.” And surely he was right. The Glory of that victory is already dying out, like a candle in its socket. The True Glory of the poem still shines with star-bright, immortal beauty.

Fame and Glory.

PROGRESS AND REFORM.

Cultivate a just moderation. Learn to reconcile order with change, stability with Progress. This is a wise conservatism; this is a wise reform. Rightly understanding these terms, who would not be a conservative? Who would not be a reformer? A conservative of all that is good,—a reformer of all that is evil; a conservative of knowledge,—a reformer of ignorance; a conservative of truths and principles, whose seat is the bosom of God,—a reformer of laws and institutions which are but the wicked or imperfect work of man; a conservative of that divine order which is found only in movement,—a reformer of those earthly wrongs and abuses which spring from a violation of the great Law of Human Progress. Blending these two characters in one, let us seek to be, at the same time, *Reforming Conservatives and Conservative Reformers*.

And, finally, let a confidence in the Progress of our race be, under God, our constant faith. Let the sentiment of loyalty, earth-born, which once lavished itself on King or Emperor, give place to that other sentiment, heaven-born, of devotion to Humanity. Let Loyalty to one Man be exchanged for Love to Man. And be it our privilege to extend these sacred influences throughout the land. So shall we open to our country new fields of peaceful victories, which shall not want the sympathies and gratulations of the good citizen, or the praises of the just historian. Go forth, then, my country, “conquering and to conquer,” not by brutish violence; not by force of arms; not, oh! not on dishonest fields of blood; but in the majesty of Peace, of Justice, of Freedom, by the irresistible might of Christian Institutions.

Phi Beta Kappa Address at Union College, 1848.

JUDICIAL TRIBUNALS.

Let me here say that I hold judges, and especially the Supreme Court of the country, in much respect; but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence. Judges are but men, and in all ages have shown a full share of human frailty. Alas! alas! the worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. The blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground, summons them to judgment. It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which pushed the Saviour barefoot over the pavements of Jerusalem, bending beneath his cross. It was a judicial tribunal which, against the testimony and entreaties of her father, surrendered the fair Virginia as a slave; which arrested the teachings of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, and sent him in bonds from Judea to Rome; which, in the name of the Old Religion, adjudged the saints and fathers of the Christian church to death, in all its most dreadful forms; and which afterwards, in the name of the New Religion, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition, amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims, while it compelled Galileo to declare, in solemn denial of the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move round the sun. It was a judicial tribunal which, in France, during the long reign of her monarchs, lent itself to be the instrument of every tyranny, as during the brief reign of terror it did not hesitate to stand forth the unpitiful accessory of the unpitiful guillotine. Ay, sir, it was a judicial tribunal in England, surrounded by all the forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry the Eighth, from the unjust divorce of his queen, to the beheading of Sir Thomas More; which lighted the fires of persecution that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield, over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley, and John Rogers; which, after elaborate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny of ship-money against the patriot resistance of Hampden; which, in defiance of justice and humanity, sent Sidney and Russell to the block; which persistently enforced the laws of Conformity that our Puritan Fathers persistently refused to obey; and which afterwards, with Jeffries on the bench, crimsoned the pages of English history with massacre and murder—even with the blood of innocent woman. Ay, sir, and it was a judicial tribunal in our country, surrounded by all the forms of law, which hung witches at Salem,—which affirmed the constitutionality of the Stamp Act, while it admonished “jurors and the people” to obey,—and which now, in our day, has lent its sanction to the unutterable atrocity of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

Speech at Worcester, September, 1854.

ANDREW P. PEABODY.

REV. ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D., was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1811, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1826. He studied theology at Cambridge divinity-school, and after completing his studies was elected Tutor of Mathematics in the college. In 1833, he became the pastor of the South Congregational Church in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in which position he still remains. In January, 1854, the editorship of the "North American Review" was tendered to him, which he accepted, and the duties of which he has ever since discharged with singular tact, judgment, and scholarship, fully sustaining the high reputation of that time-honored journal.

Mr. Peabody's published volumes are, *Lectures on Christian Doctrine*, which appeared in 1844, and has passed through numerous editions; and *Sermons of Consolation*, which appeared in 1847. Besides these, he has edited many volumes to which he has contributed a memoir or other prefix; and has published, or rather permitted to be published, a large number of occasional sermons, addresses, and lectures. His contributions to the "Christian Examiner" and the "North American Review" have been very numerous for the last twenty-five years; and he has occasionally written for other periodicals.

THE MIRACLES AND WORK OF JESUS.

I have spoken of the gladness sent to so many homes and hearts by the miracles of Jesus. Has he ceased to exert this benign agency? Or have outward miracles, having discharged their ministry, yielded place to still "greater works"? Would you answer this question, go with me to the dwelling of as happy a family as you may find among a thousand. On the lips of the parents is the law of love; tenderness and reverence are blended in every look and tone of the children. An unkind word is never heard, a morose countenance never seen there. The father daily stands as priest at his own household altar, and his overflowing gratitude hardly leaves room for supplication. On the Lord's day they go up to the sanctuary together, and not one of them retires when the table of redeeming love is spread. Their whole lives adorn the doctrine of their Saviour; and their home is a radiating place for pious example and holy influence.

But go back a few years, and what was that family? The father a self-made maniac,—the slave of brutal appetite. His chief haunt was where they dig graves for men's souls; and when he came to his own house, it was but to curse his family, and to make his home a hell. The children were growing up in ignorance, waywardness, and squalidness, promising only to add to the mass of pauperism and crime. The mother alone trusted

in God; and her heart would long ago have broken, had she not looked for a rest where the wicked cease from troubling. But the Divine Redeemer visited that family. The mother's prayers were at length heard. The father's heart was touched. The Lord looked upon him, and he wept. His tears flowed from a repentance not to be repented of. His Saviour's face shone in upon his darkened and perverted soul, and left its image there. And then father and mother together bore their children to the Redeemer for his blessing, and, in united prayer and effort, consecrated them to his altar and his kingdom. He has accepted the offering, and set his seal on all their hearts. Nor is this a scene by itself. Such are the blessings which Jesus has shed and is shedding abroad in thousands of families all over Christendom. Such are the fountains of compassion that still flow from Him whose love we this morning commemorate. There this day meet in his temple and surround his altar multitudes whom he has ransomed from the lowest degradation and the foulest guilt, cleansed from the most loathsome leprosy, and brought from the most God-defying madness, to sit at his feet, clothed and in their right mind.

With what portion of our well-being and happiness is not the image of Jesus blended? What is there that renders our life here blessed, or that lights up the future with promise, which he has not either bestowed, or made more precious and availing? And the more I meditate on all of blessing and of hope that is given us upon earth, the more do I feel that human life is but an extended commentary on our Saviour's words,—“I and the Father are one;” that the Father and the Son work together in all that gladdens this life, and in all that fits us for a higher and better home; so that he who, by his own negligence or guilt, “hath not the Son, hath not the Father.” I feel that no department of the Father's goodness is complete till rays from Tabor and from Calvary have rested upon it; that no cup which the Father designs for us is mingled as he would have it, till Jesus has poured into it those waters of which he that drinketh shall thirst no more.

Sermons of Consolation.

CUVIER.

Cuvier has performed for the kingdoms of animated nature the work which Newton wrought for the mechanism of the heavens. His generalizations now seem final and complete. They bind together all tribes of being in one vast and beautiful system, pervaded by analogies and equivalent provisions; and reveal, in the structure and adaptations of the animal economy, numberless mysteries of divine wisdom which had been hidden from the

foundation of the world. He reached these sublime results because his religious nature prompted him to look for unity and harmony in the works of God,—to search everywhere for traces of the all-pervading and all-perfect mind,—to seek in the humblest zoophyte the expression of an idea of God,—the not unworthy type of the Infinite Archetype. He wrought in glowing faith. He served at the altar of science as a priest of the Most High. Infidelity went from his presence rebuked and humbled. His soul was kindled, his lips were touched ever more and more with the fire of heaven, as, with waning strength and under the burden of bereavement, he still drew bolder, fuller harmonies, unheard before, from the lyre of universal nature. Says one who was present at the lecture from which he went home to die, "In the whole of this lecture there was an omnipresence of the Omnipotent and Supreme Cause. The examination of the visible world seemed to touch upon the invisible. The search into creation invoked the presence of the Creator. It seemed as if the veil were to be torn from before us, and science was about to reveal eternal wisdom."

Phi Beta Kappa Oration, 1845.

THE HIGHER LAW.

In the whole political history of our own country, there has been no sin so atrocious as the repudiation of a higher than human law. It is stark atheism; for, with the law, this position virtually denies also the providence, of God, and makes men and nations sole arbiters of their own fortunes. But "the Heavens do rule." If there be institutions or measures inconsistent with immutable rectitude, they are fostered only under the ban of a righteous God; they inwrap the germs of their own harvest of shame, disorder, vice, and wretchedness; nay, their very prosperity is but the verdure and blossoming which shall mature the apples of Sodom. Oh, how often have our legislators had reason to recall those pregnant words of Jefferson,—sad indeed is it that they should have become almost too trite for repetition, without having worked their way into the national conscience,—“I tremble for my country, when I consider that God is just”! The nations that have passed away, the decaying nations, the convulsed thrones, the smouldering rebellion-fires, of the Old World, reveal the elements of national decline and ruin, and hold out baleful signals over the career on which our republic is hurrying; assuring us, by the experience of all climes and ages, that slavery, the unprincipled lust of power and territory, official corruption and venality, aggressive war, partisan legislation, are but “sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.”

Our statesmen of the "manifest-destiny" type seem to imagine our country necessary to the designs of Providence. So thought the Hebrews, and on far more plausible grounds, of their commonwealth; but, rather than fulfil to such degenerate descendants the promise made to their great ancestor, "God is able," said the divine Teacher, "of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." Our destiny must be evolved, not from the blending of the world's noblest races in our ancestral stock; not from a position in which we hold the keys of the world's commerce, and can say to the North, "Give up," and to the South, "Keep not back;" not from our capacity to absorb and assimilate immigrant millions. Destiny is but the concrete of character. God needs no man or nation. He will bring in the reign of everlasting righteousness; and, as a people, we must stand or fall as we accept or spurn that reign. Brethren, scholars, patriots also, I trust,—you whose generous nurture gives you large and enduring influence,—seek for the country of your pride and love, above all things else, her establishment on the eternal right as on the Rock of Ages. Thus shall there be no spot on her fame, no limit to her growth, no waning to her glory.

Oration at Brown University, August, 1858.

ALFRED B. STREET

Is the son of the late General R. S. Street, and was born in Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, New York, on the 18th of December, 1811. When he was quite young, his father removed with his family to Monticello, Sullivan County, then called "the wild country," but very fertile. Its magnificent scenery, deep forests, clear streams, gorges of piled rocks and black shade, its mountains, and its valleys, all tended to call out the faculties of the young poet; and hence his description of forest life and scenery are so true to nature. He studied law in the office of his father, and, on his admission to the bar, removed to the city of Albany, where he now resides. For a series of years he has held the office of State Librarian, at which post he still continues. In 1847, a volume of his fugitive poetry, of over three hundred pages, was published by Clark & Austin, and it has passed through several editions. In the following year, his Metrical Romance entitled *Frontenac* was published by Bentley, of London, and republished the next season by Scribner & Co., New York.¹ Of late years Mr. S. has written but very little.

¹ Of this poem the "Britannia," a London periodical, says, "Mr. Street is one of the writers of whom his country has reason to be proud. His originality is no less striking than his talent. In dealing with the Romance of North Ame-

THE LOST HUNTER.

Numb'd by the piercing, freezing air,
And burden'd by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragg'd on his shivering frame;
The rifle he had shoulder'd late
Was trail'd along, a weary weight;
His pouch was void of food;
The hours were speeding in their flight,
And soon the long, keen, winter night
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
Sweep round an anxious eye,—
No bark or axe-blow could he hear,
No human trace descrie.
His sinuous path, by blazes, wound
Among trunks group'd in myriads round;
Through naked boughs, between
Whose tangled architecture, fraught
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,
The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antler'd dweller of the wild
Had met his eager gaze,
And far his wandering steps beguiled
Within an unknown maze;
Stream, rock, and run-way he had cross'd,
Unheeding, till the marks were lost
By which he used to roam;
And now deep swamp and wild ravine
And rugged mountain were between
The hunter and his home.

A dusky haze, which slow had crept
On high, now darken'd there,
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept
Athwart the thick, gray air,
Faster and faster, till between
The trunks and boughs a mottled screen
Of glimmering motes was spread,
That tick'd against each object round
With gentle and continuous sound,
Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

rican life at a time when the red man waged war with the European settlers, he has skilfully preserved that distinctive reality in ideas, habits, and actions characteristic of the Indian tribes, while he has constructed a poem of singular power and beauty. In this respect *Frontenac* is entirely different from 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' which presents us only with the ideal portraiture. Mr. Street has collected all his materials from nature. They are stamped with that impress of truth which is at once visible even to the inexperienced eye, and, like a great artist, he has exercised his imagination only in forming them into the most attractive, picturesque, and beautiful combinations."

The laurel tufts, that drooping hung
 Close roll'd around their stems,
 And the sear beech-leaves still that clung,
 Were white with powdering gems.
 But, hark! afar a sullen moan
 Swell'd out to louder, deeper tone,
 As surging near it pass'd,
 And, bursting with a roar, and shock
 That made the groaning forest rock,
 On rush'd the winter blast.

As o'er it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd,
 Caught by its swooping wings,
 The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist,
 Barb'd, as it seem'd, with stings;
 And now 'twas swept with lightning flight
 Above the loftiest hemlock's height,
 Like drifting smoke, and now
 It hid the air with shooting clouds,
 And robed the trees with circling shrouds,
 Then dash'd in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,
 There, clinging to a limb,
 The suffering hunter gasp'd for breath,
 Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim;
 As though to whelm him in despair,
 Rapidly changed the blackening air
 To murkiest gloom of night,
 Till naught was seen around, below,
 But falling flakes and mantled snow,
 That gleam'd in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart
 Seem'd through his nerves to fly,
 The blood was freezing to his heart,—
 Thought whisper'd he must die.
 The thundering tempest echo'd death,
 He felt it in his tighten'd breath;
 Spoil, rifle dropp'd, and slow
 As the dread torpor crawling came
 Along his staggering, stiffening frame,
 He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shatter'd throne:—
 He deem'd that summer-hours
 Again around him brightly shone
 In sunshine, leaves, and flowers;
 Again the fresh, green, forest-sod,
 Rifle in hand, he lightly trod,—
 He heard the deer's low bleat;
 Or, couch'd within the shadowy nook,
 He drank the crystal of the brook
 That murmur'd at his feet.

It changed;—his cabin roof o'erspread,
 Rafter, and wall, and chair,

Gleam'd in the crackling fire, that shed
 Its warmth, and he was there ;
 His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now
 Her gentle kiss was on his brow,
 His child was prattling by ;
 The hound crouch'd, dozing, near the blaze,
 And through the pane's frost-pictured haze
 He saw the white drifts fly.

That pass'd ;—before his swimming sight
 Does not a figure bound,
 And a soft voice, with wild delight,
 Proclaim the lost is found ?
 No, hunter, no ! 'tis but the streak
 Of whirling snow,—the tempest's shriek,—
 No human aid is near !
 Never again that form will meet
 Thy clasp'd embrace,—those accents sweet
 Speak music to thine ear.

Morn broke ;—away the clouds were chased,
 The sky was pure and bright,
 And on its blue the branches traced
 Their webs of glittering white.
 Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,
 The pine its silvery tassel droop'd,
 Down bent the burden'd wood,
 And, scatter'd round, low points of green,
 Peering above the snowy scene,
 Told where the thickets stood.

In a deep hollow, drifted high,
 A wave-like heap was thrown ;
 Dazzlingly in the sunny sky
 A diamond blaze it shone ;
 The little snow-bird, chirping sweet,
 Dotted it o'er with tripping feet ;
 Unsullied, smooth, and fair
 It seem'd, like other mounds, where trunk
 And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
 But, oh !—the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
 Soft suns, and melting rains,
 And, touch'd by her Ithuriel wand,
 Earth bursts its winter-chains.
 In a deep nook, where moss and grass
 And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass
 Some scatter'd bones beside,
 A mother, kneeling with her child,
 Told by her tears and wailings wild,
 That there the lost had died.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD, 1812—1850.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD was the daughter of Joseph Locke, a merchant of Boston, and was born in that city about the year 1812.¹ Her early life was passed principally in Hingham, a beautiful village on the shores of Massachusetts Bay; and here she early displayed that poetical genius which has given her a place among our best poets for delicate fancy, and ease and naturalness of versification. Her first printed productions appeared in Mrs. L. M. Child's "Juvenile Miscellany," when she was about seventeen years of age. Soon after this, she wrote for the "Ladies' Magazine," edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, under the signature of "Florence." In 1835, she was married to Mr. Samuel S. Osgood, an artist of distinction and of cultivated literary taste, who fully appreciated the genius of his wife. Soon after their marriage, they went to London, where Mr. Osgood received great encouragement in the exercise of his art, while his wife published a small volume called *The Casket of Fate*, and also a collection of her poems, under the title of *A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England*, both of which were much admired, and favorably noticed in some of the leading literary journals.

In 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood returned to the United States, and, after being some time in Boston, took up their residence in New York. Here she wrote continually for the magazines, and edited "The Poetry of Flowers and the Flowers of Poetry," and "The Floral Offering," two richly-illustrated souvenirs. But her health began gradually to decline, and in the winter of 1847-48, she was so much of an invalid as to be confined to the house. Her husband's health, also, was feeble, and he was advised to seek a change of climate. The next year, as his wife's health improved, Mr. Osgood sailed for California, with fine prospects there in the line of his profession. He returned early in 1850, with his fortunes as well as health improved, but just in time to be with his wife in the last few weeks of her life; for, five days after, she breathed her last, on the 12th of May. Her remains were removed to Boston, and laid beside those of her mother and daughter, at Mount Auburn, on Wednesday of the same week.²

NEW ENGLAND'S MOUNTAIN-CHILD.

Where foams the fall—a tameless storm—
Through Nature's wild and rich arcade,
Which forest-trees, entwining, form,
There trips the mountain-maid!

¹ Mrs. Anna Maria Wells, her half-sister, on her mother's side, was no mean poetess; and Mr. A. A. Locke, her brother, was a fine writer, both in prose and verse, and a contributor for many years to some of the Boston journals.

² Of the character of her poetry Edgar A. Poe thus writes:—"Mrs. Osgood has a rich fancy,—even a rich imagination,—a scrupulous taste, a faultless style, and an ear finely attuned to the delicacies of melody. In that vague and anomalous something which we call *grace* for want of a more definite term, and which, perhaps, in its supreme development, may be found to comprehend nearly *all* that is genuine poetry,—in this magical quality—magical because at once so shadowy and so irresistible,—Mrs. Osgood has assuredly no superior in America, if indeed she has any equal under the sun."

She binds not her luxuriant hair
 With dazzling gem or costly plume,
 But gayly wreathes a rose-bud there,
 To match her maiden-bloom.

She clasps no golden zone of pride
 Her fair and simple robe around;
 By flowing ribbon, lightly tied,
 Its graceful folds are bound.

And thus attired,—a sportive thing,
 Pure, loving, guileless, bright, and wild,—
 Proud Fashion! match me, in your ring,
 New England's mountain-child!

She scorns to sell her rich, warm heart
 For paltry gold, or haughty rank,—
 But gives her love, untaught by art,
 Confiding, free, and frank!

And, once bestow'd, no fortune-change
 That high and generous faith can alter;
 Through grief and pain—too pure to range—
 She will not fly or falter.

Her foot will bound as light and free
 In lowly hut, as palace-hall;
 Her sunny smile as warm will be,—
 For Love to her is all!

Hast seen where in our woodland-gloom
 The rich magnolia proudly smiled?—
 So brightly doth she bud and bloom,
 New England's mountain-child!

A MOTHER'S PRAYER IN ILLNESS.

Yes, take them first, my Father! Let my doves
 Fold their white wings in heaven, safe on thy breast,
 Ere I am call'd away: I dare not leave
 Their young hearts here, their innocent, thoughtless hearts!
 Ah, how the shadowy train of future ills
 Comes sweeping down life's vista as I gaze!
 My May! my careless, ardent-temper'd May,
 My frank and frolic child, in whose blue eyes
 Wild joy and passionate woe alternate rise;
 Whose cheek the morning in her soul illumines;
 Whose little, loving heart a word, a glance,
 Can sway to grief or glee; who leaves her play,
 And puts up her sweet mouth and dimpled arms
 Each moment for a kiss, and softly asks,
 With her clear, flutelike voice, "Do you love me?"
 Ah, let me stay! ah, let me still be by,
 To answer her and meet her warm caress!

For, I away, how oft in this rough world
 That earnest question will be ask'd in vain!
 How oft that eager, passionate, petted heart
 Will shrink abash'd and chill'd, to learn at length
 The hateful, withering lesson of distrust!
 Ah! let her nestle still upon this breast,
 In which each shade that dims her darling face
 Is felt and answer'd, as the lake reflects
 The clouds that cross yon smiling heaven! And thou
 My modest Ellen,—tender, thoughtful, true;
 Thy soul attuned to all sweet harmonies:
 My pure, proud, noble Ellen! with thy gifts
 Of genius, grace, and loveliness, half hidden
 'Neath the soft veil of innate modesty,—
 How will the world's wild discord reach thy heart
 To startle and appall! Thy generous scorn
 Of all things base and mean,—thy quick, keen taste,
 Dainty and delicate,—thy instinctive fear
 Of those unworthy of a soul so pure,—
 Thy rare, unchildlike dignity of mien,
 All—they will all bring pain to thee, my child!
 And oh, if even their grace and goodness meet
 Cold looks and careless greetings, how will all
 The latent evil yet undisciplined
 In their young, timid souls, forgiveness find?
 Forgiveness, and forbearance, and soft chidings,
 Which I, their mother, learn'd of Love to give!
 Ah, let me stay?—albeit my heart is weary,
 Weary and worn, tired of its own sad beat,
 That finds no echo in this busy world,
 Which cannot pause to answer,—tired alike
 Of joy and sorrow, of the day and night,
 Ah, take them first, my Father, and then me!
 And for their sakes, for their sweet sakes, my Father,
 Let me find rest beside them, at thy feet!

LABORARE EST ORARE.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
 Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
 Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the Roseheart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.
 "Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
 "Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing:
 Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing.
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest,—from the sorrows that greet us;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
 Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow!
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health,—lo! the husbandman reaping,
 How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
 How his strong arm in his stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
 Labor is wealth,—in the sea the pearl groweth;
 Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
 From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
 Rest not content in thy darkness,—a clod!
 Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly:
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy:
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH was born in Woodstock, Connecticut, on the 2d of February, 1812. In his infancy his parents removed to Plainfield, where his father was principal of an academy until from loss of sight he was compelled to resign his charge. He then retired to a farm, so that the son passed the principal years of his boyhood in agricultural labors, with no other means of education than those which a district school afforded, till he reached his seventeenth year, when he was apprenticed to the printing-business. Since that period, his life has been singularly varied, his time having been divided between the duties of a printer and editor, and a public lecturer. He conducted at one time "The Literary Journal," published at Schenectady. Afterwards, for more than two years, he edited "The Christian Witness," at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and re-

signed it to take charge of "The Washington Banner," published at Alleghany, opposite to Pittsburg. A volume of his poems appeared in Philadelphia in 1840.

THE TIMES.

Inaction now is crime. The old earth reels
 Inebriate with guilt; and Vice, grown bold,
 Laughs Innocence to scorn. The thirst for gold
 Hath made men demons, till the heart that feels
 The impulse of impartial love, nor kneels
 In worship foul to Mammon, is contemn'd.
 He who hath kept his purer faith, and stemm'd
 Corruption's tide, and from the ruffian heels
 Of impious trampers rescued perill'd right,
 Is call'd fanatic, and with scoffs and jeers
 Maliciously assail'd. The poor man's tears
 Are unregarded; the oppressor's might
 Revered as law; and he whose righteous way
 Departs from evil, makes himself a prey.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Bold men were they, and true, that pilgrim band,
 Who plough'd with venturous prow the stormy sea,
 Seeking a home for hunted Liberty
 Amid the ancient forests of a land
 Wild, gloomy, vast, magnificently grand!
 Friends, country, hallow'd homes they left, to be
 Pilgrims for CHRIST's sake, to a foreign strand,—
 Beset by peril, worn with toil, yet *free*!
 Tireless in zeal, devotion, labor, hope;
 Constant in faith; in justice how severe!
 Though fools deride and bigot-skeptics sneer,
 Praise to their names! If call'd like them to cope,
 In evil times, with dark and evil powers,
 Oh, be their faith, their zeal, their courage, ours!

JUNE.

June, with its roses,—June!
 The gladdest month of our capricious year,
 With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear;
 And with the drowsy tune
 Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass
 Laughingly on amid the springing grass!

Earth, at her joyous coming,
 Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on;
 And Nature greets her with a benison;

While myriad voices, humming
 Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round
 Till seems the air an element of sound.

The overarching sky
 Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue,
 As if the light of heaven were melting through
 Its sapphire home on high ;
 Hiding the sunshine in their vapory breast,
 The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody,
 Pour'd by the birds, as o'er their callow young
 Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung—
 Gladsome, yet not of glee—
 Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing
 Above their cradled infants slumbering.

On the warm hill-side, where
 The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass
 Peepeth the luscious strawberry ! As they pass,
 Young children gambol there,
 Crushing the gather'd fruit in playful mood,
 And staining their bright faces with its blood.

A deeper blush is given
 To the half-ripen'd cherry, as the sun
 Day after day pours warmth the trees upon,
 Till the rich pulp is riven ;
 The truant schoolboy looks with longing eyes,
 And perils limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,
 Draws the rich mould around the tender maize ;
 While hope, bright-piun'd, points to coming days,
 When all his toil shall yield
 An ample harvest, and around his hearth
 There shall be laughing eyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow-wing,
 The butterfly, whose life is but an hour,
 Hovers coquettishly from flower to flower,
 A gay and happy thing ;
 Born for the sunshine and the summer-day,
 Soon passing, like the beautiful, away !

These are thy pictures, June !
 Brightest of summer-months,—thou month of flowers !
 First-born of beauty, whose swift-footed hours
 Dance to the merry tune
 Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout
 Of childhood on the sunny hills peal'd out.

I feel it were not wrong
 To deem thou art a type of heaven's clime,
 Only that there the clouds and storms of time
 Sweep not the sky along ;
 The flowers—air—beauty—music—all are thine,
 But brighter—purer—lovelier—more divine !

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER, daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 14th of June, 1812. She was educated at her sister Catharine's school in Hartford, and in the autumn of 1832 removed with her father to Cincinnati, Ohio. Her first publication was the story of *Uncle Lot*, printed with a different title in Judge Hall's "Monthly Magazine," at Cincinnati, in 1833; in which year also she was married to Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, at that time Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature in Lane Theological Seminary. During her residence in Cincinnati, she became deeply interested in the question of slavery, from seeing many fugitives from the Slave States and hearing from them their tales of suffering. From the date of her first publication, she became a frequent and popular writer in the various periodicals in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. In 1849, a collection of her pieces was published by the Harpers, entitled *The May Flower*, which was much enlarged in a new edition published in 1855,—a collection of tales and essays hardly equalled for ease and naturalness of description, touching narrative, and elevating moral tone.

In 1850, Professor Stowe was called to Brunswick College, Maine, and removed thither with his family. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill in that year excited Mrs. Stowe to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly*, which she wrote with almost miraculous rapidity, under a constant pressure of school and family cares, and frail health,—enough of themselves to tax the most vigorous intellect to its utmost. This was published in numbers every week, in the "National Era," at Washington; and in 1852 it appeared in book-form from the press of John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston. Its success was wonderful,—such as no other book has ever met with.¹ And richly did it deserve it; for, independent of its being one of the most powerful blows ever aimed at slavery, as well as of its high and pure tone of Christian morality, and its truthfulness throughout to God and humanity, it exhibits such a knowledge of human nature, such powers of description, such heart-stirring pathos, and such richness and beauty of thought and language, as to make it the most remarkable book published in our country.

In 1852, Professor Stowe was called to the chair of Biblical Literature in An-

¹ "By the end of November, 1852, 150,000 copies had been sold in America; and in September of that year the London publishers furnished to one house 10,000 copies per day for about four weeks. We cannot follow it beyond 1852, but at that time more than a million of copies had been sold in England,—probably ten times as many as have been sold of any other work, except the Bible and Prayer-Book. In France, *Uncle Tom* still covers the shop-windows of the Boulevards, and one publisher alone, Eustace Basba, has sent out five different editions in different forms. Before the end of 1852 it had been translated into Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Flemish, German, Polish, and Magyar. There are two different Dutch translations, and twelve different German ones; and the Italian translation enjoys the honor of the Pope's prohibition. It has been dramatized in twenty different forms, and acted in every capital in Europe and in the free States of America."—*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1855.

dover Theological Seminary. As *Uncle Tom* had been grossly assailed as giving a too dark and a false view of slavery, Mrs. Stowe published the *Key to Uncle Tom*, consisting of a collection of facts drawn chiefly from Southern authorities, which more than verified all that she had before depicted. Soon after the publication of the *Key*, Mrs. Stowe, with her husband and her brother, the Rev. Charles Beecher, went to Europe for her health, where she was received everywhere with the warmest enthusiasm. On her return, she published *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*, being her observations and reflections on what she saw abroad; and in 1855, *Dred, or a Tale of the Dismal Swamp*. Though not equal to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the unity of the plot, in the simplicity and naturalness of the story, in deep pathos, or in the absorbing interest it excites in the several characters, it contains, nevertheless, many passages of powerful and beautiful writing, and is in advance of its great prototype in the withering scorn and indignant sarcasm with which it holds up before the world that sham religion that puts "sacrifice" before "mercy"¹ and substitutes mere church-going and outward observances for practical righteousness.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for December, 1858, Mrs. Stowe begins a new story, entitled *The Minister's Wooing*, which has been received with universal favor, and promises to be second only to *Uncle Tom*,—and that is praise enough.

EVA'S DEATH.

Eva, after this, declined rapidly: there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room; and Miss Ophelia day and night performed the duties of a nurse, and never did her friends appreciate her value more than in that capacity. With so well-trained a hand and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art which could promote neatness and comfort and keep out of sight every disagreeable incident of sickness,—with such a perfect sense of time, such a clear, untroubled head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription and direction of the doctors,—she was every thing to St. Clare. They who had shrugged their shoulders at the little peculiarities and setnesses—so unlike the careless freedom of Southern manners—acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake,—and the child felt freshest in the morning,—he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-

¹ Matthew xii. 7.

trees in the garden, or, sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter, and when he was weary, Eva would say to him,—

“Oh, papa, let Tom take me. Poor fellow! it pleases him; and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!”

“So do I, Eva!” said her father.

“Well, papa, you can do every thing, and are every thing to me. You read to me,—you sit up nights; and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong!”

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and, in their way, did what they could. But the friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels as the cords begin to unbind ere it leaves its clay forever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer veranda, ready to rouse at every call.

“Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?” said Miss Ophelia. “I thought you was one of the orderly sort, that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way.”

“I do, Miss Feely,” said Tom, mysteriously. “I do; but now——”

“Well, what now?”

“We mustn't speak loud; Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on't; but, Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watchin' for the bridegroom.”

“What do you mean, Tom?”

“You know it says in Scripture, ‘At midnight there was a great cry made. Behold, the bridegroom cometh.’ That's what I'm spectin' now, every night, Miss Feely; and I couldn't sleep out o' hearin', no ways.”

“Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?”

“Miss Eva she talks to me. The Lord, He sends his messenger in the soul. I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom, they'll open the door so wide, we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely.”

“Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unwell than usual, to-night?”

“No; but she telled me this morning she was coming nearer, —thar's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It's the

angels,—‘it’s the trumpet-sound afore the break o’ day,’” said Tom, quoting from a favorite hymn.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom, between ten and eleven, one evening, after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when, on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it, in the outer veranda.

She was not nervous or impressible; but the solemn, heartfelt manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated, and her voice more natural, than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in, in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia, “Cousin, we may keep her with us, after all: she is certainly better;” and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight,—strange, mystic hour!—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin,—then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who at the turn of the night had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call “a change.” The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert in a moment.

“Go for the doctor, Tom! lose not a moment,” said Miss Ophelia; and, stepping across the room, she rapped at St. Clare’s door.

“Cousin,” she said, “I wish you would come.”

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee,—that look, indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint,—only a high and almost sublime expression,—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments Tom

returned, with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

"When did this change take place?" said he, in a low whisper, to Miss Ophelia.

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared, hurriedly, from the next room.

"Augustine! Cousin!—Oh!—what!" she hurriedly began.

"Hush!" said St. Clare, hoarsely; "*she is dying!*"

Mammy heard the words, and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused,—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and said nothing,—he saw only *that* look on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear,—"*Eva, darling!*"

The large blue eyes unclosed,—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and to speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; and as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face: she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "Oh, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own, and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare: "this wrings my heart!"

"Oh, bless the Lord! it's over,—it's over, dear master!" said Tom. "Look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted,—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes, that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her, in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St. Clare, gently.

She did not hear.

"Oh, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said,

brokenly, "Oh! love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

"Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold gray sky of daily life, and thou gone forever!"¹

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS "OF THE MAMMON OF UNRIGHT- EOUSNESS."²

"Papa," said a little boy, "what does this verse mean? It's in my Sunday-school lesson:—'*Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.*'"

"You ought to have asked your teacher, my son."

"But he said he didn't know exactly what it meant. He wanted me to look this week and see if I could find out."

Mr. H.'s standing resource in all exegetical difficulties was Dr. Scott's Family Bible. Therefore he now got up, and, putting on his spectacles, walked to the glass bookcase and took down a volume of that worthy commentator, and, opening it, read aloud the whole exposition of the passage, together with the practical reflections upon it; and by the time he had done, he found his young auditor fast asleep in his chair.

"Mother," said he, "this child plays too hard. He can't keep his eyes open evenings. It's time he was in bed."

"I wasn't asleep, pa," said Master Henry, starting up with that air of injured innocence with which gentlemen of his age generally treat an imputation of this kind.

¹ The following beautiful and touching verses are from the pen of our gifted Whittier:—

Dry the tears for holy Eva,
With the blessed angels leave her;
Of the form so soft and fair,
Give to earth the tender care.

For the golden locks of Eva
Let the sunny South-land give her
Flowery pillow of repose—
Orange-bloom and budding rose.

In the better home of Eva
Let the shining ones receive her,
With the welcome-voicéd psalm,
Harp of gold, and waving palm!

All is light and peace with Eva;
There the darkness cometh never;

Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her;
Care and pain and weariness
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Child confessor, true believer,
Listener at the Master's knee,
"Suffer such to come to me."

Oh for faith like thine, sweet Eva,
Lighting all the solemn river,
And the blessings of the poor
Wafting to the heavenly shore!

² This most beautiful and satisfactory exposition is worth all that the commentators have written upon the passage since the days of Calvin.

"Then can you tell me now what the passage means that I have been reading to you?"

"There's so much of it," said Henry, hopelessly, "I wish you'd just tell me in short order, father."

"Oh, read it for yourself," said Mr. H., as he pushed the book towards the boy; for it was to be confessed that he perceived at this moment that he had not himself received any particularly luminous impression, though of course he thought it was owing to his own want of comprehension.

Mr. H. leaned back in his rocking-chair, and on his own private account began to speculate a little as to what he really should think the verse might mean, supposing he were at all competent to decide upon it. "'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness,'" says he: "that's money, very clearly. How am I to make friends with it or of it? Receive me into everlasting habitations: that's a singular kind of expression. I wonder what it means. Dr. Scott makes some very good remarks about it; but somehow I'm not exactly clear." It must be remarked that this was not an uncommon result of Mr. H.'s critical investigations in this quarter.

Well, thoughts will wander; and as he lay with his head on the back of his rocking-chair and his eyes fixed on the flickering blaze of the coal, visions of his wet tramp in the city, and of the lonely garret he had been visiting, and of the poor woman with the pale, discouraged face, to whom he had carried warmth and comfort, all blended themselves together. He felt, too, a little indefinite creeping chill, and some uneasy sensations in his head like a commencing cold; for he was not a strong man, and it is probable his long, wet walk was likely to cause him some inconvenience in this way. At last he was fast asleep, nodding in his chair.

He dreamed that he was very sick in bed, that the doctor came and went, and that he grew sicker and sicker. He was going to die. He saw his wife sitting weeping by his pillow,—his children standing by with pale and frightened faces; all things in his room began to swim, and waver, and fade; and voices that called his name, and sobs and lamentations that rose around him, seemed far off and distant in his ear. "O eternity, eternity! I am going,—I am going," he thought; and in that hour, strange to tell, not one of all his good deeds seemed good enough to lean on,—all bore some taint or tinge, to his purified eye, of mortal selfishness, and seemed unholy before the ALL PURE. "I am going," he thought; "there is no time to stay, no time to alter, to balance accounts; and I know not what I am, but I know, O Jesus, what THOU art. I have trusted in thee, and shall never

be confounded." And with that last breath of prayer earth was past.

A soft and solemn breathing, as of music, awakened him. As an infant child not yet fully awake hears the holy warblings of his mother's hymn, and smiles half conscious, so the heaven-born became aware of sweet voices and loving faces around him ere yet he fully woke to the new immortal LIFE.

"Ah, he has come at last! How long we have waited for him! Here he is among us. Now forever welcome! welcome!" said the voices.

Who shall speak the joy of that latest birth,—the birth from death to life!—the sweet, calm, inbreathing consciousness of purity and rest,—the certainty that all sin, all weakness and error, are at last gone forever,—the deep, immortal rapture of repose,—felt to be but begun,—never to end!

So the eyes of the heaven-born opened on the new heaven and the new earth, and wondered at the crowd of loving faces that thronged about him. Fair, godlike forms of beauty, such as earth never knew, pressed round him with blessings, thanks, and welcome.

The man spoke not, but he wondered in his heart who they were, and whence it came that they knew him; and as soon as the inquiry formed itself in his soul, it was read at once by his heavenly friends. "I," said one bright spirit, "was a poor boy whom you found in the streets: you sought me out, you sent me to school, you watched over me, and led me to the house of God; and now here I am." "And we," said other voices, "are other neglected children whom you redeemed: we also thank you." "And I," said another, "was a lost, helpless girl: sold to sin and shame, nobody thought I could be saved; everybody passed me by till you came. You built a home, a refuge for such poor wretches as I, and there I and many like me heard of Jesus; and here we are." "And I," said another, "was once a clerk in your store. I came to the city innocent, but I was betrayed by the tempter. I forgot my mother and my mother's God. I went to the gaming-table and the theatre, and at last I robbed your drawer. You might have justly cast me off; but you bore with me, you watched over me, you saved me. I am here through you this day." "And I," said another, "was a poor slave-girl,—doomed to be sold on the auction-block to a life of infamy, and the ruin of soul and body. Had you not been willing to give so largely for my ransom, no one had thought to buy me. You stimulated others to give, and I was redeemed. I lived a Christian mother to bring my children up for Christ,—they are all here with me to bless you this day, and their children on earth, and their children's children, are growing up to bless you." "And I," said

another, "was an unbeliever. In the pride of my intellect, I thought I could demonstrate the absurdity of Christianity. I thought I could answer the argument from miracles and prophecy; but your patient, self-denying life was an argument I never could answer. When I saw you spending all your time and all your money in efforts for your fellow-men, undiscouraged by ingratitude and careless of praise, then I thought, 'There is something divine in that man's life,' and that thought brought me here."

The man looked around on the gathering congregation, and he saw that there was no one whom he had drawn heavenward that had not also drawn thither myriads of others. In his lifetime he had been scattering seeds of good around from hour to hour, almost unconsciously; and now he saw every seed springing up into a widening forest of immortal beauty and glory. It seemed to him that there was to be no end of the numbers that flocked to claim him as their long-expected soul-friend. His heart was full, and his face became as that of an angel as he looked up to One who seemed nearer than all, and said, "This is thy love for me, unworthy, O Jesus! Of thee, and to thee, and through thee, are all things. Amen."

Amen! as with chorus of many waters and mighty thunderings the sound swept onward, and died far off in chiming echoes among the distant stars; and the man awoke.

"ONLY A YEAR."¹

One year ago,—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die.

One year ago,—what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial-stone,—
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone!

¹ These tender and beautiful lines refer to the melancholy death, July 9, 1857, of a son, a student of Dartmouth College, of fine character and promise, who went with some classmates to the Connecticut River to bathe, got beyond his depth, and was drowned.

One year,—one year,—one little year,
 And so much gone!
 And yet the even flow of life
 Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
 Above that head;
 No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
 Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
 That sing above,
 Tells us how coldly sleeps below
 The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
 What hast thou seen?
 What visions fair, what glorious life,
 Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
 'Twixt us and thee;
 The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
 That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;
 But present still,
 And waiting for the coming hour
 Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
 Our Saviour dear;
 We lay in silence at thy feet
 This sad, sad year!

ANDOVER, *July 9, 1858.*

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

THIS genial printer-poet is of Scotch descent, his father having emigrated to this country in the latter part of the last century. He was born in the city of New York, on the 12th of August, 1812, and was early destined for college; but, his father's fortunes failing, he entered, when fourteen years old, a newspaper printing-office, where he thought he would have good opportunities to indulge his literary tastes. After two years, he entered the establishment of J. & J. Harper, where he soon proved, by his intelligence, integrity, and energy, to be an important member of it. Here the passion for writing verse seized him, and he would often drop his composing-stick, and with a type write his couplets on paper, as they occurred to him; but these early pieces have never seen the light.

In 1833, he removed to Philadelphia, and entered the type-foundry of Lawrence Johnson. In 1834, he was married, and soon after wrote occasionally for the "Journal" of the Sunday-School Union; then for the "United States Gazette;" and then for Joseph C. Neal's "Gazette," under the signature of "Tam." During

all this time his post of business was a very arduous one, and most of his pieces were composed while he was walking from his home to the foundry. His first volume—*Droppings from the Heart*—was published in 1844, and was very favorably noticed. His second publication was *Tax's Fortnight Ramble*, issued in 1847, in which year he was admitted as a partner to an interest in the business of Mr. Johnson. His last book is entitled *Lines for the Gentle and Loving*,—a beautifully printed volume, which appeared in 1853. Mr. Mackellar's poetry is pure, simple, elevated, and goes directly to the heart, for the best of all reasons: it comes from the heart.

LIFE'S EVENING.

The world to me is growing gray and old,
 My friends are dropping one by one away;
 Some live in far-off lands—some in the clay
 Rest quietly, their mortal moments told.
 My sire departed ere his locks were gray;
 My mother wept, and soon beside him lay;
 My elder kin have long since gone—and I
 Am left—a leaf upon an autumn tree,
 Among whose branches chilling breezes steal,
 The sure precursors of the winter night;
 And when my offspring at our altar kneel
 To worship God, and sing our morning psalm,
 Their rising stature whispers unto me
 My life is gently waning to its evening calm.

SEPTEMBER RAIN.

Patter—patter—
 Listen how the rain-drops clatter,
 Falling on the shingle roof;
 How they rattle,
 Like the rifle's click in battle,
 Or the charger's iron hoof!
 Cool and pleasant
 Is the evening air at present,
 Gathering freshness from the rain;
 Languor chasing,
 Muscle, thew, and sinew bracing,
 And enlivening the brain.
 Close together
 Draw the bands of love in weather
 When the sky is overcast;
 Eyeballs glisten—
 Thankfully we sit and listen
 To the rain that's coming fast.
 Dropping—dropping
 Like dissolving diamonds,—popping
 'Gainst the crystal window-pane,

As if seeking
Entrance-welcome, and bespeaking
Our affection for the rain.

Quick, and quicker
Come the droppings,—thick, and thicker
Pour the hasty torrents down :
Rushing—rushing—
From the leaden spouts a-gushing,
Cleansing all the streets in town.

Darkness utter
Gathers round ;—we close the shutter ;
Snugly shelter'd let us keep.
Still unceasing
Falls the rain ; but oh ! 'tis pleasing
'Neath such lullaby to sleep.

How I love it !
Let the miser money covet—
Let the soldier seek the fight ;
Give me only,
When I lie awake and lonely,
Music made by rain at night.

PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING.

Bear the burden of the present—
Let the morrow bear its own :
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the coming night bemoan ?

If the darken'd heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form ;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast faith and hope unshaken
Animate the trusting breast ;
Step by step the journey's taken
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen, the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words he talketh,
While his hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy breast to him unknown ;
He to-day and He to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives his own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,—
Long endurance wins the crown ;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay the burden down.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN, "one of the most genial and elegant essayists, and a very graceful and pleasing poet," was born in Boston on the 20th of April, 1813. After preparing for college, it was deemed necessary for his health that he should relinquish his studies and seek a milder climate. Accordingly, in 1833, he sailed from New York for Havre, and, after a short stay at Paris, went on to Italy, where he remained till the next summer, when he returned home, and gave to the public some of the results of his observations in *The Italian Sketch-Book*. Again he was obliged to resort to travel for the benefit of his health, and sailed for Gibraltar in the fall of 1837, and passed the winter chiefly in Italy. He returned home the next summer; and in 1845 removed from Boston to New York, where he now resides, except during the summer months, which he passes at Newport, Rhode Island. In 1850, the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by Harvard College.

Mr. Tuckerman's life is the life of a scholar: literature is his profession, and nobly has he quitted himself in it. Indeed, considering that his health has never been very robust, it is astonishing how much he has done, and how well he has done it. The following are, we believe, his chief works:—*Artist Life; or Sketches of American Painters*; ¹ *The Italian Sketch-Book*; *The Optimist*,—a collection of Essays; *Rambles and Reveries*; *Sicily, a Pilgrimage*; *Thoughts on the Poets*; *Characteristics of Literature*; *Memorial of Greenough, the Sculptor*; *Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer*, published anonymously by Pickering, London; *Biographical Essays*; and a volume of *Poems*.² Besides these works, he has been a contributor to the "North American Review," "American Quarterly," Graham's, Sartain's, Godey's, and Putnam's Magazines; "Atlantic Monthly," "Christian Examiner," "Methodist Quarterly," "Southern Literary Messenger," and "New Englander." He has also written a very excellent *Sketch of American Literature*, as an Appendix to "Shaw's English Literature."

LEISURE TO BE PROPERLY APPRECIATED.

A New England merchant, upon leaving a picture-gallery abroad, was observed by his companion to be very thoughtful. Presently he exclaimed, "I have been thinking of nothing but making money all my life. How much there is to learn and to

¹ No more interesting and instructive books can be found in our literature than Tuckerman's *Thoughts on the Poets*, *The Optimist*, *Characteristics of Literature*, and *Essays Biographical and Critical*. The two latter would be excellent books for the higher classes in schools; and the four should be in every district-school library in the land. An English scholar, who is familiar with our literature, thus writes:—"Henry T. Tuckerman may be described as one of the most imaginative and sympathetic of American critics, and a refined and elegant writer. His essays and reviews show a liberal cultivation of mind and heart."

² Of these a beautiful edition has been published by Ticknor & Fields.

enjoy in this world ! Henceforth no thought of business shall enter my mind, until I recross the Atlantic. I will study painting, and sculpture, and music : I will commune with nature ; I will ponder the works of departed genius ; I will cultivate the society of the intellectual and the gifted ;"—at this point of his harangue, he suddenly left his friend's side, and darted into a shop they were passing,—apologizing, upon resuming the walk, by saying he had merely stopped to inquire the price of tallow ! Leisure with us is still an anomaly. Now, far be it from us to gainsay the advantages of industry, to deny that labor is man's appropriate sphere, or to lament, for a moment, the spectacle of universal activity, and, consequently, of prosperity, around us. Let us only contend that all labor is not obvious and tangible ; that no man who thinks deserves to be called an idler ; that the absence of any obvious employment or specific profession does not necessarily make any one amenable to the charge of inactivity. How much of our boasted industry is profitless ; to how many, social ambition or extravagant tastes, instead of necessity, form the true motives of business ; how much of the so-called occupation about us is void of any higher result than that of keeping its votaries out of mischief ; how seldom do those who have acquired a competency retire upon it to scenes of domestic improvement ; and with what reluctance do the fortunate yield the arena to the young and penniless, even when age and infirmity warn them to retreat ! It is time we learned, not to underrate business, but to appreciate leisure.

ENTHUSIASM—SYMPATHY.

Let us recognise the beauty and power of true enthusiasm, and, whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment. For what is the human mind, however enriched with acquisitions or strengthened by exercise, unaccompanied by an ardent and sensitive heart ? Its light may illumine, but it cannot inspire. It may shed a cold and moonlight radiance upon the path of life, but it warms no flower into bloom ; it sets free no ice-bound fountains. There are influences which environ humanity too subtle for the dissecting-knife of reason. In our better moments we are clearly conscious of their presence, and if there is any barrier to their blessed agency, it is a formalized intellect. Enthusiasm, too, is the very life of gifted spirits. Ponder the lives of the glorious in art or literature through all ages. What are they but records of toils and sacrifices supported by the earnest hearts of their votaries ? Dante composed his immortal poem amid exile and suffering, prompted by the noble ambition of vin-

dicating himself to posterity ; and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love. The best countenances the old painters have bequeathed to us are those of cherished objects intimately associated with their fame. The face of Raphael's mother blends with the angelic beauty of all his Madonnas. Titian's daughter and the wife of Correggio again and again meet in their works. Well does Foscolo call the fine arts *the Children of Love*. Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings. Religion itself is but a state of the affections. I once met a beautiful peasant-woman in the valley of the Arno, and asked the number of her children. "I have three here and two in paradise," she calmly replied, with a tone and manner of touching and grave simplicity. Her faith was of the heart.

Constant supplies of knowledge to the intellect and the exclusive culture of reason may, indeed, make a pedant and logician ; but the probability is these benefits, if such they are, will be gained at the expense of the soul. Sentiment, in its broadest acceptation, is as essential to the true enjoyment and grace of life as mind. Technical information, and that quickness of apprehension which New Englanders call smartness, are not so valuable to a human being as sensibility to the beautiful, and a spontaneous appreciation of the divine influences which fill the realms of vision and of sound, and the world of action and feeling. The tastes, affections, and sentiments are more absolutely the man than his talent or acquirements. And yet it is by and through the latter that we are apt to estimate character, of which they are at best but fragmentary evidences. It is remarkable that in the New Testament allusions to the intellect are so rare, while the "heart" and the "spirit we are of" are ever appealed to. Sympathy is the "golden key" which unlocks the treasures of wisdom ; and this depends upon vividness and warmth of feeling.

THE POET CAMPBELL.

If we were to adopt a vernacular poet from the brilliant constellation of the last and present century, as representing legitimately natural and popular feeling with true lyric energy, such as finds inevitable response and needs no advocacy or criticism to uphold or elucidate it, we should name Campbell. He wrote from the intensity of his own sympathies with freedom, truth, and love : his expression, therefore, is truly poetic in its spirit ; while in rhetorical finish and aptness he had the very best culture,—that of Greek literature. Thus simply furnished with inspiration and with a style both derived from the most genuine sources,—the one from nature and the other from the highest art,—he gave

melodious and vigorous utterance, not to a peculiar vein of imagination, like Shelley, nor a mystical attachment to nature, like Wordsworth, nor an egotistic personality, like Byron; but to a love of freedom and truth which political events had caused to glow with unwonted fervor in the bosoms of his noblest contemporaries, and to the native sentiment of domestic and social life, rendered more dear and sacred by their recent unhallowed desecration. It was not by ingenuity, egotism, or artifice that he thus chanted, but honestly, earnestly, from the impulse of youthful ardor and tenderness moulded by scholarship.

It is now the fashion to relish verse more intricate, sentiment less defined, ideas of a metaphysical cast, and a rhythm less modulated by simple and grand cadences; yet to a manly intellect, to a heart yet alive with fresh, brave, unperverted instincts, the intelligible, glowing, and noble tone of Campbell's verse is yet fraught with cheerful augury. It has outlived, in current literature and in individual remembrance, the diffuse metrical tales of Scott and Southey; finds a more prolonged response, from its general adaptation, than the ever-recurring key-note of Byron; and lingers on the lips and in the hearts of those who only muse over the elaborate pages of those minstrels whose golden ore is either beaten out to intangible thinness, or largely mixed with the alloy of less precious metal. Indeed, nothing evinces a greater want of just appreciation in regard to the art or gift of poetry, than the frequent complaints of such a poet as Campbell because of the limited quantity of his verse. It would be as rational to expect the height of animal spirits, the exquisite sensation of convalescence, the rapture of an exalted mood, the perfect content of gratified love, the tension of profound thought, or any other state the very law of which is rarity, to become permanent. Campbell's best verse was born of emotion, not from idle reverie or verbal experiment; that emotion was heroic or tender, sympathetic or devotional,—the exception to the everyday, the commonplace, and the mechanical; accordingly, in its very nature, it was "like angels' visits," and no more to be summoned at will than the glow of affection or the spirit of prayer.

MARY.

What though the name is old and oft repeated,
 What though a thousand beings bear it now;
 And true hearts oft the gentle word have greeted,—
 What though 'tis hallow'd by a poet's vow?
 We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming
 Is a familiar rapture to the eye;
 And yon bright star we hail, although its looming
 Age after age has lit the northern sky.

As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,
 As garden odors to the desert blown,
 In bosoms faint a gladsome hope revealing,
 Like patriot music or affection's tone,—
 Thus, thus, for aye, the name of MARY spoken
 By lips or text, with magic-like control,
 The course of present thought has quickly broken,
 And stirr'd the fountains of my inmost soul.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
 The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
 To my fond fancy, MARY, seem to borrow
 Celestial halos from thy gentle name:
 The Grecian artist glean'd from many faces,*
 And in a perfect whole the parts combined:
 So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces
 To form the MARY of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal,—
 We inly paint as we would have things be,—
 The fanciful springs ever from the real,
 As Aphrodité rose from out the sea.
 Who smiled upon me kindly day by day,
 In a far land where I was sad and lone?
 Whose presence now is my delight away?
 Both angels must the same blest title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying,
 What fortunes on my future life await,
 Like the mysterious hymns the winds are sighing,
 Are all unknown,—in trust I bide my fate;
 But if one blessing I might crave from Heaven,
 'Twould be that MARY should my being cheer,
 Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,
 Be my dear household word, and my last accent here.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THIS very eminent preacher and eloquent lecturer was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 24th of June, 1813. He was graduated at Amherst College in 1834, and studied theology at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, when it was under the direction of his father. He was first settled in the Presbyterian Church at Lawrenceburg, Dearborn County, Indiana, in 1837, where he remained two years. Thence he removed to Indianapolis, where he continued till he was called to the new congregation—the Plymouth Church—at Brooklyn, New York, in 1847, where he has since remained, acquiring for himself and giving to his church a position and a fame known throughout the land. It may be safely said, indeed, that as a pulpit and a platform orator he has no superior. Nothing is studied, nothing artificial, about his oratory: all is natural, frank, cordial, hearty, fear-

less. One great secret of his power is, that he feels deeply himself the great truths that he utters, and therefore makes his audience feel them too.¹

Mr. Beecher was married in 1837 to Miss Bullard, sister of the late Rev. Dr. Bullard, of St. Louis, and of Rev. Asa Bullard, Boston.

Mr. Beecher's only publications are *Letters to Young Men*, and *Star Papers, or Experiences of Art and Nature*.² But there have been published for him two very remarkable books, *Life Thoughts gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher*, by Edna Dean Proctor; and *Notes from Plymouth Pulpit: a Collection of Memorable Passages from the Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher*, by Augusta Moore. Few books can be found containing such rich gems of deep thought, brilliant fancy, and devotional feeling.

It is impossible to do Mr. Beecher justice by any extracts from his sermons or essays. One must hear him preach or lecture to feel his power, or to understand it. The following selections, however, will give some idea of his style, sentiments, and inexhaustible wealth of thought and illustration.

THE TRUE OBJECT OF PREACHING.

A sermon that is dry, cold, dull, soporific, is a pulpit monster, and is just as great a violation of the sanctity of the pulpit, as the other absurd extreme of profane levity. Men may hide or forsake God's living truth by the way of stupid dulness, just as much as by pert imagination. A *solemn nothing* is just as wicked as a *witty nothing*. Men confound earnestness with solemnity. A man may be eagerly earnest, and not be very solemn. They may also be awfully solemn, without a particle of earnestness. But solemnity has a reputation. A man may be a repeater of endless distinctions, a lecturer in the pulpit of mere philosophical niceties, or he may be a repeater of stale truisms; he may smother living truths by conventional forms and phrases, and if he put on a very solemn face, use a very solemn tone, employ very solemn gestures, and roll along his vamped-up sermon with professional solemnity above an audience of sound men; men, at least, soundly asleep,—that will pass for decorous handling of God's truth. The old pharisaism is not dead yet. The difference between Christ and

¹ In 1850, Mr. Beecher made a brief trip to Europe; and the impression he produced is described in the following spirited paragraph in the "British Banner," written by Dr. Campbell:—"Mr. Henry Ward Beecher is by far the most amusing and fascinating American it has ever been our lot to meet. He is a mass of flaming fire,—restless, fearless, brilliant,—a mixture of the poet, the orator, and the philosopher; such as we have seldom, if ever, found in any other man to the same extent." For a good notice of Mr. Beecher, see "Fowler's American Pulpit."

² This is composed of the communications he has given to the "Independent," his signature in that paper being a star (*). He continues to write for it; and his contributions are one of the many attractions of that admirable journal.

His contemporary teachers was, that He spake life-truth in life-forms, with the power of His own life in their utterance. The rabbis spake old orthodoxy, dead as a mummy;—but they spake it very reverently. They might not do any good, but they never violated professional propriety. Nobody lived, everybody died about them. But, then, their faces were sober, their robes exact, their manner mostly of the Temple and the Altar. They never forgot how to look, nor how to speak guttural solemnities, nor how to maintain professional dignity. They forgot nothing except living truths and living souls. And fifty years of ministration without any fruit in true godliness gave them no pain. It was charged to the account of Divine Sovereignty.

Nothing can more sharply exhibit the miserable imbecility which has come upon us, than the inability of men to perceive the difference between preaching "politics," "social reform," &c., and preaching God's truth in such a way that it shall sit in judgment upon these things, and every other deed of men, to try them, to explore and analyze them, and to set them forth, as upon the background of eternity, in their moral character, and in their relation to man's duty and God's requirements.

Shall the whole army of human deeds go roaring along the public thoroughfares, and Christian men be whelmed in the general rush, and no man be found to speak the real moral nature of human conduct? Is the pulpit too holy, and the Sabbath too sacred, to bring individual courses and developments of society to the bar of God's Word for trial? Those who think so, and are crying out about the desecration of the pulpit with secular themes, are the lineal descendants of those Jews who thought the Sabbath so sacred that our Saviour desecrated it by healing the withered hand. Would to God that the Saviour would visit His Church and heal withered hearts!

RELIGION.

Religion—it is the bread of life. I wish that we appreciated more livingly the force of such expressions. Why! I remember when I was a boy, I could not wait till I was dressed in the morning, but ran and cut a slice from the loaf, and all round the loaf, too, in order to keep me till breakfast; and at breakfast—if diligence earned wages, I should have been well paid; and then I could not wait till dinner, but had to eat again, and again before tea, and then at tea, and lucky if I did not eat again after that. It was bread, bread, all the time, which I ate, and lived on, and got strength from. And so religion is the bread of life. You make it the cake. You put it away in your cupboards, and you never have it but when you have company, and then you cut it up

into little pieces and pass it round on your best plates, instead of treating it as bread, to be used every day and every hour.

GOD'S FORGIVENESS.

Every one must come to Christ and say, "If you will not take me with all my failings, I cannot be saved!" And why does God forgive us? For the same reason that the mother forgives her child,—because she loves it. Just as the sun shines on decaying flowers and shrivelled fruit, because it is his nature—the sun, which never asks a question, but says, "If any thing wants to be shined on, let it hold itself up." And so God says, "I will forgive you, for your repeated transgressions." Do you ask what becomes of them? What becomes of the hasty words you spoke yesterday to her you love? "I don't know where they are," says the wife. "I am sure I do not," says the husband. They are gone. They are sunk to the bottom of her heart. No! not to the bottom, for there she keeps her love. There is only one thing that can be annihilated, and that is wrong-doing to one who loves you.

The following selections are from that remarkable book—*Life Thoughts*—so full of the richest gems that one hardly knows which to take.

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.—I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the cradle and the crib and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now, there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of chorded instruments. Oh, how blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if, when they were ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting-table, and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing, at twenty-five, but to drink deep and squander wide; and the father must be a slave all his life, in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them, "Work!" and, working, makes them men!

CHILDREN.—Every child walks into existence through the golden gate of love; else it would seem wonderful that the helpless thing should be born. Yet children are not playthings, as we too often seem to think they are,—mere gifts of God to fill up the hours with cheer. They were surely meant to be a pleasure to us, but that is not the final end. Nor were they meant to be cares and burdens alone. To speak of them as if they were shackles and fetters upon our freedom; always in the way; “children, children, everywhere,” is a shame and a sin. They are to be regarded as a part of our education. Men cannot be developed perfectly who have not been compelled to bring children up to manhood. You might as well say that a tree is a perfect tree without leaf or blossom, as to say that a man is a man who has gone through life without experiencing the influences that come from bending down and giving one’s self up to those who are helpless and little.

Children make men better citizens. When your own child comes in from the street, and has learned to swear from the boys congregated there, it is a very different thing to you from what it was when you heard the profanity of those boys as you passed them. Now it makes you feel that you are a stockholder in the public morality. Of what use would an engine be to a ship, if it were lying loose in the hull? It must be fastened to it with bolts and screws, before it can propel the vessel. Now, a childless man is like a loose engine. A man must be bolted and screwed to the community before he can work well for its advancement; and there are no such screws and bolts as children.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM is the nightingale of the psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity, but, oh, it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born!

What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth, singing a strange melody, which, when one heard, caused him to forget whatever sorrow he had? And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the language of every nation, driving away trouble by the pulses of the air which his tongue moves with divine power. Behold just such an one! This pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language on the globe. It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeon more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the sea-shore. It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the

disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the heart of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illumined; it has visited the prisoner and broken his chains, and, like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his home again. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master; and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone as because they were left behind, and could not go too. Nor is its work done. It will go singing to your children and my children, and to their children, through all the generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended; and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical forever.

A CHRISTIAN MAN'S LIFE is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colors.

HELP THE SLAVE.—Do you ask me whether I would help a slave to gain his freedom? I answer, I would help him with heart, and hand, and voice. I would do for him what I shall wish I had done when, having lost his dusky skin and blossomed into the light of eternity, he and I shall stand before our Master, who will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto him, slave as he was, ye did it unto me."

EVERYDAY CHRISTIANITY.—As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your Christian life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Christian brethren, in heaven you are known by the name of Christ. On earth, for convenience' sake, you are known by the name of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Congregationalists, and the like. Let me speak the language of heaven, and call you, simply, Christians. Whoever of you has known the name of Christ, and feels Christ's life beat-

ing within him, is invited to remain, and sit with us at the table of the Lord.¹

A MAN'S A MAN.—It makes no difference what you call men,—prince, peer, or slave. *Man* is that name of power which rises above them all, and gives to every one the right to be that which God meant he should be. No law, nor custom, nor opinion, nor prejudice, has the right to say to one man, "You may grow," and to another, "You may not grow," or, "You may grow in ten directions, and not in twenty;" or to the strong, "You may grow stronger," or to the weak, "You may never become strong." Launched upon the ocean of life, like an innumerable fleet, each man may spread what sails God has given him, whether he be pinnace, sloop, brig, bark, ship, or man-of-war; and no commodore or admiral may signal what voyage he shall make or what canvas he shall carry.

GOD has given to men the great truths of liberty and equality, which are like mothers' breasts, carrying food for ages. Let us not fear that in our land they shall be overthrown or destroyed. Though we may go through dark times,—rocking times, when we are sea-sick,—yet the day shall come when there shall be no more oppression, but when, all over the world, there shall be a common people, sitting in a commonwealth, having a common Bible, a common God, and common peace and joy in a common brotherhood!

CERBERUS IN AMERICA.—The Bible Society is sending its shiploads of Bibles all over the world,—to Greenland and the Morea, to Arabia and Egypt; but it dares not send them to our own people. The colporteur who should leave a Bible in a slave's cabin would go to heaven from the lowest limb of the first tree. It was hell, among the ancients, that was guarded by a hundred-headed dog; in this country, it is heaven that has the Cerberus.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.—How hateful is that religion which says, "Business is business, and politics are politics, and religion is religion"! Religion is using every thing for God; but many men dedicate business to the devil, and politics to the devil, and shove religion into the cracks and crevices of time, and make it the hypocritical outcrawling of their leisure and laziness.

A CHRISTIAN LIFE.—A Christian merchant should so act that his customers shall see and know that he is a Christian; not merely that he conducts his business on great maxims of honesty, but that business itself is subordinate, and instrumental to the

¹ Invitation to the communion service.

great purposes of life. Is it so with you? How far does the difference between you and the worldly man lie in the fact that, on the seventh day, you have a little tabernacle of religious experience into which you run? Go through the streets and stores of New York: you can pick out the men that are wealthy; can you pick out the men that are Christians? What wonder that truth makes such slow advances in the world, with one Christian to tell what is true for two hours on Sunday, and hundreds to deny it all the week by their lives!

HYPOCRITES.—There are many professing Christians who are secretly vexed on account of the charity they have to bestow, and the self-denial they have to use. If, instead of the smooth prayers which they *do* pray, they should speak out the things which they really feel, they would say, when they go home at night, "O Lord, I met a poor wretch of yours to-day, a miserable, unwashed brat, and I gave him sixpence, and I have been sorry for it ever since;" or, "O Lord, if I had not signed those articles of faith, I might have gone to the theatre this evening. Your religion deprives me of a great deal of enjoyment; but I mean to stick to it." There's no other way of getting into heaven, I suppose."

The sooner such men are out of the church the better.

GIVING *versus* KEEPING.—The great ocean is in a constant state of evaporation. It gives back what it receives, and sends up its waters in mists to gather into clouds; and so there is rain on the fields, and storm on the mountains, and greenness and beauty everywhere. But there are many men who do not believe in evaporation. They get all they can and keep all they get, and so are not fertilizers, but only stagnant, miasmatic pools.

THE ELECT are whosoever will, and the non-elect whosoever won't.

BLINDNESS.—It would be a dreadful thing to me to lose my sight; to see no more the faces of those I love, nor the sweet blue of heaven, nor the myriad stars that gem the sky, nor the dissolving clouds that pass over it, nor the battling ships upon the sea, nor the mountains with their changing lines of light and shade, nor the loveliness of flowers, nor the burnished mail of insects. But I should do as other blind men have done before me: I should take God's rod and staff for my guide and comfort, and wait patiently for death to bring better light to nobler eyes. O ye who are living in the darkness of sin! turn before it is too late to the light of holiness, else death will bring to you, not recreation, but retribution. Earthly blindness can be borne, for it is but for a day; but who could bear to be blind through eternity?

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

SCARCELY any author ever became more suddenly distinguished than John Lothrop Motley. Before the appearance of his great historical work, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, he was, though favorably known, comparatively unknown. That work, from its research, its style, its power, its earnest spirit, its breadth of design and successful execution, placed its author at once in the rank of eminent historians. Published simultaneously in England and America, it was commended with equal warmth in the leading critical journals of both countries; and, though but three years issued, it has passed through five editions, and amply vindicated the laudations of the critics.

Mr. Motley was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1831. Soon afterwards he went to Europe, and spent several years in Germany, studying its literature and acquiring the large learning of its universities. On his return to the United States in 1835, he applied himself to the study of the law, and was admitted to the Boston bar. In 1836, he was married to Miss Benjamin, a sister of the well-known author, Park Benjamin, and for several years resided in Boston and its vicinity. Having ample means, he did not practise his uncongenial profession, but gave his time and talents to the pursuits of letters. At this time he wrote several papers for the leading periodicals, and published anonymously two novels,—*Morton's Hope*, and *Merrymount*. Early in 1841, during the brief administration of General Harrison, Mr. Webster, who had been long an intimate friend of the father, gave the son, for whom he also cherished a cordial regard, the post of Secretary of Legation to Russia, Colonel Todd being the minister. Here he interested himself in the history of Russia, and wrote for the "North American Review" a leading article on "Peter the Great," which was much admired. But in less than two years he resigned his place and came home.

In 1851, he again visited Europe, and there resided in various cities,—chiefly Paris and Dresden,—engaged in the accomplishment of his noble historical work, which was published in 1856. He had not been home a year after it was published, when he resolved to write a second similar work, commencing where the first leaves off; and, not able to obtain the necessary documents in our libraries, he went again to Europe, where he is now (1859) residing with his family in its affluent capitals,—affluent in books and manuscripts,—engaged in writing the new history, which we doubt not will fully sustain his present reputation.¹

¹ Of Motley's History, the "North American Review," July, 1856, thus speaks:—"This is one of the most important contributions to historical literature that have been made in this country. It is characterized throughout by a spirit of great fairness and moderation, indulging in no violent invective or extravagant praise, even where the narrative might furnish a fair excuse for the one or the other; while at the same time it is neither cold nor heartless. . . . On the contrary, a genuine sympathy with liberty and a spirit of humanity pervade it, and it is evident that the author rejoices heartily in the successes of the patriots. . . . In short, it is a work that every American may be proud to own as written by his countryman."

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible, for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful: infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses,—father, mother, children, side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out,—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe,—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were,

however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive." * * *

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes. In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. * * * On it went, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten; as they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. * * * On again the fleet of Boisot still went, and, overcoming every obstacle, entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD, 1815—1857.

If any one deserves a place and an honorable mention in these pages, it is Rufus Wilmot Griswold, not only for his learning and literary achievements, which will place him on the level of many of our best authors, but because he has done more than any other man to make American writers known and honored both at home and abroad. He was born in Benson, Rutland County, Vermont, on the 15th of February, 1815. Much of his early life was spent in voyaging about the world; and before he was twenty years of age he had seen the most interesting portions of his own country and of Southern and Central Europe. Relinquishing travel, he studied divinity, and was married shortly after he was licensed to preach. But literature had more powerful attractions for him than theology, and he entered the career of a man of letters by profession. He was associated with Horace Greeley in editing "The New-Yorker," and with Park Benjamin and Epes Sargent in "The Brother Jonathan," and "The New World," enterprises which were eminently successful. In 1842-43 he was editor of "Graham's Magazine," and by the attraction of his name and of the corps of eminent writers¹ whom he induced to aid him, he gave to the Magazine a richly-deserved popularity, and increased the list of subscribers from seventeen thousand to twenty-nine thousand.

Besides a number of volumes published anonymously, Dr. Griswold has given us, under his name, a volume of *Poems*; another of *Sermons*; *The Biographical Annual* for 1842; *The Curiosities of American Literature*; *A Life of Milton*, prefixed to an edition of his prose works published by Rev. Herman Hooker, D.D.,² Philadelphia, and *The Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century*. But what have given to Rev. Dr. Griswold his richly-merited fame are his works on American Literature,—*The Poets and Poetry of America*, 1842; *The Prose Writers of America*, 1846; and *The Female Poets of America*, 1848. These works are of a very high order of merit. The selections show a fine taste and sound judgment, while his criticisms are discriminating and just.

Dr. Griswold's other works are, *A Memoir of Edgar A. Poe*, prefixed to his works, 1850; *Scenes in the Life of the Saviour by the Poets and Painters*; *The Sacred Poets of England and America*, 1849; and *The Republican Court, or American Society in the Days of Washington*. This is a sumptuously-printed and richly-illustrated work, and contains a mass of curious information relative to the early days of the Republic, not to be found elsewhere.

But his incessant literary labors proved too much for a constitution naturally feeble, and he died in New York, on the 27th of August, 1857, at the early age of forty-two.

¹ Among them were Dana, Allston, Cooper, Bryant, Longfellow, Hoffman, and Willis.

² Dr. Hooker is one of our best thinkers and writers, and, besides contributing to many reviews and religious magazines, has written *The Portion of the Soul*, published in 1835; *Popular Infidelity*, 1835; and *The Uses of Adversity*, and the *Provisions of Consolation*, 1846,—all works of great value.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I need not dwell upon the necessity of Literature and Art to a people's glory and happiness. History with all her voices joins in one judgment upon this subject. Our legislators, indeed, choose to consider them of no consequence, and while the States are convulsed by claims from the loom and the furnace for protection, the demands of the parents of freedom, the preservers of arts, the dispensers of civility, are treated with silence. But authors and artists have existed and do exist here in spite of such outlawry; and, notwithstanding the obstacles in our condition, and the discouragements of neglect, the Anglo-Saxon race in the United States have done as much in the fields of Investigation, Reflection, Imagination, and Taste, in the present century, as any other twelve millions of people—about our average number for this period—in the world.

Doubtless there are obstacles, great obstacles, to the successful cultivation of letters here; but they are not so many nor so important as is generally supposed. The chief difficulty is a want of patriotism, mainly proceeding from and perpetuated by the absence of a just law of copyright. There is indeed no lack of that spurious love of country which is ever ready to involve us in aimless and disgraceful war; but there is little genuine and lofty national feeling; little clear perception of that which really deserves affection and applause; little intelligent and earnest effort to foster the good we possess or acquire the good we need.

It has been the fate of colonists in all ages to consider the people from among whom they made their exodus both morally and intellectually superior to themselves, and the parent state has had thus a kind of spiritual, added to her political sovereignty. The American provinces quarrelled with England, conquered, and became a separate nation; and we have since had our own Presidents and Congresses; but England has continued to do the thinking of a large class here,—of men who have arrogated to themselves the title of critics,—of our sham sort of men, in all departments. We have had no confidence in ourselves; and men who lack self-reliance are rarely successful. We have not looked into our own hearts. We have not inquired of our own necessities. When we have written, instead of giving a free voice to the spirit within us, we have endeavored to write after some foreign model. We have been so fearful of nothing else as of an *Americanism* in thought or expression. He has been deemed greatest who has copied some transatlantic author with most successful servility. The noisiest demagogue who affects to despise England will scarcely open a book which was not written there. And if one of our countrymen wins some reputation among

his fellows, it is generally because he has been first praised abroad.

The commonly urged barriers to literary advancement supposed to exist in our form of government, the nature of our institutions, the restless and turbulent movements of our democracy, and the want of a wealthy and privileged class among us, deserve little consideration. Tumult and strife, the clashing of great interests and high excitements, are to be regarded rather as aids than as obstacles to intellectual progress. From Athens came the choicest literature and the finest art. Her philosophers, so calm and profound, her poets, the dulcet sounds of whose lyres still charm the ears of succeeding ages, wrote amid continual upturnings and overthrows. The best authors of Rome also were senators and soldiers. Milton, the greatest of the prose writers as well as the greatest of the poets of England, lived in the Commonwealth, and participated in all its political and religious controversies. And what repose had blind Mæonides, or Camoëns, or Dante, or Tasso? In the literature of Germany and France, too, the noblest works have been produced amid the shocks of contending elements.

Nor is the absence of a wealthy class, with leisure for such tranquil pursuits, to be much lamented. The privileged classes of all nations have been drones. We have, in the Southern States of this Republic, a large class, with ample fortunes, leisure, and quiet; but they have done comparatively nothing in the fields of intellectual exertion, except when startled into spasmodic activity by conflicts of interest with the North.

To say truth, most of the circumstances usually set down as barriers to æsthetical cultivation here, are directly or indirectly advantageous. The real obstacles are generally of a transient kind. Many of them are silently disappearing; and the rest would be soon unknown if we had a more enlightened love of country, and the making of our laws were not so commonly confided to a sort of men whose intellects are too mean or whose principles are too wicked to admit of their seeing or doing what is just and needful in the premises. That property which is most actual, the only property to which a man's right is positive, unquestionable, indefeasible, exclusive,—his genius, conferred as by letters-patent from the Almighty,—is held to be not his, but the public's, and therefore is not brought into use.¹ Nevertheless,

¹ "All 'arguments' against copyright, as universal and perpetual as the life of a book, are but insults to the common sense. Some of them are ingenious, and may be admired on the same principle that the ingenuity of a picklock is admired. The possession of lands is, by privilege, conceded to the individual for the common benefit. The right of an author rests on altogether different grounds. The intangible and inalienable power by which he works is a direct and special

much has been accomplished ; great advancement has been made against the wind and tide ; and at this time the aspects and prospects of our affairs are auspicious of scarcely any thing more than of the successful cultivation of National Literature and National Art.

ELOQUENCE OF JONATHAN EDWARDS.

No assertion in regard to Edwards has been more common than the one that he was not eloquent. The mountebank declamation of these latter days has so perverted men's judgments that they cannot understand how a preacher who rested one arm upon a high pulpit, with its diminutive and delicately-moulded hand holding a small manuscript volume all the while close to his eyes, and with the other made slowly his few and only gestures, could be an orator. But he could keep a congregation that had assembled to hear a morning sermon ignorant of the approach of noon until through the uncurtained windows of the church the setting sun's red rays were shining upon its ceiling. One time, when he was discoursing of death and the Judgment, people rose up from their seats, with pallor on their faces, to see Christ descend through the parting heavens. Being requested to preach at Enfield, where he was a stranger, and the assembly were so indifferent to religion as to be neglectful of the decency of silence while he prayed, he had not half finished his sermon before the startled sinners, having "already passed through the valley of silence," began to wail and weep so bitterly that he could not go on for their distress. These are triumphs of eloquence not dreamed of by such as deem themselves masters of the art from reading the foolish recipe ascribed to Demosthenes.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, 1816—1850.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE was born in Martinsburg, Virginia, on the 26th of October, 1816. At the age of fifteen he entered Princeton College, and on graduating pursued the study of law at Winchester, where his father was then residing. Before he was twenty-one he was married, admitted to the bar, and had very fair prospects in his profession. But he did not allow the law to engross all his time, a portion of which he devoted to writing various pieces, both of criticism and poetry, for the "Southern Literary Messenger" and other

gift to him, to be used in subjection only to the law of God, who mocks at the petty ranks which men establish, by setting the seal of His nobility and conferring His riches upon whom He will."

magazines. In 1847, he published *Froissart Ballads*¹ and other Poems, and was engaged in projecting other literary works, when he was suddenly arrested by death on the 20th of January, 1850, at the age of thirty-three.

Most of what Mr. Cooke wrote and published is beautiful in itself, but is more interesting from the promise it gave of greater achievement; for had he lived he would doubtless have risen to much higher literary distinction. One of his pieces, however, must be rescued and preserved,—the delicate and beautiful love-song of

FLORENCE VANE.²

I loved thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
 My life's bright dream, and early,
 Hath come again;
 I renew in my fond vision
 My heart's dear pain,
 My hopes, and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,
 Where thou didst hark my story,
 At even told,—
 That spot—the hues Elysian
 Of sky and plain—
 I treasure in my vision,
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
 Thy voice excell'd the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
 Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main;
 Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
 Thy glorious clay
 Lieth the green sod under,—
 Alas the day!
 And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain—
 To quicken love's pale ember,
 Florence Vane.

¹ These are versified transcripts of old Sir John Froissart's *Chronicles*, and are admirably done. He says in his preface, "The reader may be disposed to undervalue poems professing to be versifications of old stories, on the ground of a want of originality. I ask only, in anticipation of this, that he will recollect the fact that, from Chaucer to Dryden, such appropriations of old story were customary with the noblest poets of our language."

² "One of the daintiest lyrics in the language."—WILLIS. In the "*Southern Literary Messenger*" for June, 1858, is an excellent article on Mr. Cooke.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep,
 The pansies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep;
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane
 Where thine earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane!

LUCY HOOPER, 1816—1841.

"And thou art gone! sweet daughter of the lyre,
 Whose strains we hoped to hear thee waken long;
 Gone—as the stars in morning's light expire,
 Gone like the rapture of a passing song;
 Gone from a circle who thy gifts have cherish'd
 With genial fondness and devoted care,
 Whose dearest hopes, with thee, have sadly perish'd,
 And now can find no solace but in prayer;
 Prayer to be like thee, in so meekly bearing
 Both joy and sorrow from thy Maker's hand;
 Prayer to put on the white robes thou art wearing,
 And join thy anthem in the better land."—H. T. TUCKERMAN.

LUCY HOOPER, the daughter of Mr. Joseph Hooper, a highly respectable merchant of Newburyport, Massachusetts, was born in that city on the 4th of February, 1816. She very early gave indications of that sweetness of character, that purity of taste, and that brightness of intellect, which were afterwards so beautifully developed and harmoniously blended; and her father took every pains that her native powers should have the benefit of the best training, and her progress in her studies was astonishing. At the age of fourteen, the family removed to Brooklyn, New York; and here, very soon after, she became an occasional contributor to the "Long Island Star." Though anonymous, her pieces were greatly admired and widely copied; and if they had not the merit of her later productions, every one must be struck with the melody of her versification, as well as the precocious strength and nervousness of her expression.

Besides her compositions in verse, upon which Miss Hooper's fame chiefly rests, she was the author of many prose articles of a high order of merit. These were collected in a volume, and published in 1840, under the title of *Scenes from Real Life*: among them was the prize essay on "Domestic Happiness."

But, like the Davidsons, Henry Kirke White, and others, her early brilliant career of usefulness was soon to close. Her health from her childhood had been delicate; but the loss of her devoted father, and other domestic afflictions, affected her very deeply, and accelerated the progress of her fatal malady,—consumption; and on the morning of the 1st of August, 1841, she gently fell asleep in Jesus. Seldom has the death of any one so young called forth so many testimonies of admiration.¹ What she was, all can read and see; what she would probably have

¹ One of these was a touching piece by J. G. Whittier, and another 'the few sweet lines, by H. T. Tuckerman, placed at the head of this article.

become had she lived to a greater maturity of life and thought, we can imagine from the high promise of her early performance.¹

OSCEOLA.²

[Written upon seeing a picture of the Indian chief Osceola, drawn by Captain Vinton, of the United States Army, representing him as he appeared in the American camp.]

Not on the battle-field,
As when thy thousand warriors joy'd to meet thee,
Sounding the fierce war-cry,
Leading them forth to die,—
Not thus, not thus we greet thee.

But in a hostile camp,
Lonely amidst thy foes,
Thine arrows spent,
Thy brow unbent,—
Yet wearing record of thy people's woes.

Chief! for thy memories now,
While the tall palm against this quiet sky
Her branches waves,
And the soft river laves
The green and flower-crown'd banks it wanders by,

While in this golden sun
The burnish'd rifle gleameth with strange light,
And sword and spear
Rest harmless here,
Yet flash with startling radiance on the sight;

Wake they thy glance of scorn,
Thou of the folded arms and aspect stern,—

¹ In 1842 appeared her *Poetical Remains*, 12mo, with a beautifully-written memoir by John Keese; and, in 1848, her *Complete Poetical Works*, in 8vo.

² This was the noble Seminole chief who, in the "Second Seminole War," in 1837, being found invincible in open battle, was decoyed, by orders of General Jessup, into a conference, under the white flag of truce held sacred by all nations, and then surrounded by our troops, disarmed, and made a captive,—a transaction which should cover that officer's name with lasting infamy. To this, the following verse from Pierpont's bold, nervous, and truthful poem, "The Tocsin," alludes:—

"At Slavery's beck, the very hands
Ye lift to Heaven, to swear ye're free,
Will break a truce, to seize the lands
Of Seminole or Cherokee!
Yes,—tear a flag that Tartar hordes
Respect, and shield it with their swords."*

For a true account of the Florida War, read "The Exiles of Florida, or the Crimes committed by our Government against the Maroons, who fled from South Carolina and other Slave States, seeking Protection under Spanish Law," by Joshua R. Giddings,—a painfully-interesting narrative. Too many histories of the United States seem to have been written rather to conceal, than to tell the truth relative to certain transactions and subjects.

* "Bear witness, ghost of the great-hearted, broken-hearted Osceola!"

Thou of the deep low tone,¹
 For whose rich music gone,
 Kindred and friends alike may vainly yearn?

Woe for the trusting hour!
 Oh, kingly stag! no hand hath brought thee down;
 'Twas with a patriot's heart,
 Where fear usurp'd no part,
 Thou camest, a noble offering, and alone!

For vain yon army's might,
 While for thy band the wide plain own'd a tree,
 Or the wild vine's tangled shoots
 On the gnarl'd oak's mossy roots
 Their trysting-place might be!

Woe for thy hapless fate!
 Woe for thine evil times and lot, brave chief!
 Thy sadly closing story,
 Thy short and mournful glory,
 Thy high but hopeless struggle, brave and brief!

Woe for the bitter stain
 That from our country's banner may not part!
 Woe for the captive, woe!
 For burning pains, and slow,
 Are his who dieth of the fever'd heart.

Oh! in that spirit-land,
 Where never yet the oppressor's foot hath past,
 Chief, by those sparkling streams,
 Whose beauty mocks our dreams,
 May that high heart have won its rest at last.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Thou quiet moon, above the hill-tops shining,
 How do I revel in thy glances bright,
 How does my heart, cured of its vain repining,
 Take note of those who wait and watch thy light,—
 The student o'er his lonely volume bending,
 The pale enthusiast, joying in thy ray,
 And ever and anon his dim thoughts sending
 Up to the regions of eternal day!

Nor these alone,—the pure and radiant eyes
 Of Youth and Hope look up to thee with love;
 Would it were thine,—meek dweller of the skies,—
 To save from tears! but no! too far above
 This dim, cold earth thou shineest, richly flinging
 Thy soft light down on all who watch thy beam,
 And to the heart of Sorrow gently bringing
 The glories pictured in Life's morning stream,

¹ Osceola was remarkable for a soft and flute-like voice.

As a loved presence back; oh! shine to me
As to the voyagers on the faithless sea!

Joy's beacon-light! I know that trembling Care,
Warn'd by thy coming, hies him to repose,
And on his pillow laid, serenely there
Forgets his calling, that at day's dull close
Meek Age and rosy Childhood sink to rest,
And Passion lays her fever-dreams aside,
And the unquiet thought in every breast
Loses its selfish fervor and its pride
With thoughts of thee,—the while their vigil keeping,
The quiet stars hold watch o'er beauty sleeping!

But unto me, thou still and solemn light,
What may'st thou bring? high hope, unwavering trust
In Him, who for the watches of the night
Ordain'd thy coming, and on things of dust
Hath pour'd a gift of power,—on wings to rise
From the low earth and its surrounding gloom
To higher spheres, till as the shaded skies
Are lighted by thy glories, gentle Moon,
So are Life's lonely hours and dark despair
Cheer'd by the star of faith, the torch of prayer.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, so widely known as "the witty poet," is the son of Hon. Peter Saxe, and was born in Highgate, Franklin County, Vermont, June 2, 1816. He was graduated at Middleburg College in 1839, studied law, was admitted to the bar in September, 1843, and entered upon the practice of his profession at St. Alban's, having in the mean time entered into "the holy bonds of matrimony" with one of the fair daughters of the Mountain State. All his leisure time he devoted to *belles-lettres*, which finally fairly won him from the law. In 1846, he delivered a poem before the Alumni of Middleburg College, called *Progress*, a *Satire*, which was a most successful performance and won for him a high reputation. In 1847 appeared his *Rape of the Lock*, and in 1848 his *Proud Miss McBride*, both of which excited great laughter for their rollicking humor, happy puns, and pungent philosophy combined.

In 1850, Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, published his first volume of *Poems*, which soon ran through twelve editions. The same year he removed to Burlington, Vermont, and purchased the *Sentinel*, which he conducted for five years with marked success. Soon after he was elected State's Attorney, and, upon retiring from that office, was appointed Deputy-Collector of Customs. Of late years he has devoted his attention almost exclusively to literature, and now makes "lecturing" his sole vocation. So greatly does he excel in humorous and satirical poetry that he is constantly invited to address literary societies and "Institutes," and his readings and recitations are always enthusiastically

received. The poems *New England*, *The Press*, and *The Money King* have been delivered on such occasions, and are, of course, not in print. He is now preparing another volume of poems, which will include all his productions not embraced in the first. We hope it may be as successful.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large,
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in gray,
Looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker:—
Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the KNICKER-
BOCKER Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers,
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger

Woman with her baby
Sitting vis-a-vis;
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Woman looks at me,
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket,
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away,
 My nights are bless'd with sweetest sleep;
 I feel no symptoms of decay,
 I have no cause to moan and weep;
 My foes are impotent and shy,
 My friends are neither false nor cold,
 And yet, of late, I often sigh,—
 I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
 My growing thirst for early news,
 My growing apathy for rhymes,
 My growing love for easy shoes,
 My growing hate of crowds and noise,
 My growing fear of taking cold,
 All tell me, in the plainest voice,
 I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
 I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
 I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
 I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
 I'm growing careless of my dress,
 I'm growing frugal of my gold,
 I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
 I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste,
 I see it in my changing hair,
 I see it in my growing waist,
 I see it in my growing hair;
 A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
 As plain as truth was ever told,
 That even in my vaunted youth
 I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
 The tale in my reluctant ears;
 And every boon the hours bequeath
 But makes me debtor to the years;
 E'en flattery's honey'd words declare
 The secret she would fain withhold,
 And tells me, in "How young you are!"
 I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
 My sombre muse too sadly sings;
 Thanks for the gleams of golden light
 That tint the darkness of her wings,—
 The light that beams from out the sky,
 Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
 Where all are blest, and none may sigh,
 "I'm growing old!"

ELIZABETH HOWELL.

THE following poem, together with several others of great beauty of sentiment and purity of feeling, was written by a young lady of Philadelphia, a member of the "Society of Friends,"—Elizabeth Lloyd, Jr.,—the daughter of Isaac Lloyd. She afterwards was married to our late lamented fellow-townsmen, Robert Howell, Esq. It is sufficient, in commendation of these lines, to say that they were at first attributed by many journals to Milton himself.

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

I am old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong :
I murmur not that I no longer see ;—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme ! to Thee.

All-merciful One !
When men are farthest, then art thou most near ;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown ;
My vision Thou hast dimm'd, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred,—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture,—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
 Lit by no skill of mine.

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, 1817—1852.

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, the youngest son of John Bradford and Susan Wallace, was born in Philadelphia, on the 26th of February, 1817. Parents more competent to develop and discipline the mind no child could have. He appears early to have evinced a love of study and traits of strongly-marked individuality. His preparation for college was chiefly under the teachings of his father, and in his fifteenth year he entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he became at once distinguished in every branch of study, and particularly in the higher mathematics. After passing two years here, he was transferred to Princeton College, and had not been there a year before one of its most eminent professors declared that "he was the most extraordinary young man he had ever seen ; excelled in all branches of study,—seemed to know every thing, to read every thing, and to find and measure the wisdom of all he read."

After graduating in 1835, he devoted some years to the study of medicine, then to chemistry, and then to law. Of the latter he was master. Having no necessity, he had no taste, for the "practice" of the profession, and declined it ; but he ever continued to read, to think, and to write upon it on a large scale. His contributions to his profession are, *Comments upon Smith's Selection of Leading Cases in Various Branches of Law ; upon White and Tudor's Selection of Cases in Equity*, and other similar works, which are spoken of by one to whom all may justly defer, as "the fruits of as accomplished a legal mind as any man in any country at his early age has shown. It is almost marvellous that a man of thirty, who had no time or chance to file his opinions and thoughts by the thoughts of other men in bar-discussions, should have attained to so true and uniform and firm an edge, and to so sharp and penetrating a point, in all of them. There is not a note or remark in the whole body that does not show the mind of a lawyer, imbued with the spirit of the science, instinctively perceiving and observing all its limitations, its harmonies, its modulations, its discords, as a cultivated ear perceives, without an effort, what is congruous or incongruous with the harmonies of sound."¹

Mr. Wallace died at Paris on the 16th of December, 1852. Since then, two volumes have been collected and arranged from his writings, by his surviving brother, John William Wallace, Esq. The duty was done with great care and faithfulness that the author should speak in his own exact words, though all was left by him in an unprepared state and without any thought of publication. They will remain a lasting monument of the author's genius, leaving the world to mourn his early loss, and, in that, the loss of what he might have done. These works are entitled *Art and Scenery in Europe*, and *Literary Criticisms and other Papers*.²

¹ Horace Binney, Esq., of Philadelphia.

² Good editions of these have been published by Parry & McMillan, Phila.

What we can quote is only a taste of these volumes, filled with the rarest beauties of thought and expression. They are but broken fragments, and indeed such is all he has left; but, "luminous with beauty, they show how admirable was his style of man,—all the powers of his mind adjusted, not one unused in its office, but as lights, each reflecting on the other, and making the soul the place of clear vision, radiant with the first elements that enter into the best creations."

THE ALPS.

Perhaps no intellectual emotion of our maturer life comes upon us with so much novelty, and strength, and delight, as that shock of surprise and pleasure which we receive from the sight of the snowy pinnacles of the Alps, shooting up into the blue heaven, and standing together in silent mysterious vastness. It provokes not to expression, but sinks upon the stilled heart, with a strange, exquisite feeling, essentially spiritual in its solemnity and depth. Our native and familiar earth is seen expanding into the sublimity of the heavens, and we feel as if our destiny were exalted along with it. The wonder and sensibility of childhood return upon us. Niagara,—the ocean,—cathedrals,—all these, when seen for the first time, touch chords of immortality within our being. But none of them in quickness and fineness and depth of force can be equalled to the aspect of the Alps. Material and moral qualities combine to render it the most awing and ennobling that can pass before living eyes. There is a calming, elevating, consoling influence in the quietness of power, the repose of surpassing magnificence, in which these mighty eminences rest, living out their great lives in silent and motionless serenity; and our turbulent and troubled souls are reprovèd and chastened by the spectacle.

THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.

What a world within Life's open world is the interior of St. Peter's!—a world of softness, brightness, and richness!—fusing the sentiments in a refined rapture of tranquillity,—gratifying the imagination with splendors more various, expansive, and exhaustless than the natural universe from which we pass,—typical of that sphere of spiritual consciousness, which, before the inward-working energies of Faith, arches itself out within man's mortal being. When you push aside the heavy curtain that veils the sanctuary from the [MS. wanting] without, what a shower of high and solemn pleasure is thrown upon your spirit! A glory of beauty fills all the Tabernacle. The majesty of a Perfection, that seems fragrant of delightfulness, fills it like a Presence. Grandeur, strength, solidity,—suggestive of the fixed Infinite,—float unsphered within those vaulted spaces, like clouds of lustre. The

immensity of the size,—the unlimitable richness of the treasure that has been lavished upon its decoration by the enthusiastic prodigality of the Catholic world through successive centuries,—dwarf Man and the Present, and leave the soul open to sentiments of God and Eternity. The eye, as it glances along column and archway, meets nothing but variegated marbles and gold. Among the ornaments of the obscure parts of the walls and piers are a multitude of pictures, vast in magnitude, transcendent in merit,—the master-pieces of the world,—the Communion of St. Jerome,—the Burial of St. Petronilla,—the Transfiguration of the Saviour,—not of perishable canvass and oils, but wrought in mosaic, and fit to endure till Time itself shall perish.

It is the sanctuary of Space and Silence. No throng can crowd these aisles; no sound of voices or of organs can displace the venerable quiet that broods here. The Pope, who fills the world with all his pompous retinue, fills not St. Peter's; and the roar of his quired singers, mingling with the sonorous chant of a host of priests and bishops, struggles for an instant against this ocean of stillness, and then is absorbed into it like a faint echo. The mightiest ceremonies of human worship—celebrated by the earth's chief Pontiff, sweeping along in the magnificence of the most imposing array that the existing world can exhibit—seem dwindled into insignificance within this structure. They do not explain to our feelings the uses of the building. As you stand within the gorgeous, celestial dwelling—framed not for man's abode—the holy silence, the mysterious fragrance, the light of ever-burning lamps, suggest to you that it is the home of invisible spirits,—an outer court of Heaven,—visited, perchance, in the deeper hours of a night that is never dark within its walls, by the all-sacred AWE itself.

THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

The first thing that I came upon here was the great crater of the eruption of 1794,—now dry and scorious, and black as a bosom in which sensual passion has burnt itself to exhaustion. Though crusted over and closed, it was steaming and smoking through sundry apertures. Traversing it, I arrived at the large crater of 1850,—a still raw and open ulcer of earth. The wind was blowing from us, and the circumstances were favorable for viewing the cavity. It was filled with a dense volume of white gas, which was whirling and rapidly ascending; but the breeze occasionally drove it to the opposite side and disclosed the depths of the frightful chasm. It descended a prodigious distance, in the shape of an inverted, truncated cone, and then terminated in a circular opening. The mysteries of the profound immensity beyond,

no human eye might see, no human heart conceive. We hurled some stones into the gulf and listened till they struck below. The guide gravely assured me that ten minutes elapsed before the sound was heard; I found, by the watch, that the interval was, in reality, something over three quarters of a minute;—and that seems almost incredibly long. When the vapor, at intervals, so far thinned away that one could see across, as through a vista, the opposite side of the crater, viewed athwart the mist, seemed several miles distant, though in fact but a few hundred feet. The interior of the shelving crater was entirely covered over with a bed of knob-like blossoms of brilliant white, yellow, green, red, brown,—the sulphurous flowers of Hell. I cannot describe this spectacle, for, in impression and appearance, alike, it resembles nothing else that I have seen before or since. It was like Death,—which has no similitudes in life. It was like a vision of the Second Death. As the sun gleamed at times through the white breath that swayed and twisted about the maw of the accursed monstrosity, there seemed to be an activity in the vaulted depth; but it was the activity of shadows in the concave of nothingness. It seemed the emblem of destruction, itself, extinct. There was something about it revoltingly beautiful, disgustingly splendid. One while, its circling rim looked like the parched shore of the ever-absorbing and ever-empty sea of annihilation. Another while, it seemed like a fetid cancer on the breast of earth, destined one day to consume it. To me it was purely uncomfortable and wholly uninspiring. It seemed to freeze back fancy and sentiment to their sources. It was not terrible, it was merely horrible. It is a thing to see once, but I care not to see such a thing again in this world; and Jesus grant that I may see nothing like it in the next!

WASHINGTON.—HAMILTON.¹

If we compare him with the great men who were his contemporaries throughout the nation, in an age of extraordinary personages, Washington was unquestionably the first man of the time in ability. Review the correspondence of General Washington,—that sublime monument of intelligence and integrity,—scrutinize the public history and the public men of that era, and you will find that in all the wisdom that was accomplished or was attempted, Washington was before every man in his suggestions of the plan, and beyond every one in the extent to which he contributed to its adoption. In the field, all the able generals

¹ These remarks on Washington and Hamilton are wonderfully beautiful, discriminating, and just.

acknowledged his superiority, and looked up to him with loyalty, reliance, and reverence; the others, who doubted his ability, or conspired against his sovereignty, illustrated in their own conduct their incapacity to be either his judges or his rivals. In the state, Adams, Jay, Rutledge, Pinckney, Morris,—these are great names; but there is not one whose wisdom does not veil to his. His superiority was felt by all these persons, and was felt by Washington himself, as a simple matter of fact, as little a subject of question or a cause of vanity as the eminence of his personal stature. His appointment as commander-in-chief was the result of no design on his part, and of no efforts on the part of his friends: it seemed to take place spontaneously. He moved into the position, because there was a vacuum which no other could supply; in it, he was not sustained by government, by a party, or by connections; he sustained himself; and then he sustained every thing else. He sustained Congress against the army, and the army against the injustice of Congress. The brightest mind among his contemporaries was Hamilton's,—a character which cannot be contemplated without frequent admiration, and constant affection. His talents took the form of genius, which Washington's did not. But active, various, and brilliant as the faculties of Hamilton were, whether viewed in the precocity of youth or in the all-accomplished elegance of maturer life,—lightning-quick as his intelligence was to see through every subject that came before it, and vigorous as it was in constructing the argumentation by which other minds were to be led, as upon a shapely bridge, over the obscure depths across which his had flashed in a moment,—fertile and sound in schemes, ready in action, splendid in display, as he was,—nothing is more obvious and certain than that when Mr. Hamilton approached Washington, he came into the presence of one who surpassed him in the extent, in the comprehension, the elevation, the sagacity, the force, and the ponderousness of his mind, as much as he did in the majesty of his aspect and the grandeur of his step. The genius of Hamilton was a flower, which gratifies, surprises, and enchants; the intelligence of Washington was a stately tree, which in the rarity and true dignity of its beauty is as superior as it is in its dimensions.

* * * * *

In moral qualities, the character of Washington is the most truly dignified that was ever presented to the respect and admiration of mankind. He was one of the few entirely good men in whom goodness had no touch of weakness. He was one of the few rigorously just men whose justice was not commingled with any of the severity of personal temper. The elevation, and strength, and greatness of his feelings were derived from Nature; their moderation was the effect of reflection and discipline. His

temper, by nature, was ardent, and inclined to action. His passions were quick, and capable of an intensity of motion which, when it was kindled by either intellectual or moral indignation, amounted almost to fury. But how rarely—how less than rarely—was any thing of this kind exhibited in his public career! How restrained from all excess which reason could reprove, or virtue condemn, or good taste reject, were these earnest impulses, in the accommodation of his nature to “that great line of duty” which he had set up as the course of his life! Seen in his public duties, his attitude and character—the one elevated above familiarity, the other purged of all littlenesses—present a position and an image almost purely sublime.

But when viewed in the gentler scenes of domestic and friendly relation, there are traits which give loveliness to dignity, and add grace to veneration; like the leaves and twigs which cluster around the trunk and huge branches of the colossal elm, making that beautiful which else were only grand. His sentiments were quick and delicate; his refinement exquisite. His temper was as remote from plebeian as his principles were opposite to democratic. If his public bearing had something of the solemnity of Puritanism, the sources of his social nature were the spirit and maxims of a cavalier. His demeanor towards all men illustrated, in every condition, that “finest sense of justice which the mind can form.” IN ALL THINGS ADMIRABLE, IN ALL THINGS TO BE IMITATED; IN SOME THINGS SCARCE IMITABLE AND ONLY TO BE ADMIRED.

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

A. CLEVELAND COXE (who has adopted an older spelling of the family name) is the son of Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D.D., and Abiah Hyde Cleveland,¹ and was

¹ He gets his middle name from his mother, the daughter of Rev. Aaron Cleveland, (1744–1815,) of Norwich and Hartford, Connecticut. He was the son of Rev. Aaron Cleveland, (1719–1757, a graduate at Harvard College in 1735,) and, from his promising talents, was early destined for college. But, his father (rector of the Episcopal Church at Newcastle, Delaware) dying when he was but twelve years old, and leaving nine other children unprovided for, he was apprenticed to a hatter, and, when of age, established himself in business at Norwich. Subsequently (in 1775) he was chosen a representative to the State Legislature, and served in that capacity for two years. When he was over forty years of age, he experienced a great change in his religious views, and immediately entered upon the study of theology. He was ordained two years afterwards, and preached with great acceptance in various places (part of the time as a missionary in the early settlements of Vermont) until the day of his death, which took place in New Haven in 1815. He was a man of strong native powers of mind, of a most benevolent temper, and of quick and genial wit and humor, which made him a delightful companion. He wrote a great deal, but was so careless of his productions that but few have

born in Mendham, New Jersey, (where his father was first settled,) May 10, 1818, and graduated at the New York City University, with honorable distinction, in 1838. While a student, in 1837, he published *Advent, a Mystery; and other Poems*. After leaving the University, he entered upon the study of theology, and in 1841 was ordained deacon, settled in Westchester, New York, and was married to Catharine Hyde, of Brooklyn. In 1842, he accepted the rectorship of St. John's Church, Hartford. In 1851, he went to England, where he received great attentions from many eminent scholars and the highest dignitaries of the English Church, the fame of his *Christian Ballads* having preceded him. On his return home, he remained at Hartford till 1854, when he was elected rector of Grace Church, Baltimore, where he now is.

Mr. Coxe's principal publications are as follows:—In 1840, *Athanasion*,¹ and *Miscellaneous Poems*, and *Christian Ballads*, the latter of which passed through many editions in England as well as in this country, and, next to Keble's "Christian Year," have probably enjoyed the greatest popularity ever accorded to such a work. In 1844, he published *Halloween, and other Poems*; and in 1845, *Saul, a Mystery*. In 1855, he collected and published his *Impressions of England*, originally contributed for the "New York Church Journal." The book has gone through several editions, and has been very highly and deservedly commended. Besides these larger works, Mr. Coxe has written many valuable articles for the religious periodicals in England and America; such as "Modern English Poetry," and "The Poetry of Cowper," for the "Biblical Repository;" "Devotional Poetry," for the "New York Review;" "Schools in American Literature," and "Writings of Hawthorne," for the "Church Review;" and several articles for "Blackwood's Magazine." He has lately written but little for the press, as he devotes himself most laboriously to his parochial duties.

THE HEART'S SONG.

In the silent midnight watches,
 List—thy bosom-door!
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore!
 Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
 'Tis thy heart of sin:
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
 Rise, and let me in!

been preserved. Before he was twenty years old, he wrote *The Philosopher and Boy*, which may be found in "The Poets of Connecticut," and which is superior to any American poetry prior to 1780. In 1775, he published a poem against Slavery: it is in blank verse, and consists of about nine hundred lines. He published also a poem entitled *Family Blood, a Burlesque*; and two peace sermons, in 1815, entitled *The Life of Man Inviolable*, which were reprinted in England. I have felt thus much, at least, to be due to my pious and gifted ancestor, not having given him a regular place in my book, with selections from his poetry.

¹ Of the *Athanasion*, the late Professor Henry Reed thus wrote:—"There is no word I am in the habit of using more cautiously than the word *poetry*, no title I apply with more reserve than that of *poet*; but there cannot be here a moment's hesitation in pronouncing this to be a genuine burst of poetry. I did not think there was among us the power to produce any thing equal to it."

Death comes down with reckless footstep
 To the hall and hut:
 Think you Death will stand a-knocking
 Where the door is shut?
 Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;
 But thy door is fast!
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating
 Christ to let thee in:
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
 Hast thou then forgot,
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 But he knows thee not!

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

The chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
 Of England green and old,
 That out from fane and ivied tower
 A thousand years have toll'd;
 How glorious must their music be
 As breaks the hallow'd day,
 And calleth with a seraph's voice
 A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
 Sweet tales of olden time!
 And ring a thousand memories
 At vesper, and at prime;
 At bridal and at burial,
 For cottager and king—
 Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,
 How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
 Upon a Christmas morn,
 Outbreaking, as the angels did,
 For a Redeemer born;
 How merrily they call afar,
 To cot and baron's hall,
 With holly deck'd and mistletoe,
 To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
 From tower and Gothic pile,
 Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
 The dim cathedral aisle;
 Where windows bathe the holy light
 On priestly heads that fall,
 And stain the florid tracery
 And banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring.

Those glorious Easter chimes;
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the LORD,
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the LORD that I am sprung
Of good old English line!
And, like a son, I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the LORD,
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,
And happy in my birth,
Thee, too, I love, my forest-land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here—where God is King,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

OH, WALK WITH GOD.

“And Enoch walked with God.”

Oh, walk with God, and thou shalt find
How he can charm thy way,
And lead thee with a quiet mind
Into his perfect day.
His love shall cheer thee, like the dew
That bathes the drooping flower,
That love is every morning new,
Nor fails at evening's hour.

Oh, walk with God, and thou with smiles
Shalt tread the way of tears,
His mercy every ill beguiles,
And softens all our fears.
No fire shall harm thee, if, alas!
Through fires He bid thee go;
Through waters when thy footsteps pass,
They shall not overflow.

Oh, walk with God, while thou on earth
With pilgrim steps must fare,
Content to leave the world its mirth,
And claim no dwelling there.
A stranger, thou must seek a home
Beyond the fearful tide,
And if to Canaan thou wouldst come,
Oh, who but God can guide!

Oh, walk with God, and thou shalt go
 Down death's dark vale in light,
 And find thy faithful walk below
 Hath reach'd to Zion's height!
 Oh, walk with God, if thou wouldst see
 Thy pathway thither tend:
 And, lingering though thy journey be,
 'Tis heaven and home at end!

OXFORD BOAT-RACE.

Going into Christ Church Meadows, in company with several gownsmen, we soon joined a crowd of under-graduates, and others who were seeking the banks of the Isis. The rival boats were still far up the stream; but here we found their flags displayed upon a staff, one above the other, in the order of their respective merit at the last rowing-match. The flag of Wadham waved triumphant, and the brilliant colors of Balliol, Christ Church, Exeter, &c. fluttered scarce less proudly underneath. What an animated scene those walks and banks exhibited, as the numbers thickened, and the flaunting robes of the young academics began to be seen in dingy contrast with the gayer silks and streamers of the fair! Even *town*, as well as *gown*, had sent forth its representatives, and you would have said some mighty issue was about to be decided, had you heard their interchange of breathless query and reply. A distant gun announced that the boats had started, and crowds began to gather about a bridge in the neighboring fields, where it was certain they would soon be seen, in all the speed and spirit of the contest. Crossing the little river in a *punt*, and yielding to the enthusiasm which now filled the hearts and faces of all spectators, away I flew towards the bridge, and had scarcely gained it when the boats appeared,—Wadham still ahead, but hotly pressed by Balliol, which in turn was closely followed by the crews of divers other colleges, all pulling for dear life, while their friends, on either bank, ran at their side, shouting the most inspiring outcries! The boats were of the sharpest and narrowest possible build, with out-rigged thole-pins for the oars. The rowers, in proper boat-dress, or rather undress, (close-fitting flannel shirt and drawers,) were lashing the water with inimitable strokes, and “putting their back” into their sport, as if *every man* was indeed determined to *do his duty*. “Now, Wadham!” “Now, Balliol!” “Well pulled, Christ Church!” with deafening hurrahs and occasional peals of laughter, made the welkin ring again. I found myself running and shouting with the merriest of them. Several boats were but a few feet apart, and, stroke after stroke, not one gained upon another perceptibly. Where there was the least gain, it was astonishing to see the

pluck with which both winner and loser seemed to start afresh; while redoubled cries of "Now for it, Merton!" "Well done, Corpus!" and even "Go it, again!"—which I had supposed an Americanism,—were vociferated from the banks. All at once—"a bump!" and the defeated boat fell aside, while the victors pressed on amid roars of applause. The chief interest, however, was, of course, concentrated about "Wadham," the leader, now evidently gained upon by "Balliol."—It was indeed most exciting to watch the half-inch losses which the former was experiencing at every stroke. The goal was near; but the plucky Balliol crew was not to be distanced. A stroke or two of fresh animation and energy sends their bow an arm's-length forward. "Hurrah, Balliol!"—"Once more!"—"A bump!"—"Hurrah-ah-ah!"—and a general cheer from all lungs, with hands waving and caps tossing, and every thing betokening the wildest excitement of spirits, closed the contest; while amid the uproar the string of flags came down from the tall staff, and soon went up again, with several transpositions of the showy colors,—Wadham's little streamer now fluttering *paulo-post*, but victorious Balliol flaunting proudly over all. It was growing dark; and it was surprising how speedily the crowd dispersed, and how soon all that frenzy of excitement had vanished like the bubbles on the river.

Impressions of England.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THIS distinguished poet and essayist, the son of Rev. Charles Lowell, D.D., for nearly fifty years pastor of the West Church, Boston, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 22d of February, 1819. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1838, and, after studying law, opened an office in Boston. But he soon found the profession not congenial to his tastes; and, as he was not compelled by necessity to pursue it as a means of living, he returned to his books and trees at his father's residence, Elmwood, near Mount Auburn, determined on making literature his reliance for fame and fortune.

In 1841 appeared a collection of his poems, entitled *A Year's Life*, which gave great promise of future excellence. In 1843, in conjunction with his friend Robert Carter, he commenced the publication of a monthly magazine, called "The Pioneer;" but only three numbers were published. Soon after this, he was married to Miss Maria White, of Watertown,—a lady of a highly-cultivated mind, of congenial literary tastes, and adorned with every womanly grace and accomplishment. In 1844 appeared the *Legend of Brittany*, *Prometheus*, and *Miscellaneous Poems and Sonnets*, which secured the general consent to his admission into the company of men of genius. In 1845, he published his *Conversations on some of the Old Poets*; and in 1848, another volume of *Poems*; *The Vision of Sir Launfal*; and that unique and remarkable book, *A Fable for Critics*, containing por-

traits of eminent contemporaries, most faithfully and exquisitely drawn. The same year, he gave to the world, from his prolific and caustic pen, *The Bigelow Papers*,² written in the broad Yankee dialect, no little characterized. It is a keen and well-merited political satire against our Mexican war, and the ascendancy so long maintained in our Government by the slave-power.³

Since 1848, Mr. Lowell has published no volume,⁴ but has written for many reviews and magazines;⁵ and—whatever the publishers may say—common fame will make him the editor of the ablest magazine ever published on this side the water,—“The Atlantic Monthly.”

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

¹ The fine lines under Washington Irving, page 274, will show what the book is, more effectually than any criticism.

² “The rhymes are as startling and felicitous as any in Hudibras, and the quaint drollery of the illustrations is in admirable keeping with the whole character of the forlorn recruit from Massachusetts.”—*North American Review*, lxviii. 187.

³ “All at once we have a batch of small satirists—Mr. Bailey at their head—in England, and one really powerful satirist in America,—namely, Mr. J. R. Lowell,—whose *Bigelow Papers* we most gladly welcome as being not only the best volume of satires since the Anti-Jacobin, but also the first work of real and efficient poetical genius which has reached us from the United States. We have been under the necessity of telling some unpleasant truths about American literature from time to time; and it is with hearty pleasure that we are now able to own that the Britishers have been, for the present, utterly and apparently hopelessly beaten by a Yankee in one important department of poetry. In the United States, social and political evils have a breadth and tangibility which are not at present to be found in the condition of any other civilized country. The ‘peculiar domestic institution,’ the filibustering tendencies of the nation, the tyranny of a vulgar ‘public opinion,’ and the charlatanism which is the price of political power, are butts for the shafts of the satirist which European poets may well envy Mr. Lowell. We do not pretend to affirm that the evils of European society may not be as great, in their own way, as those which afflict the credit of the United States,—with the exception, of course, of slavery, which makes ‘American freedom’ deservedly the laughing-stock of the world; but what we do say is, that the evils in point have a boldness and simplicity about them which our more sophisticated follies have not, and that, a hundred years hence, Mr. Lowell’s Yankee satires will be perfectly intelligible to every one.”—*North British Review*.

⁴ In 1857, Ticknor & Fields issued a beautiful edition of all his poems, in two volumes.

⁵ His reviews and essays have appeared in the “North American Review,” “Southern Literary Messenger,” “Knickerbocker,” “Democratic Review,” “Graham’s Magazine,” “Putnam’s Magazine,” “Boston Miscellany,” and “National Anti-Slavery Standard.”

The rich man's son inherits cares :

The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
A patience learn'd of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great ;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last ;

Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-fill'd past ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

I.

O dwellers in the valley-land,
 Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
 Till the slow mountain's dial-hand
 Shortens to noon's triumphal hour,—
 While ye sit idle, do ye think
 The Lord's great work sits idle too ?
 That light dare not o'erleap the brink
 Of morn, because 'tis dark with you ?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
 In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
 And reapers, with their sickles bright,
 Troop, singing, down the mountain-side :
 Come up, and feel what health there is
 In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
 As, bending with a pitying kiss,
 The night-shed tears of Earth she dries !

The Lord wants reapers : Oh, mount up
 Before night comes, and says, " Too late !"
 Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
 The Master hungers while ye wait :
 'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
 The advancing spears of day can see,
 Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,
 To break your long captivity.

II.

Lone watcher on the mountain-height !
 It is right precious to behold
 The first long surf of climbing light
 Flood all the thirsty east with gold ;
 But we, who in the shadow sit,
 Know also when the day is nigh,
 Seeing thy shining forehead lit
 With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office ; we have ours ;
 God lacks not early service here,
 But what are thine eleventh hours
 He counts with us for morning cheer ;
 Our day, for Him, is long enough,
 And when He giveth work to do,
 The bruised reed is amply tough
 To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
 Light's earlier messages to preach ;
 Keep back no syllable of fire,—
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech ;
 Yet God deems not thine aëried sight
 More worthy than our twilight dim,—
 For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
 And following that is finding Him.

ACT FOR TRUTH.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
 The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
 Until occasion tells him what to do ;
 And he who waits to have his task mark'd out
 Shall die and leave his errand unfulfill'd.
 Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds :
 Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
 Yearn for each other with outstretched arms
 Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
 And roll their white surf higher every day.
 One age moves onward, and the next builds up
 Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
 The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
 Rearing from out the forests they had fell'd
 The goodly framework of a fairer state ;
 The builder's trowel and the settler's axe
 Are seldom wielded by the selfsame hand ;
 Ours is the harder task, yet not the less
 Shall we receive the blessing for our toil
 From the choice spirits of the after-time.
 The field lies wide before us, where to reap
 The easy harvest of a deathless name,
 Though with no better sickles than our swords.
 My soul is not a palace of the past,
 Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate, quake,
 Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
 That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
 The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change ;
 Then let it come : I have no dread of what
 Is call'd for by the instinct of mankind ;
 Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
 Because we tear a parchment more or less.
 Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
 With endless change, is fitted to the hour ;
 Her mirror is turn'd forward, to reflect
 The promise of the future, not the past.
 He who would win the name of truly great
 Must understand his own age and the next,
 And make the present ready to fulfil
 Its prophecy, and with the future merge
 Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
 The future works out great men's destinies ;
 The present is enough for common souls,

Who, never looking forward, are indeed
 Mere clay wherein the footprints of their age
 Are petrified forever : better those
 Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
 From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
 And set him onward in his darksome way.
 I do not fear to follow out the truth,
 Albeit along the precipice's edge.
 Let us speak plain : there is more force in names
 Than most men dream of ; and a lie may keep
 Its throne a whole age longer if it skulk
 Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
 Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
 That only freedom comes by grace of God,
 And all that comes not by his grace must fall ;
 For men in earnest have no time to waste
 In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

ON THE CAPTURE OF CERTAIN FUGITIVE SLAVES NEAR
 WASHINGTON.

Look on who will in apathy, and stifle they who can,
 The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man ;
 Let those whose hearts are dungeon'd up with interest or with ease
 Consent to hear with quiet pulse of loathsome deeds like these !

I first drew in New England's air, and from her hardy breast
 Suck'd in the tyrant-hating milk that will not let me rest ;
 And if my words seem treason to the dullard and the tame,
 'Tis but my Bay-State dialect,—our fathers spake the same !

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone
 To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone,
 While we look coldly on, and see law-shielded ruffians slay
 The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of to-day !

Are we pledged to craven silence ? Oh, fling it to the wind,
 The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human kind,—
 That makes us cringe and temporize, and dumbly stand at rest,
 While Pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast !

Though we break our fathers' promise, we have nobler duties first ;
 The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed ;
 Man is more than Constitutions ; better rot beneath the sod
 Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God !

We owe allegiance to the State ; but deeper, truer, more,
 To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirits' core ;
 Our country claims our fealty : we grant it so ; but then
 Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

He's true to God who's true to man ; wherever wrong is done,
 To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
 That wrong is also done to us ; and they are slaves most base,
 Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.

Chain down your slaves with ignorance, ye cannot keep apart,
With all your craft of tyranny, the human heart from heart :
When first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay-State's iron shore,
The word went forth that slavery should one day be no more.

Out from the land of bondage 'tis decreed our slaves shall go,
And signs to us are offer'd, as erst to Pharaoh ;
If we are blind, their exodus, like Israel's of yore,
Through a Red Sea is doom'd to be, whose surges are of gore.

'Tis ours to save our brethren, with peace and love to win
Their darken'd hearts from error, ere they harden it to sin ;
But if man before his duty with a listless spirit stands,
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the work from out his hands.

TO J. R. GIDDINGS.¹

Giddings, far rougher names than thine have grown
Smoother than honey on the lips of men ;
And thou shalt aye be honorably known
As one who bravely used his tongue and pen.
As best befits a freeman,—even for those
To whom our Law's unblushing front denies
A right to plead against the life-long woes
Which are the Negro's glimpse of Freedom's skies :
Fear nothing and hope all things, as the Right
Alone may do securely ; every hour
The thrones of Ignorance and ancient Night
Lose somewhat of their long-usurp'd power,
And Freedom's lightest word can make them shiver
With a base dread that clings to them forever.

¹ Joshua R. Giddings, now (1858) the oldest member of the United States House of Representatives, was born in Athens, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, on the 6th of October, 1795. While in his infancy, his father removed to Canandaigua, New York, and remained there till 1806, when he removed to Ashtabula County, Ohio. Having a strong taste for literature, he determined to enter professional life; and by constant labor and self-denying efforts he was enabled to present himself for admission to the bar in 1820. His practice soon became extensive. In a few years, he was elected to the Legislature of his own State, and in 1838 to a seat in the United States House of Representatives. In February, 1838, he made his first anti-slavery speech in Congress. In 1842, he was censured by the House of Representatives for introducing anti-slavery resolutions. He at once resigned, returned home, appealed to his constituents, and in five weeks was returned by an overwhelming majority. There he has remained ever since,—a most vigilant and faithful watchman on the watch-tower of liberty. His Congressional speeches have been published in a handsome volume of 511 pages,—a monument to his courage and faithfulness to truth more enduring than granite or marble. In 1858, he published an historical work of deep interest, and designed to tell, not conceal, the truth, entitled, *The Exiles of Florida: or the Crimes committed by our Government against the Maroons, who fled from South Carolina and other Slave States, seeking Protection under Spanish Laws*.

FREEDOM.¹

Men ! whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave ?
 If ye do not feel the chain,
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,—
 Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

Women ! who shall one day bear
 Sons to breathe New England air,
 If ye hear, without a blush,
 Deeds to make the roused blood rush
 Like red lava through your veins,
 For your sisters now in chains,—
 Answer ! are ye fit to be
 Mothers of the brave and free ?

Is true Freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And, with leathern hearts, forget
 That we owe mankind a debt ?
 No ! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And, with heart and hand, to be
 Earnest to make others free !

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak ;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think ;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

MARIA LOWELL, 1821—1853.

MARIA WHITE, the daughter of an opulent citizen of Watertown, Massachusetts, was born July 8, 1821. In December, 1844, she was married to James Russell Lowell, and died on the 22d of October, 1853. In 1855, her husband had a volume of her poetry privately printed, of the character of which some judgment may be formed from the following beautiful and touching lines addressed to a friend after the loss of a child.

¹ Sung at the Anti-Slavery Picnic in Dedham, on the anniversary of West India Emancipation, August 1, 1843.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

When on my ear your loss was knell'd,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory well'd,
Which once had quench'd my bitter thirst,

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And sear'd below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go:
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in these pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks that flow unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me."

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

THIS instructive and admired essayist was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 8th of March, 1819. His father, Matthew Whipple, dying while the son was in his infancy, his widow removed to Salem; and there young Edwin was educated at the English High School. When he was but fourteen years of age, he published articles in the newspaper-press at Salem, and at fifteen became clerk of the Bank of General Interest in that city. When he was eighteen years of age, he went to Boston, where he entered a large banking-house, as clerk, but was soon after appointed Superintendent of the Merchants' Exchange News-Room. Such a position would hardly seem compatible with literary pursuits; and yet but few college-graduates have been as distinguished for articles of beautiful, just, and vigorous criticism, in our best reviews, as Mr. Whipple. But, besides his influence as a writer, he has appeared before the public, in most of our Northern States, as a lecturer of uncommon power and attractiveness, and has often been invited to address the literary societies of various colleges,—Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, and the New York University. In 1850, the city authorities of Boston elected him to deliver before them the Fourth of July oration. Two collections of his writings have been published by Ticknor & Fields, namely, *Essays and Reviews*, in two volumes; and *Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life*; and it would be hard to find in English or American literature three other volumes more instructive for their matter, or more captivating for their style.

THE POWER OF WORDS.

Words are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order that they may bear at once upon all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift, Temple, Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular weapon. The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of levelling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practising the broadsword exercise, and sweeping down

adversaries with every stroke. Arbuthnot "plays his weapon like a tongue of flame." Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence without having his ranks disordered or his line broken. Luther is different. His words are "half battles;" "his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very heart of the matter." Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel, and there are sutlers in his camp who lie, cog, and talk gross obscenity. Macaulay, brisk, lively, keen, and energetic, runs his thought rapidly through his sentence, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backwards by the suddenness of his stoppage. Gifford's words are moss-troopers, that way-lay innocent travellers and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine "lance," with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has had time to close his helmet. John Wilson's camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effectual service under better discipline, but who, under his lead, are suffered to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes swear, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray. Swift's words are porcupines' quills, which he throws with unerring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliot's words are gifted with huge fists, to pommel and bruise. Chatham and Mirabeau throw hot shot into their opponents' magazines. Talfourd's forces are orderly and disciplined, and march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus; and the hard, harsh-featured battalions of Maginn are always preceded by a brass band. Hallam's word infantry can do much execution when they are not in each others' way. Pope's phrases are either daggers or rapiers. Willis's words are often tipsy with the champagne of the fancy, but even when they reel and stagger they keep the line of grace and beauty, and, though scattered at first by a fierce onset from graver cohorts, soon reunite without wound or loss. John Neal's forces are multitudinous, and fire briskly at every thing. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over too much ground. Everett's weapons are ever kept in good order, and shine well in the sun; but they are little calculated for warfare, and rarely kill when they strike. Webster's words are thunderbolts, which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are hurled, but always leave enduring marks when they strike. Hazlitt's verbal army is some-

times drunk and surly, sometimes foaming with passion, sometimes cool and malignant, but, drunk or sober, are ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom Moore's words are shining dirt, which he flings with excellent aim. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged with more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in this connection, might be compared to ragged, undisciplined militia, which could be easily routed by a charge of horse, and which are apt to fire into each others' faces.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Wit was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which *kens*, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly, to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise. It marries ideas lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding. Humor originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy; humor, by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; humor is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low, into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes in an instant; humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions and the branding-iron,—stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines; humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is a humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence,—promoting tolerant views of life,—bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble. Old Dr. Fuller's remark, that a negro is "the image of God cut in ebony," is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the taskmaster is "the image of the devil cut in ivory,"

is witty. Wit can coexist with fierce and malignant passions; but humor demands good feeling and fellow-feeling,—feeling not merely for what is above us, but for what is around and beneath us.

THE LITERATURE OF MIRTH.

The ludicrous side of life, like the serious side, has its literature; and it is a literature of untold wealth. Mirth is a Proteus, changing its shape and manner with the thousand diversities of individual character, from the most superficial gayety, to the deepest, most earnest humor. Thus, the wit of the airy, feather-brained Farquhar glances and gleams like heat-lightning; that of Milton blasts and burns like the bolt. Let us glance carelessly over this wide field of comic writers, who have drawn new forms of mirthful being from life's ludicrous side, and note, here and there, a wit or humorist. There is the humor of Goëthe, like his own summer morning, mirthfully clear; and there is the tough and knotty humor of old Ben Jonson, at times ground down at the edge to a sharp cutting scorn, and occasionally hissing out stinging words, which seem, like his own Mercury's, "steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire." There is the lithe, springy sarcasm, the hilarious *badinage*, the brilliant, careless disdain, which sparkle and scorch along the glistening page of Holmes. There is the sleepy smile that sometimes lies so benignly on the sweet and serious diction of old Isaak Walton. There is the mirth of Dickens, twinkling now in some ironical insinuation,—and anon winking at you with pleasant maliciousness, its distended cheeks fat with suppressed glee,—and then, again, coming out in broad gushes of humor, overflowing all banks and bounds of conventional decorum. There is Sydney Smith,—sly, sleek, swift, subtle,—a moment's motion, and the human mouse is in his paw! There, in a corner, look at that petulant little man, his features working with thought and pain, his lips wrinkled with a sardonio smile; and, see! the immortal personality has received its last point and polish in that toiling brain, and, in a strait, luminous line, with a twang like Scorn's own arrow, hisses through the air the unerring shaft of Pope,—to

"Dash the proud gamester from his gilded car,
And bare the base heart that lurks beneath a star."

There, moving gracefully through that carpeted parlor, mark that dapper, diminutive Irish gentleman. The moment you look at him, your eyes are dazzled with the whizzing rockets and hissing wheels, streaking the air with a million sparks, from the pyro-

technic brain of Anacreon Moore. Again, cast your eyes from that blinding glare and glitter to the soft and beautiful brilliancy, the winning grace, the bland banter, the gliding wit, the diffusive humor, which make you in love with all mankind, in the charming pages of Washington Irving.

Let us now turn to the benevolent mirth of Addison and Steele, whose glory it was to redeem polite literature from moral depravity, by showing that wit could chime merrily in with the voice of virtue, and who smoothly laughed away many a vice of the national character, by that humor which tenderly touches the sensitive point with an evanescent grace and genial glee. And here let us not forget Goldsmith, whose delicious mirth is of that rare quality which lies too deep for laughter; which melts softly into the mind, suffusing it with inexpressible delight, and sending the soul dancing joyously into the eyes to utter its merriment in liquid glances, passing all the expression of tone. And here, though we cannot do him justice, let us remember the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne, deserving a place second to none in that band of humorists, whose beautiful depth of cheerful feeling is the very poetry of mirth. In ease, grace, delicate sharpness of satire, in a felicity of touch which often surpasses the felicity of Addison, in a subtlety of insight which often reaches farther than the subtlety of Steele,—the humor of Hawthorne presents traits so fine as to be almost too excellent for popularity, as, to every one who has attempted their criticism, they are too refined for statement. The brilliant atoms flit, hover, and glance before our minds, but the subtle sources of their ethereal light lie beyond our analysis,—

“And no speed of ours avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.”

And now let us breathe a benison on these our mirthful benefactors, these fine revellers among human weaknesses, these stern, keen satirists of human depravity. Wherever Humor smiles away the fretting thoughts of care, or supplies that antidote which cleanses

“the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart,”—

wherever Wit riddles folly, abases pride, or stings iniquity,—there glides the cheerful spirit, or glitters the flashing thought, of these bright enemies of stupidity and gloom. Thanks to them, hearty thanks, for teaching us that the ludicrous side of life is its wicked side, no less than its foolish; that in a lying world there is still no mercy for falsehood; that Guilt, however high it may lift its brazen front, is never beyond the lightnings of scorn; and

that the lesson they teach agrees with the lesson taught by all experience, that life in harmony with reason is the only life safe from laughter; that life in harmony with virtue is the only life safe from contempt.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND,

THE author of *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*, whose fame has suddenly become so wide-spread, was born in Belchertown, Massachusetts, July 24, 1819. When he had partially completed his studies preparatory to entering college, his health became enfeebled by too severe application, and he concluded, after a period of relaxation, to study medicine, which he did, in the mean time engaging in teaching as a means of support. In 1845, he took his degree of M.D., at the Berkshire Medical College, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and removed to Springfield to practise his profession, and shortly afterwards was married to Elizabeth L. Chapin, of that city. But, his practice for the first two years not being adequate to his wants, he accepted the offer of a situation as teacher of a private school at Richmond, Virginia. After being there three months, he received the appointment of Superintendent of Public Schools in Vicksburg, Mississippi, which he accepted. While there, he wrote frequently for the press; but, after discharging the duties of his office to great satisfaction for a year and a half, he received the offer of the editorial department of the "Springfield Republican," which he accepted, and at that post he has remained ever since, discharging its duties with such singular tact and ability, that that journal is without precedent or parallel in our land as a successful country paper.

In 1854, Dr. Holland wrote for the "Republican," in successive numbers, the history of the four western counties of Massachusetts, which was afterwards published in two volumes. In 1857 appeared *The Bay Path*, a novel founded on the colonial history of his previous work, which was well received here, and warmly commended in the London "Athenæum." But the work which has given Dr. Holland most fame, and which we rejoice to know has put "more money in his purse," (having gone through nine editions in twelve weeks,) is the volume entitled *Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People*, published in 1858. These *Letters* first appeared in the "Republican," under the signature of *Timothy Titcomb*, and attracted universal attention for their beauty of style, purity of English, and sound common sense. The advice contained in them is excellent, entirely practical, sufficiently minute, and eminently judicious,—intended to make, not angels, but useful and happy men and women; and they richly deserve all the popularity they have received. The same year, outside of his laborious editorial duties, he wrote *Bitter Sweet*, which was published by Scribner. It is a sort of pastoral poem, unique in its structure, and has been well received. The scene of this poem is a New England Thanksgiving, at which the gathered family, after the bountiful repast and the pleasantries of the evening, talk far

into the night upon questions of theology, in connection with their personal experiences of the joys and sorrows of life.¹

THE TRUE TRACK.

Go with me, if you please, to the next station-house, and look off upon that line of railroad. It is as straight as an arrow. Out run the iron lines, glittering in the sun,—out, as far as we can see, until, converging almost to a single thread, they pierce the sky. What were those rails laid in that way for? It is a road, is it? Try your cart or your coach there. The axletrees are too narrow, and you go bumping along upon the sleepers. Try a wheelbarrow. You cannot keep it on the rail. But that road was made for something. Now go with me to the locomotive-shop. What is this? We are told it is a locomotive. What is a locomotive? Why, it is a carriage moved by steam. But it is very heavy. The wheels would sink into a common road to the axle. That locomotive can never run on a common road; and the man is a fool who built it. Strange that men will waste time and money in that way! But stop a moment. Why wouldn't those wheels just fit those rails? We measure them, and then we go to the track and measure its gauge. That solves the difficulty. Those rails were intended for the locomotive, and the locomotive for the rails. They are good for nothing apart. The locomotive is not even safe anywhere else. If it should get off, after it is once on, it would run into rocks and stumps, and bury itself in sands or swamps beyond recovery.

Young man, you are a locomotive. You are a thing that goes by a power planted inside of you. You are made to go. In fact, considered as a machine, you are very far superior to a locomotive. The maker of the locomotive is man; your maker is man's Maker. You are as different from a horse, or an ox, or a camel, as a locomotive is different from a wheelbarrow, a cart, or a coach. Now, do you suppose that the being who made you—manufactured your machine, and put into it the motive power—did not make a special road for you to run upon? My idea of religion is that it is a railroad for a human locomotive, and that just so sure as it undertakes to run upon a road adapted only to animal power, will it bury its wheels in the sand, dash itself among rocks, and come to inevitable wreck. If you don't believe this, try the other thing. Here are forty roads: suppose you choose

¹ "We mean it as very high praise when we say that *Bitter Sweet* is one of the few books that have found the secret of drawing up and assimilating the juices of this New World of ours."—*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1859.

one of them, and see where you come out. Here is the dram-shop road. Try it. Follow it, and see how long it will be before you come to a stump and a smash-up. Here is the road of sensual pleasure. You are just as sure to bury your wheels in the dirt as you try it. Your machine is too heavy for that track altogether. Here is the winding, uncertain path of frivolity. There are morasses on each side of it, and, with the headway that you are under, you will be sure, sooner or later, to pitch into one of them. Here is the road of philosophy, but it runs through a country from which the light of Heaven is shut out; and while you may be able to keep your machine right side up, it will only be by feeling your way along in a clumsy, comfortless kind of style, and with no certainty of ever arriving at the heavenly station-house. Here is the road of skepticism. That is covered with fog, and a fence runs across it within ten rods. Don't you see that your machine was never intended to run on those roads? Don't you *know* that it never was, and don't you know that the only track under heaven upon which it can run safely is the religious track? Don't you know that just as long as you keep your wheels on that track, wreck is impossible? Don't you know that it is the only track on which wreck is not certain? I know it, if you don't; and I tell you that on that track, which God has laid down expressly for your soul to run upon, your soul will find free play for all its wheels, and an unobstructed and happy progress. It is straight and narrow, but it is safe and solid, and furnishes the only direct route to the heavenly city. Now, if God made your soul, and made religion for it, you are a fool if you refuse to place yourself on the track. You cannot prosper anywhere else, and your machine will not run anywhere else.

USEFULNESS—HEALTH—HAPPINESS.

There is no better relief to study than the regular performance of special duties in the house. To feel that one is really doing something every day, that the house is the tidier for one's efforts, and the comfort of the family enhanced, is the surest warrant of content and cheerfulness. There is something about this habit of daily work—this regular performance of duty—which tends to regulate the passions, to give calmness and vigor to the mind, to impart a healthy tone to the body, and to diminish the desire for life in the street and for resort to gossiping companions.

Were I as rich as Croesus, my girls should have something to do regularly, just as soon as they should become old enough to do any thing. They should, in the first place, make their own bed and take care of their own room. They should dress each other. They should sweep a portion of the house. They should learn,

above all things, to help themselves, and thus to be independent in all circumstances. A woman, helpless from any other cause than sickness, is essentially a nuisance. There is nothing womanly and ladylike in helplessness. My policy would be, as girls grow up, to assign to them special duties, first in one part of the house, then in another, until they should become acquainted with all housewifely offices; and I should have an object in this beyond the simple acquisition of a knowledge of housewifery. It should be for the acquisition of habits of physical industry,—of habits that conduce to the health of body and mind,—of habits that give them an insight into the nature of labor, and inspire within them a genuine sympathy with those whose lot it is to labor.

All young mind is uneasy if it be good for any thing. There is not the genuine human stuff in a girl who is habitually and by nature passive, placid, and inactive. The body and the mind must both be in motion. If this tendency to activity be left to run loose,—undirected into channels of usefulness,—a spoiled child is the result. A girl growing up to womanhood is, when unemployed, habitually uneasy. The mind aches and chafes because it wants action, for a motive. Now, a mind in this condition is not benefited by the command to stay at home, or the withdrawal from companions. It must be set to work. This vital energy that is struggling to find relief in demonstration should be so directed that habits may be formed,—habits of industry that obviate the wish for change and unnecessary play, and form a regular drain upon it. Otherwise, the mind becomes dissipated, the will irresolute, and confinement irksome. Girls will never be happy, except in the company of their playmates, unless home becomes to them a scene of regular duty and personal usefulness.

There is another obvious advantage to be derived from the habit of engaging daily upon special household duties. The imagination of girls is apt to become active to an unhealthy degree when no corrective is employed. False views of life are engendered, and labor is regarded as menial. Ease comes to be looked upon as a supremely desirable thing; so that when the real, inevitable cares of life come, there is no preparation for them, and weak complainings or ill-natured discontent are the result.

And here I am naturally introduced to another subject. Young women, the glory of your life is to do something and to be something. You very possibly may have formed the idea that ease and personal enjoyment are the ends of your life. This is a terrible mistake. Development in the broadest sense and in the highest direction is the end of your life. You may possibly find ease with it, and a great deal of precious personal enjoyment, or

your life may be one long experience of self-denial. If you wish to be something more than the pet and plaything of a man, if you would rise above the position of a pretty toy or the ornamental fixture of an establishment, you have got a work to do. You have got a position to maintain in society; you have got the poor and the sick to visit; you may possibly have a family to rear and train; you have got to take a load of care upon your shoulders and bear it through life. You have got a character to sustain; and I hope that you will have the heart of a husband to cheer and strengthen. Ease is not for you. Selfish enjoyment is not for you. The world is to be made better by you. You have got to suffer and to work; and if there be a spark of the true fire in you, your hearts will respond to these words.

ALICE CARY.

ALICE CARY, descended from Huguenot and Puritan ancestry, was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, in April, 1820. Her ancestors, soon after the Revolutionary war, emigrated from Connecticut to the Northwestern Territory, locating in the "Clovernook," which she has characterized with great beauty and originality. Here she passed all the years of her life up to 1850. When about eighteen years old, she gave to the press, at Cincinnati, a small volume of her poems, which were warmly commended, not only for what they were, but for what they promised.

At the suggestion of many friends, she left her Western home for New York City in 1850, and was soon followed by her sister Phoebe, who is a few years younger, where they both have since dwelt. In 1850, the first volume of the poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary was issued in Philadelphia, which was well received; and from this time the sisters became prominent contributors to some of the leading magazines and journals of the country. In 1851, Alice published the first series of her "Clovernook" papers,¹ which gave her at once a position as a prose-writer. In 1852 appeared *Hagar, a Story of To-Day*; in 1853, a second series of "Clovernook" papers; and in the same year, *Lyra, and other Poems*. In 1854, Ticknor & Co., of Boston, brought out *Clovernook Children*, a juvenile, which was warmly received, and at once became the favorite of the young folks. In 1855, Miss Cary prepared a complete edition of her poems for the press, which was issued in the fall of that year. It contained *The Maiden of Tlascala*, a poem of a more elaborate if not of a more ambitious character than any she had heretofore given to the public, and added not a little to her already high reputation. In 1856 appeared her *Married, not Mated*, which embodies many of the

¹ Entitled *Clovernook, or Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West*, published by Redfield, New York.

excellencies of *Clovermook*,¹ the characters being drawn with wonderful fidelity and force.

Since the issue of her last volume of poems, Miss Cary has given many fugitive pieces of great beauty to various periodicals.

LIGHT AND LOVE.

Light waits for us in heaven. Inspiring thought!
That, when the darkness all is overpast,
The beauty which the Lamb of God has bought
Shall flow about our saved souls at last,
And wrap them from all night-time and all woe:—
The Spirit and the Word assure us so.

Love lives for us in heaven. Oh, not so sweet
Is the May dew which mountain-flowers enclose,
Nor golden raining of the winnow'd wheat,
Nor blushing out of the brown earth, of rose,
Or whitest lily, as, beyond time's wars,
The silvery rising of these two twin-stars.

HARVEST-TIME.

God's blessing on the reapers! all day long
A quiet sense of peace my spirit fills,
As whistled fragments of untutor'd song
Blend with the rush of sickles on the hills:
And the blue wild-flowers and green brier-leaves
Are brightly tangled with the yellow sheaves.

Where straight and even the new furrows lie,
The cornstalks in their rising beauty stand;
Heaven's loving smile upon man's industry
Makes beautiful with plenty the wide land.
The barns, press'd out with the sweet hay, I see,
And feel how more than good God is to me!

In the cool thicket the red-robin sings,
And merrily before the mower's scythe
Chirps the green grasshopper, while slowly swings,
In the scarce-swaying air, the willow lithe;
And clouds sail softly through the upper calms,
White as the fleeces of the unshorn lambs.

Outstretch'd beneath the venerable trees,
Conning his long, hard task, the schoolboy lies,
And, like a fickle wooer, the light breeze
Kisses his brow; then, scarcely sighing, flies;

¹ "We do not hesitate to predict for these sketches a wide popularity. They bear the true stamp of genius,—simple, natural, truthful,—and evince a keen sense of the humor and pathos, of the comedy and tragedy, of life in the country."—J. G. WHITTIER.

And all about him pinks and lilies stand,
Painting with beauty the wide pasture-land.

Oh, there are moments when we half forget
The rough, harsh grating of the file of Time;
And I believe that angels come down yet
And walk with us, as in the Eden clime;
Binding the heart away from woe and strife,
With leaves of healing from the Tree of Life.

And they are most unworthy who behold
The bountiful provisions of God's care,
When reapers sing among the harvest-gold,
And the mown meadow scents the quiet air,
And yet who never say, with all their heart,
How good, my Father, oh, how good thou art!

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

Vainly, vainly memory seeks,
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks
Where they used to be:
Of the circle once so wide
Three are wanderers, three have died.

Golden-hair'd and dewy-eyed,
Prattling all the day,
Was the baby first that died:
Oh! 'twas hard to lay
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow
In the grave so dark and low!

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Ne'er by sorrow thrall'd,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next one call'd:
Then a grave more deep and wide
Made them by the baby's side.

When or where the other died
Only heaven can tell;
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was he when he fell;
Haply thistles, blue and red,
Bloom about his lonely bed.

I am for the living three
Only left to pray;
Two are on the stormy sea;—
Farther still than they
Wanders one, his young heart dim,—
Oftenest, most, I pray for him.

Whatsoever they do or dare,
Wheresoe'er they roam,
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home,—
Home, O Father, in the sky,
Where none wander and none die.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Oh, what is life! at best a narrow bound,
Where each that lives some baffled hope survives,—
A search for something, never to be found,
Records the history of the greatest lives.

There is a haven for each weary bark,
A port where they who rest are free from sin;
But we, like children trembling in the dark,
Drive on and on, afraid to enter in.

PHOEBE CARY.

PHOEBE CARY was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, in the year 1825. In 1854, she published a volume of her collected writings, entitled *Poems and Parodies*.¹ Her fortunes have been linked with her sister's, and both now reside in the city of New York, enriching, from time to time, the columns of various periodicals with their poetical effusions.

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

Oh, beautiful as morning in those hours
 When, as her pathway lies along the hills,
 Her golden fingers wake the dewy flowers,
 And softly touch the waters of the rills,
 Was she who walk'd more faintly day by day
 Till silently she perish'd by the way.
 It was not hers to know that perfect heaven
 Of passionate love return'd by love as deep;
 Not hers to sing the cradle-song at even,
 Watching the beauty of her babe asleep;
 "Mother and brethren,"—these she had not known,
 Save such as do the Father's will alone.
 Yet found she something still for which to live,—
 Hearths desolate, where angel-like she came,

¹ I do not like "parodies," especially if written on any thing serious and beautiful. They may be good as parodies,—as a merchant of worthless moral character is "good" commercially if he can pay his notes,—but they are often the mark of a frivolous mind, and leave behind associations of which one would be glad to divest themselves. But one of them, by that singular law of association,—contrast,—reminds me of the following exquisite gem by

JAMES ALDRICH.

Mr. Aldrich, (1810—1856,) who lived and died in New York, was much beloved for his social qualities and admired for his talents and culture. Though engaged in mercantile pursuits, he was a warm lover and friend of polite letters and the fine arts, and was for a season an associate with Park Benjamin in the conduct of a literary journal. He wrote several graceful, touching, and finished poems, of which the following, at least, deserves perpetual remembrance:—

A DEATH-BED.

Her suffering ended with the day;
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away
 In statue-like repose.
 But when the sun, in all his state,
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She pass'd through Glory's morning-gate,
 And walk'd in Paradise!

And "little ones" to whom her hand could give
 A cup of water in her Master's name;
 And breaking hearts to bind away from death,
 With the soft hand of pitying love and faith.

She never won the voice of popular praise;
 But, counting earthly triumph as but dross,
 Seeking to keep her Saviour's perfect ways,
 Bearing in the still path his blessed cross,
 She made her life, while with us here she trod,
 A consecration to the will of God!

And she hath lived and labor'd not in vain:
 Through the deep prison-cells her accents thrill,
 And the sad slave leans idly on his chain,
 And hears the music of her singing still;
 While little children, with their innocent praise,
 Keep freshly in men's hearts her Christian ways.

And what a beautiful lesson she made known,—
 The whiteness of her soul sin could not dim;
 Ready to lay down on God's altar-stone
 The dearest treasure of her life for him.
 Her flame of sacrifice never, never waned,
 How could she live and die so self-sustain'd?

For friends supported not her parting soul,
 And whisper'd words of comfort, kind and sweet,
 When treading onward to that final goal,
 Where the still bridegroom waited for her feet;
 Alone she walk'd, yet with a fearless tread,
 Down to Death's chamber, and his bridal bed!

AMELIA B. WELBY, 1821—1852.

TO AMELIA WELBY.

Darling of all hearts that listen
 To your warble wild and true!
 As a lovely star doth glisten
 In the far West,—so do you!

Are you sure you are a mortal?
 Or a Peri in disguise,
 Watching till the heavenly portal
 Lets you into Paradise?

Whiling all the weary hours
 With the songs you used to sing
 In those bright aerial bowers
 Where the rainbow dips its wing?

Peri! no!—all woman-feeling
 Pleads in that impassion'd lay;
 Yet 'tis woman proudly stealing
 Some fond angel's harp away;

Mingling, with divine emotion
 Holy as a seraph's thought,
 Human love and warm devotion,
 Into rarest pathos wrought.

Sweep again the silver chords!
 Pour the soul of music there!
 Write, for your heart's tune, the words,—
 All our hearts will play the air!

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

THIS sweet poetess, whose maiden name was Coppuck, was born in the small town of St. Michael's, Maryland, in 1821. At the age of fourteen, her father removed to Lexington, and afterwards to Louisville, Kentucky, where, in 1838, she was married to Mr. George B. Welby, a merchant of that city. She died in 1852.

Mrs. Welby early wrote for the "Louisville Journal," under the signature of "Amelia;" and in 1844, a collection of her poems was published, in a small volume, at Boston. In 1850, a beautiful edition was published by Appleton & Co., entitled *Poems, by Amelia; a New and Enlarged Edition; illustrated with Original Designs by Weir.*¹

THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
The breeze flutter'd down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of Peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scatter'd the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unroll'd
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretch'd to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings!
If I look'd on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;
If I look'd on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul.
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurl'd,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had pass'd from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;

¹ "Mrs. Welby has nearly all the imagination of Maria del Occidente, (Maria Brooks,) with a more refined taste; and nearly all the passion of Mrs. Norton, with a nicer ear and (what is surprising) equal art. Very few American poets are at all comparable with her in the true poetic qualities. As for our *poetesses*, (an absurd but necessary word,) few of them approach her."—EDGAR A. POE.

It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;
Yet, oh! when Death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold!

THE OLD MAID.

Why sits she thus in solitude? her heart
Seems melting in her eye's delicious blue,—
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbblings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripen'd to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! with a sigh
Her soul hath turn'd from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours,
And yet she does not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be:
Hope links her to the future,—but the link
That binds her to the past is memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall,
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all!
Not that her heart is cold!—emotions new
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings knit:
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet Thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there;
Yet life is not to her what it hath been:
Her soul hath learn'd to look beyond its gloss,—

And now she hovers like a star between
Her deeds of love,—her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oft times drain'd its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, birdlike, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet, sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoy'd,—
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on,—half sad, half blest,—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

ON SEEING AN INFANT SLEEPING UPON ITS MOTHER'S BOSOM.

It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing
Where every tint of rainbow-beauty blends;
It had soft violet eyes, that, 'neath each lid
Half closed upon them, like bright waters shone,
While its small dimpled hands were slyly hid
In the warm bosom that it nestled on.

There was a beam in that young mother's eye
Lit by the feelings that she could not speak,
As from her lips a plaintive lullaby
Stirr'd the bright tresses on her infant's cheek,
While now and then with melting heart she press'd
Soft kisses o'er its red and smiling lips,—
Lips, sweet as rose-buds in fresh beauty dress'd
Ere the young murmuring bee their honey sips.

It was a fragrant eve; the sky was full
Of burning stars, that tremulously clear
Shone on those lovely ones, while the low lull
Of falling waters fell upon the ear:
And the new moon, like a pure shell of pearl
Encircled by the blue waves of the deep.
Lay 'mid the fleecy clouds that love to curl
Around the stars when they their vigils keep.

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
That youthful mother as she soothed to rest
With a low song her loved and cherish'd one,—
The bud of promise on her gentle breast;

For 'tis a sight that angel ones above
 May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of bliss,
 When Innocence upon the breast of Love
 Is cradled, in a sinful world like this.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1822. At the age of fourteen he removed to Cincinnati, where, from visiting the studio of Clevinger, he became ambitious to be a sculptor. He had made considerable proficiency in the art, when his master left for Europe. But the love of the beautiful was too strong in him to be repressed by such an occurrence, and he resolved to be a painter; and so successful was he in his first efforts that he concluded to go to the East, where he could have better advantages; and accordingly, in 1841 he removed to Boston, where he remained five years in the practice of his profession.

Up to this time Mr. Read, though he had frequently written fugitive verses, had published but little; but now he began to contribute to the leading periodicals, and soon became a favorite with readers. Most of his best poems appeared first in "Graham's Magazine." In 1846, he removed to Philadelphia, and in 1850 sailed for Europe, and spent a year in Italy, pursuing his studies as an artist. On his return home, he visited England, where he was engaged to paint a number of portraits, and, while doing so, published a volume of poems, which attracted much notice, and was warmly commended by the London press. Of *The Closing Scene*, the "North British Review" said, "It is an addition to the permanent stock of poetry in the English language."

In 1852, Mr. Read returned home, and passed the following winter in Cincinnati. The next year he went abroad the second time, accompanied by his family, and settled in Florence, enjoying the intercourse of a delightful society of artists and men of letters; and subsequently spent two years in Rome. In 1858, he returned to Philadelphia with some of the richest specimens of art,—the creations of his own genius,—all of which were engaged at prices that show that our countrymen know how to appreciate and reward true merit.

Mr. Read's first collection of *Poems* was printed in Boston in 1847. In 1848 he published, in Philadelphia, *Lays and Ballads*, and in 1853 appeared *The Pilgrims of the Great St. Bernard*,—a prose romance. His more recent publications are *Sylvia; or the Last Shepherd*,—an *Eclogue: and other Poems*; *The House by the Sea*,—a *Poem*; and *The New Pastoral*.¹ The last consists of a series of sketches of rustic and domestic life, mostly of primitive simplicity, and so truthful as to be not less valuable as history than attractive as poetry.

¹ Beautiful editions of the last three poems have been published by Parry & McMillan. His Selection from the "Female Poets of America, with Biographical Notices," should be noticed,—an elegant book published by E. H. Butler & Co., which has reached the seventh edition.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tann'd reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate fails.

All sights were mellow'd, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seem'd farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hew'd
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile arm'd in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seem'd to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew,—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charm'd the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east,
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croak'd the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage-loom.

There was no bud, no bloom, upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sail'd slowly by—pass'd noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this,—in this most cheerless air,
 And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
 Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
 Firing the floor with his inverted torch,—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
 The white-hair'd matron, with monotonous tread,
 Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
 Sat like a Fate, and watch'd the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow. He had walk'd with her,
 Oft supp'd, and broke with her the ashen crust,
 And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
 Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
 Her country summon'd, and she gave her all,
 And twice war bow'd to her his sable plume;
 He gave the swords to rest upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords,—but not the hand that drew,
 And struck for liberty the dying blow;
 Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
 Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
 Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
 Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
 Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapp'd, her head was bow'd:
 Life droop'd the distaff through his hands serene;
 And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
 While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THE DESERTED ROAD.

Ancient road, that wind'st deserted
 Through the level of the vale,
 Sweeping toward the crowded market
 Like a stream without a sail;

Standing by thee, I look backward,
 And, as in the light of dreams,
 See the years descend and vanish,
 Like thy whitely tented teams.

Here I stroll along the village
 As in youth's departed morn;
 But I miss the crowded coaches,
 And the driver's bugle-horn,—

Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters
 Filling buckets at the wells,
 With their wains from Conestoga,
 And their orchestras of bells.

To the mossy way-side tavern
 Comes the noisy throng no more,
 And the faded sign, complaining,
 Swings, unnoticed, at the door ;

While the old, decrepit tollman,
 Waiting for the few who pass,
 Reads the melancholy story
 In the thickly-springing grass.

Ancient highway, thou art vanquish'd ;
 The usurper of the vale
 Rolls, in fiery, iron rattle,
 Exultations on the gale.

Thou art vanquish'd and neglected ;
 But the good which thou hast done,
 Though by man it be forgotten,
 Shall be deathless as the sun.

Though neglected, gray, and grassy,
 Still I pray that my decline
 May be through as vernal valleys
 And as blest a calm as thine.

THE EMIGRANTS.

At length the long leave-taking is all o'er ;
 The train descends ; and lo, the happy vale
 Is closed from sight beyond the mournful hill,
 And all the West, before the onward troop,
 Lies in the far unknown. As goes a bride,
 With pain and joy alternate in her breast,
 To find a home within the alien walls
 Of him who hath enticed her hence,—her heart
 More hoping than misgiving,—so, to-day,
 Departed the slow train ; and now the miles,
 Gliding beneath with gradual but sure pace,
 Bring them at last to unfamiliar scenes.
 Thoughtful they hold their onward, plodding course,
 Each in his own reflection wrapt ; for now,
 With every step, some ancient tie is broke,
 Some dream relinquish'd, or some friend given up :
 While old associations spring, self-call'd,
 Even as tears, unbidden. Thus, a while,
 They keep the silent tenor of their way ;
 Till, like a sudden, unexpected bird,
 Which from the still fields soars into the air,
 Flooding the noon with melody, up swells
 The gladsome voice of Arthur into song,
 Cheering the drooping line.

ARTHUR'S SONG.

Bid adieu to the homestead, adieu to the vale,
Though the memory recalls them, give grief to the gale:
There the hearths are unlighted, the embers are black,
Where the feet of the onward shall never turn back.
For as well might the stream that comes down from the mount
Glancing up, heave the sigh to return to its fount;
Yet the lordly Ohio feels joy in his breast
As he follows the sun, onward, into the West.

Oh, to roam, like the rivers, through empires of woods,
Where the king of the eagles in majesty broods;
Or to ride the wild horse o'er the boundless domain,
And to drag the wild buffalo down to the plain;
There to chase the fleet stag, and to track the huge bear,
And to face the lithe panther at bay in his lair,
Are a joy which alone cheers the pioneer's breast;
For the only true hunting-ground lies in the West!

Leave the tears to the maiden, the fears to the child,
While the future stands beckoning afar in the wild;
For there Freedom, more fair, walks the primeval land,
Where the wild deer all court the caress of her hand.
There the deep forests fall, and the old shadows fly,
And the palace and temple leap into the sky.
Oh, the East holds no place where the onward can rest,
And alone there is room in the land of the West!

New Pastoral.

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON, 1823—1838.

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON, the sister of Lucretia,¹ and quite as remarkable for precocity of intellect, was born at Plattsburg, New York, on the 26th of March, 1823. Like her sister, she was of delicate and feeble frame from her infancy, and, like her, she had an early passion for knowledge. Her mother rather restrained than incited her; but, before she could even read well, she would talk in the language of poetry,—of “the pale, cold moon,” of the stars “that shone like the eyes of angels,” &c. At six years old, she was so far advanced in literature and intelligence as to be the companion of her mother when confined to her room by protracted illness. She read not only well, but elegantly: her love of reading amounted to a passion, and her intelligence surpassed belief. Strangers viewed with astonishment a child, not seven years old, reading with enthusiastic delight Thomson’s “Seasons,” the “Pleasures of Hope,” Cowper’s “Task,” and even Milton, and marking with taste and discrimination the passages that struck her. But the Bible was her daily study, over which she

¹ See p. 600.

did not hurry as a task, but would spend an hour or two in commenting with her mother on the contents of the chapter she had read.

In 1833, when she was ten years old, she had a severe attack of scarlet fever, from which she recovered but slowly; and her father, thinking that the climate and situation of Saratoga would benefit her, removed thither in that year. But she showed her love for the wilder scenes of her "Native Lake" in the following sweet verses—remarkable for one so young—on the charms of

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,
Reflect each bending tree so light
Upon thy bounding bosom bright :
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain !

The little isles that deck thy breast,
And calmly on thy bosom rest,
How often, in my childish glee,
I've sported round them bright and free !
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain !

How oft I've watch'd the freshening shower
Bending the summer tree and flower,
And felt my little heart beat high
As the bright rainbow graced the sky !
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain !

And shall I never see thee more,
My native lake, my much-loved shore ?
And must I bid a long adieu,
My dear, my infant home, to you ?
Shall I not see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain ?

In 1834, she was again seized by illness,—a liver-complaint, which by sympathy affected her lungs, and confined her to her room for four months. On her recovery, her genius, which had seemed to lie dormant in sickness, broke forth with a brilliancy that astonished her friends; and she poured out, in rapid succession, some of her best pieces. But her health was evidently declining. The death of a beloved brother, in 1835, affected her deeply; and, with short and transient gleams of health amid dark and dismal prospects, this amiable and gifted child slept, as she herself trusted, in the arms of her Redeemer, on the 25th of November, 1838, aged fifteen years and eight months.¹

¹ Read an article in the "London Quarterly Review," by the poet Southey, vol. lxi. p. 91. In commenting upon Washington Irving's charming Memoir of this wonderful child, the "Democratic Review" for July, 1841, thus remarks:—"This is a record, by one of the finest writers of the age, of one of the most remarkable prodigies that the poetical literature of any country has produced."

In 1833, while on a visit to New York, she expressed, in the following beautiful lines, her

YEARNINGS FOR HOME.

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
 To my own native plants and my flowerets so fair !
 To the cool grassy shade, and the rivulet bright
 Which reflects the pale moon on its bosom of light.
 Again would I view the old mansion so dear
 Where I sported, a babe, without sorrow or fear.
 I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,
 For a peep at my *home* on this pure summer-day.
 I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,
 But the love of my home, oh, 'tis tenderer yet !
 There a sister reposes, unconscious, in death,—
 'Twas there she first drew, and there yielded, her breath ;
 A father I love is away from me now,—
 Oh, could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
 Or smooth the gray locks to my fond heart so dear,
 How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear !
 Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call ;
 But my own darling *Home*, it is dearer than all.

TO HER MOTHER.¹

O mother ! would the power were mine
 To wake the strain thou lovest to hear,
 And breathe each trembling new-born thought
 Within thy fondly listening ear,
 As when, in days of health and glee,
 My hopes and fancies wander'd free.

But, mother ! now a shade hath pass'd
 Athwart my brightest visions here ;
 A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapp'd
 The remnant of my brief career :
 No song, no echo can I win ;
 The sparkling fount hath dried within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
 And fancy spreads her wings no more ;
 And oh, how vain and trivial seem
 The pleasures that I prized before !
 My soul, with trembling steps and slow,
 Is struggling on through doubt and strife ;
 Oh, may it prove, as time rolls on,
 The pathway to eternal life !
 Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,
 I'll sing thee as in "days of yore."

¹ This was the last poem she ever wrote.

I said that Hope had pass'd from earth,—
 'Twas but to fold her wings in heaven,
 To whisper of the soul's new birth,
 Of sinners saved and sins forgiven:
 When mine are wash'd in tears away,
 Then shall my spirit swell the lay.

When God shall guide my soul above
 By the soft chords of heavenly love,—
 When the vain cares of earth depart,
 And tuneful voices swell my heart,
 Then shall each word, each note I raise,
 Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise;
 And all not offer'd at his shrine,
 Dear mother, I will place on thine.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

The following is the dedication to "Songs of Summer:"—

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

● Not mine the tragic poet's art,
 His empire of the human heart:
 That world is shut from me,
 But you possess the key.

I see you in your wide domain,
 Surrounded by a stately train,
 That lived and died of yore:
 But now they die no more!

The Moor Calaynos: Anne Boleyn:
 The Gusman and the cruel queen;
 And that unhappy pair
 That float in hell's murky air!

Anon your bitter Fool appears.
 Masking in mirth his cynic sneers;
 We hear his bells, and smile,
 But long to weep the while.

A narrower range to me belongs,
 A little land of summer songs,
 A realm of thought apart
 From all that wrings the heart.

To win you to my small estate,
 Old friend, I greet you at the gate,
 And from its fairest bower
 Bring you this simple flower.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER was born in the city of Philadelphia in 1824, and was graduated at Princeton College in 1841. After travelling some time in Europe for literary improvement, he returned home "to devote a life of opulent leisure to the cultivation of letters and to the enjoyment of the liberal arts and of society." In 1847 appeared his first publication, under the title of *The Lesson of Life, and other Poems*; and the next year, *Calaynos, a Tragedy*, which was well received. The scene is laid in Spain, and the plot is designed to illustrate the hostile feeling between the Spanish and Moorish races. His next production was *Anne Boleyn, a Tragedy*, which shows more maturity of thought than *Calaynos*, and a finer vein of poetical feeling. These were followed by *The Betrothal*, *Francesca da Rimini*, and other plays. In 1856 appeared a collection of his dramatic and miscellaneous poems, in two beautiful volumes, from the press of Ticknor & Fields.¹

¹ "The glow of his images is chastened by a noble simplicity, keeping them within the line of human sympathy and natural expression. He has followed the masters of dramatic writing with rare judgment. He also excels many gifted

ODE TO A MOUNTAIN OAK.

Proud mountain giant, whose majestic face,
 From thy high watch-tower on the steadfast rock,
 Looks calmly o'er the trees that throng thy base,
 How long hast thou withstood the tempest's shock
 How long hast thou look'd down on yonder vale
 Sleeping in sun before thee;
 Or bent thy ruffled brow, to let the gale
 Steer its white, drifting sails just o'er thee?

Strong link 'twixt vanish'd ages!
 Thou hast a sage and reverend look;
 As if life's struggle, through its varied stages,
 Were stamp'd on thee, as in a book.
 Thou hast no voice to tell what thou hast seen,
 Save a low moaning in thy troubled leaves;
 And canst but point thy scars, and shake thy head,
 With solemn warning, in the sunbeam's sheen;
 And show how Time the mightiest thing bereaves,
 By the sere leaves that rot upon thy bed.

poets of his class in a quality essential to an acted play,—spirit. His language also rises often to the highest point of energy, pathos, and beauty.”—H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Mr. Boker's *Ballad of Sir John Franklin* is a beautiful production,—a happy imitation of the ancient ballad,—but too long for insertion here. It reminds me, however, of the graceful “*Ballad of the Tempest*,” by

JAMES T. FIELDS.

Mr. Fields was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1820, and is a partner of the well-known publishing-house of Ticknor & Fields, Boston,—a house that never published an inferior book, nor any book in an inferior manner.* Mr. Fields has won considerable reputation as a poet, by the volume of his poetical productions published in 1849, and by two volumes privately printed for friends in 1854 and 1858.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
 Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
 It was midnight on the waters,
 And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
 To be shatter'd in the blast,
 And to hear the rattling trumpet
 Thunder, “Cut away the mast!”

So we shudder'd there in silence,—
 For the stoutest held his breath,
 While the hungry sea was roaring,
 And the breakers talk'd with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
 Each one busy in his prayers,—
 “We are lost!” the captain shouted,
 As he stagger'd down the stairs.

But his little daughter whisper'd,
 As she took his icy hand,
 “Isn't God upon the ocean,
 Just the same as on the land?”

Then we kiss'd the little maiden,
 And we spoke in better cheer,
 And we anchor'd safe in harbor
 When the morn was shining clear.

* Their recent “Household Edition of the Waverley Novels”—the best published in this country—is highly creditable to their judgment and taste.

Type of long-suffering power!
 Even in my gayest hour
 Thou'dst still my tongue, and send my spirit far,
 To wander in a labyrinth of thought;
 For thou hast waged with Time unceasing war,
 And out of pain hast strength and beauty brought.
 Thou amidst storms and tempests hadst thy birth,
 Upon these bleak and scantily-sheltering rocks,
 Nor much save storm and wrath hast known on earth;
 Yet nobly hast thou bode the fiercest shocks
 That Circumstance can pour on patient Worth.

I see thee springing, in the vernal time,
 A sapling weak, from out the barren stone,
 To dance with May upon the mountain-peak;
 Pale leaves put forth to greet the genial clime,
 And roots shot down life's sustenance to seek,
 While mere existence was a joy alone,—

Oh, thou wert happy then!
 On Summer's heat thy tinkling leaflets fed,
 Each fibre toughen'd, and a little crown
 Of green upon thy modest brow was spread,
 To catch the rain, and shake it gently down

But then came Autumn, when
 Thy dry and tatter'd leaves fell dead;

And sadly on the gale
 Thou drop'dst them one by one,—
 Drop'dst them, with a low, sad wail,
 On the cold, unfeeling stone.

Next Winter seized thee in his iron grasp,
 And shook thy bruised and straining form;
 Or lock'd thee in his icicles' cold clasp,
 And piled upon thy head the shorn cloud's snowy fleece
 Wert thou not joyful, in this bitter storm,
 That the green honors, which erst deck'd thy head,
 Sage Autumn's slow decay, had mildly shed?
 Else, with their weight, they'd given thy ills increase,
 And dragg'd thee helpless from thy upturn bed.

Year after year, in kind or adverse fate,
 Thy branches stretch'd, and thy young twigs put forth,
 Nor changed thy nature with the season's date:
 Whether thou wrestled'st with the gusty north,
 Or beat the driving rain to glittering froth,
 Or shook the snow-storm from thy arms of might,
 Or drank the balmy dews on summer's night;—
 Laughing in sunshine, writhing in the storm,

Yet wert thou still the same!
 Summer spread forth thy towering form,
 And Winter strengthen'd thy great frame.
 Achieving thy destiny
 On went'st thou sturdily,
 Shaking thy green flags in triumph and jubilee!

From thy secure and sheltering branch
 The wild bird pours her glad and fearless lay,

That, with the sunbeams, falls upon the vale,
 Adding fresh brightness to the smile of day.
 'Neath those broad boughs the youth has told love's tale
 And thou hast seen his hardy features blanch,
 Heard his snared heart beat like a prison'd bird,
 Fluttering with fear, before the fowler laid;
 While his bold figure shook at every word,—
 The strong man trembling at a timid maid!
 And thou hast smiled upon their children's play;
 Seen them grow old, and gray, and pass away.
 Heard the low prattle of the thoughtless child,
 Age's cold wisdom, and the lessons mild,
 Which patient mothers to their offspring say;—
 Yet art thou still the same!
 Man may decay;
 Race after race may pass away;
 The great may perish, and their very fame
 Rot day by day,—
 Rot noteless with their once inspired clay:
 Still, as at their birth,
 Thou stretchest thy long arms above the earth,—
 Type of unbending Will!
 Type of majestic, self-sustaining Power!
 Elate in sunshine, firm when tempests lower,
 May thy calm strength my wavering spirit fill!
 Oh, let me learn from thee,
 Thou proud and steadfast tree,
 To bear unmurmuring what stern Time may send;
 Nor 'neath life's ruthless tempests bend:
 But calmly stand like thee,
 Though wrath and storm shake me,
 Though vernal hopes in yellow Autumn end,
 And, strong in Truth, work out my destiny.
 Type of long-suffering Power!
 Type of unbending Will!
 Strong in the tempest's hour,
 Bright when the storm is still;
 Rising from every contest with an unbroken heart,
 Strengthen'd by every struggle, emblem of might thou art!
 Sign of what man can compass, spite of an adverse state,
 Still, from thy rocky summit, teach us to war with Fate!

TO ENGLAND.

I.

Lear and Cordelia! 'twas an ancient tale
 Before thy Shakspeare gave it deathless fame:
 The times have changed, the moral is the same
 So like an outcast, dowerless, and pale,
 Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale
 Spread her young banner, till its sway became
 A wonder to the nations. Days of shame
 Are close upon thee: prophets raise their wail.

When the rude Cossack with an outstretch'd hand
Points his long spear across the narrow sea,—
"Lo! there is England!" when thy destiny
Storms on thy straw-crown'd head, and thou dost stand
Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land,—
God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be!

1852.

II.

Stand, thou great bulwark of man's liberty!
Thou rock of shelter, rising from the wave,
Sole refuge to the overwearied brave
Who plann'd, arose, and battled to be free,
Fell undeterr'd, then sadly turn'd to thee;—
Saved the free spirit from their country's grave,
To rise again, and animate the slave,
When God shall ripen all things. Britons, ye
Who guard the sacred outpost, not in vain
Hold your proud peril! Freemen undefiled,
Keep watch and ward! Let battlements be piled
Around your cliffs; fleets marshall'd, till the main
Sink under them; and if your courage wane,
Through force or fraud, look westward to your child!

1853.

III.

At length the tempest from the North has burst,
The threaten'd storm, by sages seen of old;
And into jarring anarchy is roll'd
Harmonious peace, so long and fondly nursed
By watchful nations. Tyranny accursed
Has broken bounds,—the wolf makes towards the fold.
Up! ere your priceless liberties be sold
Into degrading slavery! The worst
That can befall you is the brunt of war,
Dealt on a shield that oft has felt the weight
Of foeman's blows.—Up! ere it be too late!
For God has squander'd all his precious store
Of right and mercy, if the time's so sore
That slaves can bring you to their own base state.

1854.

IV.

Far from the Baltic to the Euxine's strand,
Peals the vast clamor of commencing war;
And we, O England, on another shore,
Like brothers bound, with wistful faces stand,—
With shouts of cheer, with wavings of the hand,—
With eager throbbings of the heart, to pour
Our warlike files amid the battle's war,
And nerve the terrors of thy lifted brand.
Old wrongs have vanish'd in thy evil hours;
The blood that fell between us, in the fight,
Has dried away before a heavenly light.
We'll strew thy paths of victory with flowers,
Weep o'er thy woes, and cry, with all our powers,
Thy cause is God's, because thy cause is right!

1854.

SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT.

THIS gifted writer, who has won such an enviable reputation around the hearth-stones of this country, under the name of "Grace Greenwood," was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, New York. Her maiden name was Sara Jane Clarke, which was changed by her marriage with Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, in October, 1853; but the appellation by which she will be best known in American literature will be that under which she made her first appearance as an author,—“Grace Greenwood.”

While she was a school-girl, her parents removed to Rochester, where she enjoyed the excellent educational advantages of that place. In 1843, she removed with her parents to New Brighton, Pennsylvania, where she resided until her marriage. Soon after her removal thither, she appeared as an authoress, under the signature of “Grace Greenwood,” in the columns of the “New York Mirror,” then under the editorial care of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis. Among her poetical pieces which attracted most admiration were *Ariadne*, *The Horseback Ride*, and *Pygmalion*. These were succeeded by various prose compositions, some of which appeared in “The National Era,” published in Washington. In connection with her other literary labors, she was the editor of “The Lady’s Book” for a year.¹ Her first volume, entitled *Greenwood Leaves*, was published in 1850. In 1851, she published a volume of *Poems*, and an admirable juvenile story-book, called *History of my Pets*. A second series of *Greenwood Leaves* was issued the following year; and also another juvenile work, called *Recollections of my Childhood*. In the spring of 1852, she visited Europe, and spent fifteen months in England and on the Continent. Soon after her return, she published a record of her travels, entitled *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*. In October, 1853, she entered upon the editorship of “The Little Pilgrim,” a monthly magazine for children, published in Philadelphia by Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, to whom about this time she was married. In the fall of 1855, she published *Merris England*, the first of a series of books of foreign travel for children. In the spring of 1856, a volume, entitled *A Forest Tragedy, and other Tales*, appeared; and in the fall of 1857, *Stories and Legends of History and Travel*, being the second of the series mentioned above.

It will thus be seen that Mrs. Lippincott’s life is any thing but an idle one; and we rejoice that she is thus keeping her talent bright by use, charming all her readers, both old and young, by her fine thoughts, expressed in a style of great ease, simplicity, and beauty.

THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its strife,
When its fruits, turn'd to ashes, are mocking my taste,
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste,

¹ See some account of this in a note on page 427.

Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer,
 With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear.
 No pity I ask, and no counsel I need,
 But bring me, oh, bring me my gallant young steed,
 With his high arch'd neck, and his nostril spread wide,
 His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
 As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
 The strength to my spirit returneth again!
 The bonds are all broken that fetter'd my mind,
 And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind;
 My pride lifts its head, for a season bow'd down,
 And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown!

Now we're off—like the winds to the plains whence they came;
 And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame!
 On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
 Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod!
 On, on like a deer, when the hound's early bay
 Awakes the wild echoes, away, and away!
 Still faster, still farther, he leaps at my cheer,
 Till the rush of the startled air whirrs in my ear!
 Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track,—
 See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back!
 Now a glen, dark as midnight—what matter?—we'll down,
 Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us frown;
 The thick branches shake, as we're hurrying through,
 And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!

What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand
 Such a steed in the might of his strength may command!
 What a glorious creature! Ah! glance at him now,
 As I check him a while on this green hillock's brow;
 How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,
 And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play!
 Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in ire,
 Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire!
 Ho! a ditch!—Shall we pause? No; the bold leap we dare,
 Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through the air!
 Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,
 Not the wildering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,
 Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,
 Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
 Nor the sail, high heaving waters o'er,
 Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
 Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
 Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed!

THE ARMY OF REFORM.

Yes, ye are few,—and they were few
 Who, daring storm and sea,
 Once raised upon 'old Plymouth rock
 "The anthem of the free."

And they were few at Lexington,
 To battle, or to die,—
 That lightning-flash, that thunder-peal,
 That told the storm was nigh.

And they were few, who dauntless stood
 Upon old Bunker's height,
 And waged with Britain's strength and pride
 The fierce, unequal fight.

And they were few, who, all unawed
 By kingly "rights divine,"
 The Declaration, rebel scroll,
 Untrembling dared to sign.

Yes, ye are few, for one proud glance
 Can take in all your band,
 As now against a countless host,
 Firm, true, and calm, ye stand.

Unmoved by Folly's idiot laugh,
 Hate's curse, or Envy's frown,—
 Wearing your rights as royal robes,
 Your manhood as a crown,—

With eyes whose gaze, unveil'd by mists,
 Still rises clearer, higher,—
 With stainless hands, and lips that Truth
 Hath touch'd with living fire,—

With one high hope, that ever shines
 Before you as a star,—
 One prayer of faith, one fount of strength,
 A glorious few ye are !

Ye *dare* not fear, ye *cannot* fail,
 Your destiny ye bind
 To that sublime, eternal law
 That rules the march of mind.

See yon bold eagle toward the sun
 Now rising free and strong,
 And see yon mighty river roll
 Its sounding tide along :

Ah ! yet near earth the eagle tires,
 Lost in the sea, the river ;
 But naught can stay the human mind,—
 'Tis upward, onward, ever !

It yet shall tread the starlit paths,
 By highest angels trod,
 And pause but at the farthest world
 In the universe of God.

'Tis said that Persia's baffled king,
 In mad, tyrannic pride,
 Cast fetters on the Hellespont,
 To curb its swelling tide :

But freedom's own true spirit heaves
 The bosom of the main ;
 It toss'd those fetters to the skies,
 And bounded on again !

The scorn of each succeeding age
 On Xerxes' head was hurl'd,
 And o'er that foolish deed has peal'd
 The long laugh of a world.

Thus, thus, defeat, and scorn, and shame,
 Is his, who strives to bind
 The restless, leaping waves of thought,
 The free tide of the mind.

THE POET OF TO-DAY.

What siren joy from thy high trust hath won thee,
 O Poet of to-day ?—thou still unheard,
 Though struggling nations cast their eyes upon thee,
 And the roused world is waiting for thy word !

Why lingerest thou amid the summer places,
 The gardens of romance, the haunt of dreams,
 'Mid verdurous shadows, lit by fairy faces,
 And fitful playing of soft, golden gleams ?

Arouse ! look up, to where above thee tower
 Regions of being grander, freer, higher,
 Where God reveals his presence and his power,
 E'en as of old, in thunders and in fire.

Ah, when the soul of ancient song was blending
 With the rapt bard's in his immortal strains,
 'Twas like the wine drunk on Olympus, sending
 Divine intoxication through the veins.

It brought strange, charmed words, and magic singing,
 And forms of beauty burning on the sight,—
 Young loves their flight through airs ambrosial winging,
 And dark-brow'd heroes arming for the fight,—

The trumpet's "golden cry," the shield's quick flashing,
 The dance of banners and the rush of war,—
 Death-showers of arrows and the spear's sharp clashing,—
 The homeward rolling of the victor's car !

But, ah ! in all that song's heroic story,
 Had sad Humanity one briefest part ?
 Sounds through the clang of words, the storm, the glory,
 One sharp, strong cry from out her bleeding heart ?

But unto thee the soul of song is given,
 O Poet of to-day, a grander dower,—
 Comes from a higher than the Olympian heaven,
 In holier beauty and in larger power.

To thee Humanity, her woes revealing,
 Would all her griefs and ancient wrongs rehearse;
 Would make thy song the voice of her appealing,
 And sob her mighty sorrows through thy verse.

Wherever Truth her holy warfare wages,
 Or Freedom pines, there let thy voice be heard;
 Sound like a prophet-warning down the ages
 The human utterance of God's living word.

Oh, let thy lays prolong that angel-singing,
 Girdling with music the Redeemer's star,
 And breathe God's peace, to earth "glad tidings" bringing
 From the near heavens, of old so dim and far!

*

EDITH MAY.

THIS is the assumed name of one of our sweetest female poets,—a name bestowed upon her by the poet Willis when she first began to write for the press. Her poems were written chiefly at a very early age, and yet have all the strength and finish of the productions of a more experienced hand. She is a native of Philadelphia, and now resides in Montrose, Pennsylvania.¹

"Her dramatic power,"—observes Dr. Griswold,—"*observation of life; imagination, fancy, and the easy and natural flow of her verse, which is nowhere marred by any blemish of imperfect taste, entitle this very youthful poet to a place in the common estimation inferior to none occupied by writers of her years.*" We will add that, in our estimation, she is inferior to none of her own sex of *any* years.

SUMMER.

The early spring hath gone; I see her stand
 Afar off on the hills, white clouds, like doves,
 Yoked by the south wind to her opal car,

¹ As she was a very dear pupil of mine, I could, of course, give her name; but in a most kind and grateful letter received from her, in answer to one of inquiry, she says, "Personally, I have never come before the public; and will you pardon me if I withhold some of the biographical facts you ask for? About 'Edith May,' Mr. Willis's creation, you may say what you please; but there is little to be said. She has published a trifling work in prose, and a volume of poems, and is a born and bred Philadelphian. I wonder if certain pleasant Shakspearian readings in our school, that I well remember, had any thing to do with my fancy for verse-making?"

A superb edition of her poems, elegantly illustrated, has been published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

And at her feet a lion and a lamb
 Couch'd, side by side. Irresolute spring hath gone !
 And summer comes like Psyche, zephyr-borne
 To her sweet land of pleasures.

She is here !

Amid the distant vales she tarried long,
 But she hath come, oh joy !—for I have heard
 Her many-chorded harp the livelong day
 Sounding from plains and meadows, where, of late,
 Rattled the hail's sharp arrows, and where came
 The wild north wind careering like a steed
 Unconscious of the rein. She hath gone forth
 Into the forest, and its poised leaves
 Are platform'd for the zephyr's dancing feet.
 Under its green pavilions she hath rear'd
 Most beautiful things ; the spring's pale orphans lie
 Shelter'd upon her breast ; the bird's loud song
 At morn outsoars his pinion, and when waves
 Put on night's silver harness, the still air
 Is musical with soft tones. She hath baptized
 Earth with her joyful weeping. She hath bless'd
 All that do rest beneath the wing of Heaven,
 And all that hail its smile. Her ministry
 Is typical of love. She hath disdain'd
 No gentle office, but doth bend to twine
 The grape's light tendrils and to pluck apart
 The heart-leaves of the rose. She doth not pass
 Unmindful the bruised vine, nor scorn to lift
 The trodden weed ; and when her lowlier children
 Faint by the wayside like worn passengers,
 She is a gentle mother, all night long
 Bathing their pale brows with her healing dew.
 The hours are spendthrifts of her wealth ; the days
 Are dower'd with her beauty.

THE COLORING OF HAPPINESS.

My heart is full of prayer and praise to-day,
 So beautiful the whole world seems to me !
 I know the morn has dawn'd as is its wont,
 I know the breeze comes on no lighter wing,
 I know the brook chimed yesterday that same
 Melodious call to my unanswering thought ;
 But I look forth with new-created eyes,
 And soul and sense seem link'd and thrill alike,
 And things familiar have unusual grown,
 Taking my spirit with a fair surprise !
 But yesterday, and life seemed tented round
 With idle sadness. Not a bird sang out
 But with a mournful meaning ; not a cloud—
 And there were many—but in flitting past
 Trail'd somewhat of its darkness o'er my heart,
 And loitering, half becalm'd, unfreighted all,
 Went by the Heaven-bound hours.

But, oh! to-day

Lie all harmonious and lovely things
Close to my spirit, and a while it seems
As if the blue sky were enough of Heaven!
My thoughts are like tense chords that give their music
At a chance breath; a thousand delicate hands
Are harping on my soul! no sight, no sound,
But stirs me to the keenest sense of pleasure,—
Be it no more than the wind's cautious tread,
The swaying of a shadow, or a bough,
Or a dove's flight across the silent sky.

Oh, in this sunbright sabbath of the heart,
How many a prayer puts on the guise of thought,
An angel unconfess'd! Its rapid feet,
That leave no print on memory's sands, tread not
Less surely their bright path than choral hymns
And litanies. I know the praise of worlds,
And the soul's unvoiced homage, both arise
Distinctly to His ear who holds all nature
Pavilion'd by His presence; who has fashion'd
With an impartial care, alike the star
That keeps unpiloted its airy circle,
And the sun-quicken'd germ, or the poor moss
The building swallow plucks to line her nest.

A POET'S LOVE.

The stag leaps free in the forest's heart,
But thy step is lighter, my love, my bride!
Light as the quick-footed breezes that part
The plummy ferns on the mountain's side;
Swift as the zephyrs that come and pass
O'er the waveless lake and the billowy grass.
I hear thy voice where the white wave gleams,
In the one-toned bells of the rippled streams,
In the silvery boughs of the aspen-tree,
In the wind that stirreth the shadowy pine,
In the shell that moans for the distant sea,
Never was voice so sweet as thine!
Never a sound through the even dim
Came half so soft as thy vesper hymn.

I have follow'd fast, from the lark's low nest,
Thy breezy step to the mountain crest.
The livelong day I have wander'd on,
Till the stars were up, and the twilight gone,
Ever unwearied where thou hast roved,
Fairest, and purest, and best-beloved!
I have felt thy kiss in the leafy aisle,
And thy breath astir in my floating hair;
I have met the light of thy haunting smile
In the deep still woods, and the sunny air;
For thou lookest down from the bending skies,
And the earth is glad with thy laughing eyes.

When my heart is sad, and my pulse beats low,
 Whose touch so light on my aching brow?
 Who cometh in dreams to my midnight sleep?
 Who bendeth over my noonday rest?
 Who singeth me songs in the forest deep,
 Laying my head to her gentle breast?
 When life grows dim to my weary eye,
 When joy departeth, and sorrow is nigh,
 Who, 'neath the track of the stars, save thee,
 Speaketh or singeth of hope to me?

There comes a time when the morn shall rise,
 Yet charm no smile to thy film'd eyes.
 There comes a time when thou liest low
 With the roses dead on thy frozen brow,
 With a pall hung over thy trac'd rest,
 And the pulse asleep in thy silent breast.
 There shall come a dirge through the valleys drear,
 And a white-robed priest to thine icy bier.
 His lips are cold, but his dim eyes weep,
 And he maketh thy grave where the snow falls deep
 Woe is me, when I watch and pray
 For the lightest sound of thy coming foot,
 For the softest note of thy summer lay,
 For the faintest chord of thy vine-strung lute!
 Woe is me, when the storms sweep by
 And the mocking winds are my sole reply!

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THIS brilliant and fascinating writer, and graceful and eloquent orator, is the son of George Curtis, of Providence, Rhode Island, and was born in that city in 1824. At six years of age, he was placed at a school near Boston, and after being there five years, he returned to Providence, where he pursued his studies till he was fifteen, when his father removed to New York. Here he entered a large mercantile house; but, after remaining in it a year, he returned to his studies for two years, when, at eighteen, he joined the celebrated Association at Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Massachusetts. Here he remained a year and a half, and then, after spending the winter in New York, being still enamored of the country, he went to Concord, Massachusetts, and lived in a farmer's family, working hard a portion of every day upon the farm, enjoying the society of Emerson, Hawthorne, and others of kindred literary tastes, and perfecting himself in various literary accomplishments.

In 1846, Mr. Curtis sailed for Europe, and after visiting, with a scholar's eye, all the Southern countries, went to Berlin, to pursue his studies, and, in 1848, matriculated at the University. After this, he travelled through Italy again, visited Sicily, Malta, and the East, and returned home in the summer of 1850. In the autumn of that year, he published the *Nile Notes of a Howadji*, a great part of which was written on the Nile. In 1852, *The Howadji in Syria* appeared,

and also *Lotus-Eating, a Summer Book*; and the same year he became connected with "Putnam's Magazine," and wrote that series of brilliant satiric sketches of society called *The Potiphar Papers*, which were afterwards collected and published in a volume.

In the winter of 1853, Mr. Curtis entered the field as a lecturer, and was invited to lecture in different parts of the country. His success was all that his most ardent friends could desire; for, to a most graceful and finished style, a pure taste, and a fine fancy, he adds a gracefulness of delivery that gives to all his public efforts a charm that captivates his audience. In 1854, he delivered a poem before a literary society at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. In 1856, he took a very active part in the "Fremont campaign," speaking constantly, through the summer, with great effect. Those who had the good fortune to hear any of these addresses will not soon forget them, uniting as they did the soundest argument to a chaste and brilliant oratory. In August of that year, he delivered an oration before the literary societies of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, on *The Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times*.

In the spring of 1856, Mr. Curtis did what it is never wise for a scholar to do,—risked all his means in mercantile business. In November of the same year, he was married to the daughter of Francis G. Shaw, eldest son of the late Robert G. Shaw, of Boston. In the spring of 1857, the house with which he was connected became embarrassed, and he was obliged to take an active part in the management of its affairs. But it was too late: the ship was too leaky; and in August, just at the beginning of the crisis, she went down with all on board. He lost his all; but, like Milton, he

"did not bate
One jot of heart or hope,"

but is now nobly recovering himself with his pen and living voice.

JERUSALEM OR ROME?

To any young man, or to any man in whose mind the glow of poetic feeling has not yet died into "the light of common day," the first view of a famous city is one of the memorable epochs of life. Even if you go directly from common-place New York to common-sense London, you will awake in the night with a hushed feeling of awe at being in Shakspeare's city, and Milton's, and Cromwell's. More agreeable to your mood is the heavy moulding of the banqueting-room of Whitehall than the crystal splendors of the palace in the park. Because over the former the dusk of historical distance is already stealing, removing it into the romantic and ideal realm.

But more profound, because farther removed from the criticism of contemporary experience, is the interest of the Italian cities. They represent characteristic epochs of human history. Rome,

Florence, Venice, are not names merely, but ideas. They were the capitals of power that in various ways and degrees ruled the world.

Deeper still is the feeling that hallows the cities beyond Italy,—for beyond Italy are Athens and Jerusalem.

Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem,—the physical, the intellectual, and the moral, do we long doubt which is the greatest?

The Art of Greece is still supreme. The Empire of Rome has never been rivalled. But the spirit which has inspired Art with a sentiment profounder than the Greek,—the Faith which has held sway subtler and more universal than the Roman,—are they not the spirit and the faith that make Jerusalem, El Khuds, or the holy, because they were best illustrated and taught by a life whose influence commenced there?

More cognate to ready sympathy, more appealing to the sensuous imagination, is the pomp of Imperial Rome, as, with camp-fires burning from the Baltic to the Euxine, and from farthest Euphrates to the Pillars of Hercules, its gorgeous confusion of barbaric splendor and Grecian elegance gleams athwart the past.

Fascinated by that splendor, as by auroral fires streaming through the sky,—recognising the forms of its law, its society, and its speech inherent in his own,—marking over all historic lands and submerged in African solitudes the foot-prints of its triumphant march, the young student, revering in Rome the might of his own human genius, going out to possess the earth, reaches the gates of its metropolis with an ardor that merges in romance.

Hence were hurled the thunderbolts that shook the world, and whose vibrations tremble yet. Hither comes the poet, the philosopher, the statesman, the scholar; and in no city of the world was there ever assembled so much human genius in every kind, and in every time, as in Rome.

Yet against the claims of its superb Italian rival, what has the Syrian city to show?

Not Solomon in all his glory; for Hadrian was more magnificent, if less wise. Nor the visible career of the Jews, whose empire was greatest under Solomon, but was then only a part of a later Roman province. Jerusalem does not rival Rome with the imperial pomp of its recollections, nor by its artistic achievements,—for its only notable remains are part of the foundation of Solomon's Temple, while the most imposing ruins of Syria are the Roman relics of Palmyra and Baalbec. Nay, Rome came from Italy, and, scattering the Jews, destroyed Jerusalem.

To the myriads of men who throng whole centuries of history,—as Xerxes' army the plains of Greece,—headed by the eagle and asserting Rome, Jerusalem opposes a single figure, bearing a

palm-branch, and riding upon an ass into the golden gate of the city. That palm is the magic wand which shall wave the discordant world into harmony; that golden gate is the symbol of the way which only he can enter who knows the magic of the palm. That single figure is the most eminent in history. The highest hope of Art is to reveal his beauty,—the sublimest strains of Literature are the prophecies and records of his career,—the struggle of Society is to plant itself upon the truth he taught.

In the vision of the Past, as upon an infinite battle-field, that single figure meets the might of Rome, and the skill of Greece, and the wit of Egypt, and the flame of their glory is palcd before his glance. He rode in at the golden gate, and was crucified between thieves. But it is the victim which consecrates the city. In vain the heroism of the Republic and the purple splendor of the Emperor would distract imagination and give a deeper charm to Rome. The cold auroral fires stream anew to the zenith, as we sit in the starlight at the tent-door. But a planet burns through them brighter than they; and we no longer discuss which city we approach with the profoundest interest.

THE DUTY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.¹

Do you ask me our duty as scholars? Gentlemen, thought, which the scholar represents, is life and liberty. There is no intellectual or moral life without liberty. Therefore, as a man must breathe and see before he can study, the scholar must have liberty, first of all; and as the American scholar is a man and has a voice in his own government, so his interest in political affairs must precede all others. He must build his house before he can live in it. He must be a perpetual inspiration of freedom in politics. He must recognise that the intelligent exercise of political rights, which is a privilege in a monarchy, is a duty in a republic. If it clash with his ease, his retirement, his taste, his study, let it clash, but let him do his duty. The course of events is incessant, and when the good deed is slighted, the bad deed is done.

Scholars, you would like to loiter in the pleasant paths of study. Every man loves his ease,—loves to please his taste. But into how many homes along this lovely valley came the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill, eighty years ago, and young men like us, studious, fond of leisure, young lovers, young husbands, young brothers, and sons, knew that they must forsake the wooded hill-

¹ From an oration delivered on Tuesday, August 5, 1856, before the Literary Societies of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut.

side, the river-meadows, golden with harvest, the twilight walk along the river, the summer Sunday in the old church, parents, wife, child, mistress, and go away to uncertain war. Putnam heard the call at his plough, and turned to go, without waiting. Wooster heard it, and obeyed.

Not less lovely in those days was this peaceful valley, not less soft this summer air. Life was dear, and love as beautiful, to those young men as it is to us, who stand upon their graves. But, because they were so dear and beautiful, those men went out, bravely to fight for them and fall. Through these very streets they marched, who never returned. They fell, and were buried; but they can never die. Not sweeter are the flowers, that make your valley fair, not greener are the pines that give your river its name, than the memory of the brave men who died for freedom. And yet no victim of those days, sleeping under the green sod of Connecticut, is more truly a martyr of Liberty than every murdered man whose bones lie bleaching in this summer sun upon the silent plains of Kansas.

Gentlemen, while we read history, we make history. Because our fathers fought in this great cause, we must not hope to escape fighting. Because, two thousand years ago, Leonidas stood against Xerxes, we must not suppose that Xerxes was slain, nor, thank God, that Leonidas is not immortal. Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylæ, and there is always a Leonidas and his three hundred to die in it, if they cannot conquer. And so long as Liberty has one martyr, so long as one drop of blood is poured out for her, so long from that single drop of bloody sweat of the agony of humanity shall spring hosts as countless as the forest-leaves, and mighty as the sea.

Brothers! the call has come to us. I bring it to you in these calm retreats. I summon you to the great fight of Freedom. I call upon you to say, with your voices, whenever the occasion offers, and with your votes, when the day comes, that upon these fertile fields of Kansas, in the very heart of the continent, the upas-tree of slavery, dripping death-dews upon national prosperity and upon free labor, shall never be planted. I call upon you to plant there the palm of peace, the vine and the olive of a Christian civilization. I call upon you to determine whether this great experiment of human freedom, which has been the scorn of despotism, shall, by its failure, be also our sin and shame. I call upon you to defend the hope of the world.

The voices of our brothers who are bleeding, no less than of our fathers who bled, summon us to this battle. Shall the children of unborn generations, clustering over that vast Western empire, rise up and call us blessed, or cursed? Here are our Marathon

and Lexington; here are our heroic fields. The hearts of all good men beat with us. The fight is fierce—the issue is with God. But God is good.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, on the 2d of July, 1825. His father, who was a sea-captain, sailed for Gottenburg when our author was about a year old, and the vessel was never after heard of. In 1835, his mother, who had married again, removed to New York, where he has resided ever since. When he was old enough to do any thing for himself, he went into a lawyer's office and copied law-papers; but, not liking this, he afterwards went into an iron-foundry, where he worked six years in learning the trade of an iron-moulder. Here he began to write verses, and, soon after the "Union Magazine" (afterwards Sartain's) was started, he became, in 1847, a contributor to it. He now commenced his literary career, publishing, in 1848, a small volume of poetry, entitled *Footprints*, and writing for various magazines,—the "Knickerbocker," "Putnam's Monthly," "Graham's," and the "International." In the fall of 1851, a second volume was brought out by Tickner & Fields, entitled simply *Poems*, which consisted of his contributions to the above-mentioned magazines. About this time he was appointed to a situation in the New York Custom-House, and in the next year (1852) he gave to the public a volume of very sweet poetic prose, entitled *Adventures in Fairy-Land*, and in the autumn of the same year he was married to Miss Elizabeth D. Barston, of Mattapoisett, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, herself a poetess of very decided merit. In 1856 appeared *Songs of Summer*,¹ in which are some short pieces of exquisite beauty.

Mr. Stoddard is still in the Custom-House in New York,—a location, one would think, not very near Parnassus; yet he continues to devote his leisure moments to poetry and general literature,—with what success the following beautiful pieces show.

HYMN TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

My heart is full of tenderness and tears,
 And tears are in mine eyes, I know not why;
 With all my grief, content to live for years,
 Or even this hour to die.
 My youth is gone, but that I heed not now;
 My love is dead, or worse than dead can be;
 My friends drop off like blossoms from a bough,
 But nothing troubles me,

¹ See his Dedication to *Songs of Summer*, under George H. Boker, p. 745.

Only the golden flush of sunset lies
Within my heart like fire, like dew within my eyes !

Spirit of Beauty ! whatsoe'er thou art,
I see thy skirts afar, and feel thy power ;
It is thy presence fills this charmed hour
And fills my charmed heart ;
Nor mine alone, but myriads feel thee now,
That know not what they feel, nor why they bow :
Thou canst not be forgot,
For all men worship thee, and know it not ;
Nor men alone, but babes with wondrous eyes,
New-comers on the earth, and strangers from the skies !

We hold the keys of heaven within our hands,
The gift and heirloom of a former state,
And lie in infancy at heaven's gate,
Transfigured in the light that streams along the lands !
Around our pillows golden ladders rise,
And up and down the skies,
With wingéd sandals shod,
The angels come and go, the messengers of God !
Nor do they, fading from us, e'er depart,—
It is the childish heart ;
We walk as heretofore,
Adown their shining ranks, but see them never more !
Not heaven is gone, but we are blind with tears,
Groping our way along the downward slope of years !

From earliest infancy my heart was thine ;
With childish feet I trod thy temple-aisles ;
Not knowing tears, I worshipp'd thee with smiles,
Or if I ever wept, it was with joy divine !
By day and night, on land, and sea, and air,—
I saw thee everywhere !
A voice of greeting from the wind was sent ;
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms ;
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass !

Not long can Nature satisfy the mind,
Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame ;
We feel a growing want we cannot name,
And long for something sweet, but undefined ;
The wants of Beauty other wants create,
Which overflow on others soon or late ;
For all that worship thee must ease the heart,
By Love, or Song, or Art :
Divinest Melancholy walks with thee,
Her thin white cheek forever lean'd on thine ;
And Music leads her sister Poesy,
In exultation shouting songs divine !
But on thy breast Love lies,—immortal child !—
Begot of thine own longings deep and wild :

The more we worship him, the more we grow
 Into thy perfect image here below,
 For here below, as in the spheres above,
 All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty, Love !

Not from the things around us do we draw
 Thy light within ; within the light is born ;
 The growing rays of some forgotten morn,
 And added canons of eternal law.
 The painter's picture, the rapt poet's song,
 The sculpture's statue, never saw the Day ;
 Not shaped and moulded after aught of clay,
 Whose crowning work still does its spirit wrong ;
 Hue after hue divinest pictures grow,
 Line after line immortal songs arise,
 And limb by limb, out-starting stern and slow,
 The statue wakes with wonder in its eyes !
 And in the master's mind
 Sound after sound is born, and dies like wind,
 That echoes through a range of ocean-caves,
 And straight is gone to weave its spell upon the waves !
 The mystery is thine,
 For thine the more mysterious human heart,
 The Temple of all wisdom, Beauty's shrine,
 The oracle of Art !

Earth is thine outer court, and Life a breath ;
 Why should we fear to die, and leave the earth ?
 Not thine alone the lesser key of Birth,—
 But all the keys of Death ;
 And all the worlds, with all that they contain
 Of Life, and Death, and Time, are thine alone ;
 The universe is girdled with a chain,
 And hung below the throne
 Where Thou dost sit, the universe to bless,—
 Thou sovereign smile of God, eternal loveliness !

THE TWO BRIDES.

I saw two maidens at the kirk,
 And both were fair and sweet ;
 One in her wedding-robe,
 And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,
 The sacred rites were read,
 And one for life to Life
 And one to Death was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,
 In loveliness and bloom,—
 One in a merry castle,
 The other a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke
 In a world of sin and pain ;
 But the other was happier far,
 And never woke again !

BIRDS.

Birds are singing round my window,
 Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
 And I hang my cage there daily,
 But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
 And they sing there all day long ;
 But they will not fold their pinions
 In the little cage of song !

THE SKY.

The sky is a drinking-cup, That was overturn'd of old, And it pours in the eyes of men Its wine of airy gold !	We drink that wine all day, Till the last drop is drain'd up, And are lighted off to bed By the jewels in the cup !
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THE SEA.

[THE LOVER.]

You stoop'd and pick'd a wreath'd shell,
 Beside the shining sea :
 "This little shell, when I am gone,
 Will whisper still of me."
 I kiss'd your hands, upon the sands,
 For you were kind to me !

I hold the shell against my ear,
 And hear its hollow roar :
 It speaks to me about the sea,
 But speaks of you no more.
 I pace the sands, and wring my hands,
 For you are kind no more !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR, whose ancestors emigrated with William Penn, was born in Kennet Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of January, 1825. At the age of seventeen, he became an apprentice in a printing-office at West Chester, devoting his leisure time assiduously to the study of Latin and French, and writing poetry for the "New York Mirror" and for "Graham's Magazine." These effusions were collected and published in 1844, in a volume called *Ximena*

With the proceeds of this, and some advances made to him by the proprietors of two or three leading journals in consideration of letters to be furnished, he commenced that year a series of travels which, continued up to the present time, has made him the greatest traveller, for his years, that ever lived. Having passed two years in Great Britain, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy, he returned home, and published an account of his travels, under the title of *Viees Afoot*, which was very favorably received. He settled in New York, and in 1848 became connected with the "Tribune" as a permanent contributor, and, shortly after, published *Rhymes of Travel*. In 1849, he visited California, and returned by way of Mexico, giving an account of his travels in the "Tribune," of which he had now become an associate editor.

In 1851, he set out upon his Eastern tour, by the way of England, Germany, and Italy, and reached Cairo in November. Thence he went to Central Africa, and, after penetrating to the negro kingdoms of the White Nile, returned to Cairo by April. Thence he went north through Palestine and Asia Minor to Constantinople, and, after visiting some of the islands of the Mediterranean, returned to England through Germany. In October, 1852, he started from England, by the overland route, for Bombay, and, after a tour of more than two thousand miles in the interior of India, reached Calcutta on the 22d of February. Thence he embarked for Hong-Kong; and when Commodore Perry's squadron arrived at Shanghai, he entered the naval service in order to accompany it to the Loo-Choo and the Japan Islands, which he explored; then returned to Canton, and thence took passage for New York, where he arrived in December, 1853, having been absent two years and travelled more than fifty thousand miles. His graphic and entertaining history of this great journey is given in three works,—*A Journey to Central Africa*; *The Lands of the Saracen*; and *India, China, and Japan*. In July, 1856, he started on a fourth journey, during which he visited Sweden, Lapland, Norway, Dalmatia, Greece, Crete, and Russia. In November, 1857, he published *Northern Travel* in London and New York simultaneously, and returned home in October, 1858.¹

THE BISON-TRACK.

Strike the tent! the sun has risen; not a cloud has ribb'd the dawn,
And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far and wan:
Prime afresh the trusty rifle,—sharpen well the hunting-spear,—
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of hoofs I hear!

Fiercely stamp the tether'd horses, as they snuff the morning's fire,
And their flashing heads are tossing, with a neigh of keen desire;
Strike the tent,—the saddles wait us! let the bridle-reins be slack,
For the prairie's distant thunder has betray'd the bison's track!

See! a dusky line approaches; hark! the onward-surging roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of shore!

¹ In 1854, his *Poems of the Orient*, and in 1855, his *Poems of Home and Travel*, were published by Ticknor & Fields.

Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the foremost of the van,
And the stubborn horns are striking through the crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us,—let the madden'd horses go!
We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred leagues it blow!
Though the surgy manes should thicken, and the red eyes' angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resistless race,
And a sound, like mighty waters, thunder down the desert space:
Yet the rein may not be tighten'd, nor the rider's eye look back,—
Death to him whose speed should slacken, on the madden'd bison's track!

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is close and warm
For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm:
Hurl your lassoes swift and fearless, swing your rifles as we run!
Ha! the dust is red behind him: shout, my brothers, he is won!

Look not on him as he staggers,—'tis the last shot he will need;
More shall fall, among his fellows, ere we run the bold stampede,—
Ere we stem the swarthy breakers,—while the wolves, a hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody bison-track!

LIFE ON THE NILE.

————— "The life thou seek'st
Thou'lt find beside the eternal Nile."—*Moore's Alciphron*.

The Nile is the Paradise of travel. I thought I had already fathomed all the depths of enjoyment which the traveller's restless life could reach,—enjoyment more varied and exciting, but far less serene and enduring, than that of a quiet home; but here I have reached a fountain too pure and powerful to be exhausted. I never before experienced such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances of travel in other lands, such perfect contentment of spirit, such entire abandonment to the best influences of nature. Every day opens with a *jubilate*, and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me, thus far, can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world.

Other travellers undoubtedly make other experiences and take away other impressions. I can even conceive circumstances which would almost destroy the pleasure of the journey. The same exquisitely-sensitive temperament, which in our case has not been disturbed by a single untoward incident, might easily be kept in a state of constant derangement by an unsympathetic companion, a cheating dragoman, or a fractious crew. There are also many trifling *desagrémens*, inseparable from life in Egypt, which some would consider a source of annoyance; but, as we find fewer than we were prepared to meet, we are not troubled thereby. * * *

Our manner of life is simple, and might even be called monotonous; but we have never found the greatest variety of landscape

and incident so thoroughly enjoyable. The scenery of the Nile, thus far, scarcely changes from day to day, in its forms and colors, but only in their disposition with regard to each other. The shores are either palm-groves, fields of cane and dourra, young wheat, or patches of bare sand blown out from the desert. The villages are all the same agglomerations of mud walls, the tombs of the Moslem saints are the same white ovens, and every individual camel and buffalo resembles its neighbor in picturesque ugliness. The Arabian and Libyan Mountains, now sweeping so far into the foreground that their yellow cliffs overhang the Nile, now receding into the violet haze of the horizon, exhibit little difference of height, hue, or geological formation. Every new scene is the turn of a kaleidoscope, in which the same objects are grouped in other relations, yet always characterized by the most perfect harmony. These slight yet ever-renewing changes are to us a source of endless delight. Either from the pure atmosphere, the healthy life we lead, or the accordant tone of our spirits, we find ourselves unusually sensitive to all the slightest touches, the most minute rays, of that grace and harmony which bathes every landscape in cloudless sunshine. The various groupings of the palms, the shifting of the blue evening shadows on the rose-hued mountain-walls, the green of the wheat and sugar-cane, the windings of the great river, the alternations of wind and calm,—each of these is enough to content us, and to give every day a different charm from that which went before. We meet contrary winds, calms, and sand-banks, without losing our patience; and even our excitement in the swiftness and grace with which our vessel scuds before the north wind, is mingled with a regret that our journey is drawing so much the more swiftly to its close. A portion of the old Egyptian repose seems to be infused into our natures; and lately, when I saw my face in a mirror, I thought I perceived in its features something of the patience and resignation of the sphinx. * * *

My friend, the Howadji,¹ in whose "Nile-Notes" the Egyptian atmosphere is so perfectly reproduced, says that "conscience falls asleep on the Nile." If by this he means that artificial quality which bigots and sectarians call conscience, I quite agree with him, and do not blame the Nile for its soporific powers. But that simple faculty of the soul, native to all men, which acts best when it acts unconsciously, and leads our passions and desires into right paths without seeming to lead them, is vastly strengthened by this quiet and healthy life. There is a cathedral-like solemnity in the air of Egypt: one feels the presence of the altar, and is a better man without his will. To those rendered misanthropic by disap-

¹ George W. Curtis.

pointed ambition, mistrustful by betrayed confidence, despairing by unassuageable sorrow, let me repeat the motto which heads this chapter.

Central Africa.

VISIT TO THE SHILLOOK NEGROES.

We sailed nearly all night with a steady north wind, which towards morning became so strong that the men were obliged to take in sail and let us scud under bare poles. We had passed the frontier of Egyptian Soudân soon after sunset, and were then deep in the negro kingdom of the Shillooks. The scenery had changed considerably since the evening. The forests were taller and more dense, and the river more thickly studded with islands, the soil of which was entirely concealed by the luxuriant girdle of shrubs and water-plants in which they lay imbedded.

All the rich animal world of this region was awake and stirring before the sun. The wild fowls left their roosts; the *zikzaks* flew twittering over the waves, calling up their mates, the sleepy crocodiles; the herons stretched their wings against the wind; the monkeys leaped and chattered in the woods, and at last whole herds of hippopotami, sporting near the shore, came up spouting water from their nostrils, in a manner precisely similar to the grampus. Soon after sunrise, the raïs observed some Shillooks in the distance, who were sinking their canoes in the river, after which they hastily retreated into the woods. We ran along beside the embowering shores, till we reached the place. The canoes were carefully concealed, and some pieces of drift-wood thrown over the spot, as if left there by the river. The raïs climbed to the mast-head and called to the people, assuring them that there was no danger; but, though we peered sharply into the thickets, we could find no signs of any human being. The river here turned to the south, disclosing other and richer groups of islands, stretching beyond one another far into the distance. Directly on our left was the northern point of the island of Aba, our destination. As the island is six or eight miles in length, I determined to make the most of my bargain, and so told the raïs that he must take me to its farther end, and to the villages of the Shillooks, whom I had come to see. * * *

At last, on rounding one of the coves of Aba, we came upon a flock of sheep, feeding along the shore. The raïs finally descried the huts of the village at a distance, near the extremity of the island. We returned to the vessel, and were about putting off in order to proceed thither, when a large body of men, armed with spears, appeared in the forest, coming towards us at a quick pace. The raïs, who had already had some intercourse with these people and knew something of their habits, advanced alone to meet them.

I could see, through the trees, that a consultation was held; and shortly, though with some signs of doubt and hesitation, about a dozen of the savages advanced to within a short distance of the vessel, while the others sat down on the ground, still holding the spears in their hands. The raïs now returned to the water's edge, and said that the Shillooks had come with the intention of fighting, but he had informed them that this was a visit from the sultan's son, who came to see them as a friend, and would then return to his father's country. Thereupon they consented to speak with me, and I might venture to go on shore. I landed again, with Achmet, and walked up with the raïs to the spot where the men were seated. The shekh of the island, a tall, handsome man, rose to greet me, by touching the palm of his right hand to mine and then raising it to his forehead. I made a like salutation, after which he sat down. The vizier, (as he called himself,) an old man excessively black in complexion, then advanced, and the other warriors in succession, till all had saluted me * * * While these things were transpiring, a number of other Shillooks had arrived, so that there were now upwards of fifty. All were armed,—the most of them with iron-pointed spears, some with clubs, and some with long poles having knobs of hard wood on the end. They were all tall, strong, stately people, not more than two or three under six feet in height, while the most of them were three or four inches over that standard. * * *

The Shillooks have not the appearance of men who are naturally malicious. The selfish impudence with which they demand presents is common to all savage tribes. But the Turks, and even the European merchants who take part in the annual trading expeditions up the river, have dealt with them in such a shameful manner that they are now mistrustful of all strangers, and hence it is unsafe to venture among them. I attribute the friendly character of my interview with them as much to good luck as to good management. The raïs afterwards informed me that if the shekh had not been satisfied with the dress I gave him, he would certainly have attempted to plunder the vessel. He stated that the Shillooks are in the habit of going down the river as far as the country of the Hassaniyehs, sinking their boats and concealing themselves in the woods in the daytime, while by night they venture into the villages and rob the people of their dourra, for which they have a great fondness. They cultivate nothing themselves, and their only employment is the chase of the elephant, hippopotamus, and other wild beasts. All the region east of the river abounds with herds of elephants and giraffes; but I was not fortunate enough to get sight of them.

Here is the true land of the lotus; and the Shillooks, if not the *lotophagoi* of the Greeks, are, with the exception of the Chinese,

the only modern eaters of the plant. I was too late to see it in blossom, and there were but few specimens of it among these islands; but not far beyond Aba it appears in great profusion, and both the seeds and roots are eaten by the natives. Dr. Knoblecher, who ate it frequently during his voyage, informed me that the root resembles the potato in consistence and taste, with a strong flavor of celery. These islands are inhabited only by the hunters and fishers of the tribe, who abandon them in summer, when they are completely covered by the inundation. At lat. 12°, or about thirty miles south of Aba, both banks of the river are cultivated, and thence, for upwards of two hundred miles, the villages are crowded so close to each other all along the shores, that they almost form two continuous towns, fronting each other. This part of the White Nile is the most thickly populated region in Africa, and perhaps in the world, China alone excepted. The number of the Shillooks is estimated at between two and three millions, or equal to the population of all Egypt.

Ibid.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.¹

As we crossed the mouth of the Ulvsfjord² that evening, we had an open sea horizon toward the north, a clear sky, and so much sunshine at eleven o'clock that it was evident the Polar day had dawned upon us at last. The illumination of the shores was unearthly in its glory, and the wonderful effects of the orange sunlight, playing upon the dark hues of the island cliffs, can neither be told nor painted. The sun hung low between Fuglœ,³ rising

¹ Mr. Taylor is now in the province of Finnmark, the northernmost province of Norway, crossed in about the centre by lat. 70° North, and long. 22° East.

² Fjord, or much better Fiord, (pronounced Fe-ord,) is a Norwegian word, signifying "bay or estuary," and forms a part of numerous names in the North of Europe. Ulvs-fiord is a bay to the east of the island of Tromsøe, (lat. 70°, long. 19° East,) which has on its western side a seaport also of the same name.

³ Fuglœ, or Fugelœ, and Arnœ, are small islands to the north of the island of Tromsøe. Two defects in most of Mr. Taylor's books of travels are, want of sufficient dates, that we may know *when* he was at the places mentioned; and of careful topography, that we may know exactly *where* to locate him. And here I would speak in high commendation of the *Gazetteer*, by J. Thomas, M.D., and T. Baldwin, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, of 2182 royal octavo pages. It is an honor to our country; and I have seldom consulted it but with entire satisfaction.

I am also here reminded of another valuable work, the first volume of which has just been published by Childs & Peterson,—*A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors, Living and Deceased, from the Earliest Accounts to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century, containing Thirty Thousand Biographies and Literary Notices, with Forty Indexes of Subjects*, by S. Austin Allibone. It is a royal octavo volume of 1005 pages, in double columns, and a marvel of industry and research; and when the second volume is published, it will be altogether the most complete work of the kind known in our language, and almost indispensable in every household where literature is loved and cultivated.

like a double dome from the sea, and the tall mountains of Arnœ, both of which islands resembled immense masses of transparent purple glass, gradually melting into crimson fire at their bases. The glassy, leaden-colored sea was powdered with a golden bloom, and the tremendous precipices at the mouth of the Lyn-gen Fjord, behind us, were steeped in a dark-red, mellow flush, and touched with pencillings of pure, rose-colored light, until their naked ribs seemed to be clothed in imperial velvet. As we turned into the Fjord and ran southward along their bases, a waterfall, struck by the sun, fell in fiery orange foam down the red walls, and the blue ice-pillars of a beautiful glacier filled up the ravine beyond it. We were all on deck; and all faces, excited by the divine splendor of the scene and tinged by the same wonderful aureole, shone as if transfigured. In my whole life I have never seen a spectacle so unearthly beautiful.

Our course brought the sun rapidly toward the ruby cliffs of Arnœ, and it was evident that he would soon be hidden from sight. It was not yet half-past eleven, and an enthusiastic passenger begged the captain to stop the vessel until midnight. "Why," said the latter, "it is midnight now, or very near it: you have Drontheim time, which is almost forty minutes in arrears." True enough, the real time lacked but five minutes of midnight, and those of us who had sharp eyes and strong imaginations saw the sun make his last dip and rise a little, before he vanished in a blaze of glory behind Arnœ. I turned away with my eyes full of dazzling spheres of crimson and gold, which danced before me wherever I looked; and it was a long time before they were blotted out by the semi-oblivion of a daylight sleep.

Northern Travel.

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